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A ROMAN SINGER.

VII.

ON the day following Nino's *début*, Maestro Ercole de Pretis found himself in hot water, and the choristers at St. Peter's noticed that his skull-cap was awry, and that he sang out of tune; and once he tried to take a pinch of snuff when there was only three bars' rest in the music, so that instead of singing C sharp he sneezed very loud. Then all the other singers giggled, and said, "Salute!" — which we always say to a person who sneezes — quite audibly.

It was not that Ercole had heard anything from the Graf von Lira as yet; but he expected to hear, and did not relish the prospect. Indeed, how could the Prussian gentleman fail to resent what the maestro had done, in introducing to him a singer disguised as a teacher? It chanced, also, that the contessina took a singing lesson that very day in the afternoon, and it was clear that the reaping of his evil deeds was not far off. His conscience did not trouble him at all, it is true, for I have told you that he has liberal ideas about the right of marriage; but his vanity was sorely afflicted at the idea of abandoning such a very noble and creditable pupil as the Contessina di Lira. He applauded himself for furthering Nino's wild schemes, and he blamed himself for being so reckless about his own interests. Every

moment he expected a formal notice from the count to discontinue the lessons. But still it did not come, and at the appointed hour Ercole's wife helped him to put on his thick winter coat, and wrapped his comforter about his neck, and pulled his big hat over his eyes, — for the weather was threatening, — and sent him trudging off to the Palazzo Carmandola.

Though Ercole is stout of heart, and has broad shoulders to bear such burdens as fall to his lot, he lingered long on the way, for his presentiments were gloomy; and at the great door of the palazzo he even stopped to inquire of the porter whether the contessina had been seen to go out yet, half hoping that she would thus save him the mortification of an interview. But it turned out otherwise: the contessina was at home, and De Pretis was expected, as usual, to give the lesson. Slowly he climbed the great staircase, and was admitted.

"Good-day, Sor Maestro," said the liveried footman, who knew him well. "The Signor Conte desires to speak with you to-day, before you go to the signorina."

The maestro's heart sank, and he gripped hard the roll of music in his hand as he followed the servant to the count's cabinet. There was to be a scene of explanation, after all.

The count was seated in his great arm-chair, in a cloud of tobacco smoke, reading a Prussian military journal. His stick leaned against the table by his side, in painful contrast with the glittering cavalry sabres crossed upon the dark red wall opposite. The tall windows looked out on the piazza, and it was raining, or just beginning to rain. The great inkstand on the table was made to represent a howitzer, and the count looked as though he were ready to fire it point-blank at any intruder. There was an air of disciplined luxury in the room, that spoke of a rich old soldier who fed his fancy with titbits from a stirring past. De Pretis felt very uncomfortable, but the nobleman rose to greet him, as he rose to greet everything above the rank of a servant, making himself steady with his stick. When De Pretis was seated he sat down also. The rain pattered against the window.

"Signor De Pretis," began the count, in tones as hard as chilled steel, "you are an honorable man." There was something interrogative in his voice.

"I hope so," answered the maestro modestly; "like other Christians, I have a soul" —

"You will your soul take care of in your leisure moments," interrupted the count. "At present you have no leisure."

"As you command, Signor Conte."

"I was yesterday evening at the theatre. The professor you recommended for my daughter is with the new tenor one person." De Pretis spread out his hands and bowed, as if to deprecate any share in the transaction. The count continued, "You are of the profession, Signor De Pretis. Evidently, you of this were aware."

"It is true," assented Ercole, not knowing what to say.

"Of course is it true. I am therefore to hear your explanation disposed." His gray eyes fastened sternly on the

maestro. But the latter was prepared, for he had long foreseen that the count would one day be disposed to hear an explanation, as he expressed it.

"It is quite true," repeated De Pretis. "The young man was very poor, and desired to support himself while he was studying music. He was well fitted to teach our literature, and I recommended him. I hope that, in consideration of his poverty, and because he turned out a very good teacher, you will forgive me, Signor Conte."

"This talented singer I greatly applaud," answered the count stiffly. "As a with-the-capacity-and-learning-requisite-for-teaching-endowed young man deserves he also some commendation. Also will I remember his laudable-and-not-lacking-independence character. Nevertheless, unfitting would it be, should I pay the first tenor of the opera five francs an hour to teach my daughter Italian literature." De Pretis breathed more freely.

"Then you will forgive me, Signor Conte, for endeavoring to promote the efforts of this worthy young man in supporting himself?"

"Signor De Pretis," said the count, with a certain quaint geniality, "I have my precautions observed. I examined Signor Cardegnà in Italian literature in my own person, and him proficient found. Had I found him to be ignorant, and had I his talents as an operatic singer later discovered, I would you out of that window have projected." De Pretis was alarmed, for the old count looked as though he would have carried out the threat. "As it is," he concluded, "you are an honorable man, and I wish you good-morning. Lady Hedwig awaits you, as usual." He rose courteously, leaning on his stick, and De Pretis bowed himself out.

He expected that the contessina would immediately begin talking of Nino, but he was mistaken; she never once referred to the opera or the singer, and

except that she looked pale and transparent, and sang with a trifle less interest in her music than usual, there was nothing noticeable in her manner. Indeed, she had every reason to be silent.

Early that morning Nino received by a messenger a pretty little note, written in execrable Italian, begging him to come and breakfast with the baroness at twelve, as she much desired to speak with him after his stupendous triumph of the previous night.

Nino is a very good boy, but he is mortal, and after the excitement of the evening he thought nothing could be pleasanter than to spend a few hours in that scented boudoir, among the palms and the beautiful objects and the perfumes, talking with a woman who professed herself ready to help him in his love affair. We have no perfumes, or cushions, or pretty things at number twenty-seven, Santa Catarina dei Funari, though everything is very bright and neat and most proper, and the cat is kept in the kitchen, for the most part. So it is no wonder that he should have preferred to spend the morning with the baroness.

She was half lying, half sitting, in a deep arm-chair, when Nino entered; and she was reading a book. When she saw him she dropped the volume on her knee, and looked up at him from under her lids, without speaking. She must have been a bewitching figure. Nino advanced toward her, bowing low, so that his dark curling hair shaded his face.

"Good-day, signora," said he softly, as though fearing to hurt the quiet air. "I trust I do not interrupt you?"

"You never interrupt me, Nino," she said, "except—except when you go away."

"You are very good, signora."

"For heaven's sake, no pretty speeches," said she, with a little laugh.

"It seems to me," said Nino, seating himself, "that it was you who made the

pretty speech, and I who thanked you for it." There was a pause.

"How do you feel?" asked the baroness at last, turning her head to him.

"Grazie—I am well," he answered, smiling.

"Oh, I do not mean that,—you are always well. But how do you enjoy your first triumph?"

"I think," said Nino, "that a real artist ought to have the capacity to enjoy a success at the moment, and the good sense to blame his vanity for enjoying it after it is passed."

"How old are you, Nino?"

"Did I never tell you?" he asked, innocently. "I shall be twenty-one soon."

"You talk as though you were forty, at least."

"Heaven save us!" quoth Nino.

"But really, are you not immensely flattered at the reception you had?"

"Yes."

"You did not look at all interested in the public at the time," said she, "and that Roman nose of yours very nearly turned up in disdain of the applause, I thought. I wonder what you were thinking of all the while."

"Can you wonder, baronessa?" She knew what he meant, and there was a little look of annoyance in her face when she answered.

"Ah, well, of course not, since *she* was there." Her ladyship rose, and taking a stick of Eastern pastil from a majolica dish in a corner made Nino light it from a wax taper.

"I want the smell of the sandal-wood this morning," said she; "I have a headache." She was enchanting to look at, as she bent her softly-shaded face over the flame to watch the burning perfume. She looked like a beautiful lithe sorceress making a love spell,—perhaps for her own use. Nino turned from her. He did not like to allow the one image he loved to be even for a moment disturbed by the one he loved

not, however beautiful. She moved away, leaving the pastil on the dish. Suddenly she paused, and turned back to look at him.

"Why did you come to-day?" she asked.

"Because you desired it," answered Nino, in some astonishment.

"You need not have come," she said, bending down to lean on the back of a silken chair. She folded her hands, and looked at him as he stood not three paces away. "Do you not know what has happened?" she asked, with a smile that was a little sad.

"I do not understand," said Nino, simply. He was facing the entrance to the room, and saw the curtains parted by the servant. The baroness had her back to the door, and did not hear.

"Do you not know," she continued, "that you are free now? Your appearance in public has put an end to it all. You are not tied to me any longer, — unless you wish it."

As she spoke these words Nino turned white, for under the heavy curtain, lifted to admit her, stood Hedwig von Lira, like a statue, transfixed and immovable from what she had heard. The baroness noticed Nino's look, and, springing back to her height from the chair on which she had been leaning, faced the door.

"My dearest Hedwig!" she cried, with a magnificent readiness. "I am so very glad you have come. I did not expect you in the least. Do take off your hat, and stay to breakfast. Ah, forgive me: this is Professor Cardegna. But you know him? Yes; now that I think, we all went to the Pantheon together." Nino bowed low, and Hedwig bent her head.

"Yes," said the young girl, coldly. "Professor Cardegna gives me lessons."

"Why, of course; how *bête* I am! I was just telling him that, since he has been successful, and is enrolled among the great artists, it is a pity he is no longer tied to giving Italian lessons, —

tied to coming here three times a week, to teach me literature." Hedwig smiled a strange, icy smile, and sat down by the window. Nino was still utterly astonished, but he would not allow the baroness's quibble to go entirely uncontradicted.

"In truth," he said, "the Signora Baronessa's lessons consisted chiefly" —

"In teaching me pronunciation," interrupted the baroness, trying to remove Hedwig's veil and hat, somewhat against the girl's inclination. "Yes, you see how it is. I know a little of singing, but I cannot pronounce, — not in the least. Ah, these Italian vowels will be the death of me! But if there is any one who can teach a poor dilettante to pronounce them," she added, laying the hat away on a chair, and pushing a footstool to Hedwig's feet, "that some one is Signor Cardegna."

By this time Nino had recognized the propriety of temporizing; that is to say, of letting the baroness's fib pass for what it was worth, lest the discussion of the subject should further offend Hedwig, whose eyes wandered irresolutely toward him, as though she would say something if he addressed her.

"I hope, signorina," he said, "that it is not quite as the baroness says. I trust our lessons are not at an end?" He knew very well that they were.

"I think, Signor Cardegna," said Hedwig, with more courage than would have been expected from such a mere child, — she is twenty, but Northern people are not grown up till they are thirty, at least, — "I think it would have been more obliging if, when I asked you so much about your cousin, you had acknowledged that you had no cousin, and that the singer was none other than yourself." She blushed, perhaps, but the curtain of the window hid it.

"Alas, signorina," answered Nino, still standing before her, "such a confession would have deprived me of the

pleasure — of the honor of giving you lessons."

"And pray, Signor Cardegna," put in the baroness, "what are a few paltry lessons, compared with the pleasure you ought to have experienced in satisfying the Contessina di Lira's curiosity? Really, you have little courtesy."

Nino shrank into himself, as though he were hurt, and he gave the baroness a look which said worlds. She smiled at him, in joy of her small triumph, for Hedwig was looking at the floor again, and could not see. But the young girl had strength in her, for all her cold looks and white cheek.

"You can atone, Signor Cardegna," she said. Nino's face brightened.

"How, signorina?" he asked.

"By singing to us now," said Hedwig. The baroness looked grave, for she well knew what a power Nino wielded with his music.

"Do not ask him," she protested. "He must be tired, — tired to death, with all he went through last night."

"Tired?" ejaculated Nino, with some surprise. "I tired? I was never tired in my life, of singing. I will sing as long as you will listen." He went to the piano. As he turned, the baroness laid her hand on Hedwig's, affectionately, as though sympathizing with something she supposed to be passing in the girl's mind. But Hedwig was passive, unless a little shudder at the first touch of the baroness's fingers might pass for a manifestation of feeling. Hedwig had hitherto liked the baroness, finding in her a woman of a certain artistic sense, combined with a certain originality. The girl was an absolute contrast to the woman, and admired in her the qualities she thought lacking in herself, though she possessed too much self-respect to attempt to acquire them by imitation. Hedwig sat like a Scandinavian fairy princess on the summit of a glass hill; her friend roamed through life like a beautiful soft-footed wild animal, re-

joicing in the sense of being, and sometimes indulging in a little playful destruction by the way. The girl had heard a voice in the dark, singing, and ever since then she had dreamed of the singer; but it never entered her mind to confide to the baroness her strange fancies. An undisciplined imagination, securely shielded from all outward disturbing causes, will do much with a voice in the dark, — a great deal more than such a woman as the baroness might imagine.

I do not know enough about these blue-eyed German girls to say whether or not Hedwig had ever before thought of her unknown singer as an unknown lover. But the emotions of the previous night had shaken her nerves a little, and had she been older than she was she would have known that she loved her singer, in a distant and maidenly fashion, as soon as she heard the baroness speak of him as having been her property. And now she was angry with herself, and ashamed of feeling any interest in a man who was evidently tied to another woman by some intrigue she could not comprehend. Her coming to visit the baroness had been as unpremeditated as it was unexpected, that morning, and she bitterly repented it; but being of good blood and heart, she acted as boldly as she could, and showed no little tact in making Nino sing, and thus cutting short a painful conversation. Only when the baroness tried to caress her and stroke her hand she shrank away, and the blood mantled up to her cheeks. Add to all this the womanly indignation she felt at having been so long deceived by Nino, and you will see that she was in a very vacillating frame of mind.

The baroness was a subtle woman, reckless and diplomatic by turns, and she was not blind to the sudden repulse she met with from Hedwig, unspoken though it was. But she merely withdrew her hand, and sat thinking over the

situation. What she thought, no one knows; or, at least, we can only guess it from what she did afterwards. As for me, I have never blamed her at all, for she is the kind of woman I should have loved. In the mean time Nino caroled out one love song after another. He saw, however, that the situation was untenable, and after a while he rose to go. Strange to say, although the baroness had asked Nino to breakfast, and the hour was now at hand, she made no effort to retain him. But she gave him her hand, and said many flattering and pleasing things, which, however, neither flattered nor pleased him. As for Hedwig, she bent her head a little, but said nothing, as he bowed before her. Nino therefore went home with a heavy heart, longing to explain to Hedwig why he had been tied to the baroness, — that it was the price of her silence and of the privilege he had enjoyed of giving lessons to the contessina; but knowing, also, that all explanation was out of the question for the present. When he was gone, Hedwig and the baroness were left together.

"It must have been a great surprise to you, my dear," said the elder lady kindly.

"What?"

"That your little professor should turn out a great artist in disguise. It was a surprise to me, too, — ah, another illusion destroyed. Dear child! You have still so many illusions, — beautiful, pure illusions. Dieu! how I envy you!" They generally talked French together, though the baroness knows German. Hedwig laughed bravely.

"I was certainly astonished," she said. "Poor man! I suppose he did it to support himself. He never told me he gave you lessons, too." The baroness smiled, but it was from genuine satisfaction this time.

"I wonder at that, since he knew we were intimate, or, at least, that we were acquainted. Of course I would not

speak of it last night, because I saw your father was angry."

"Yes, he was angry. I suppose it was natural," said Hedwig.

"Perfectly natural. And you, my dear, were you not angry too, — just a little?"

"I? No. Why should I be angry? He was a very good teacher, for he knows whole volumes by heart; and he understands them, too."

Soon they talked of other things, and the baroness was very affectionate. But though Hedwig saw that her friend was kind and most friendly, she could not forget the words that were in the air when she chanced to enter, nor could she quite accept the plausible explanation of them which the baroness had so readily invented. For jealousy is the forerunner of love, and sometimes its awakener. She felt a rival and an enemy, and all the hereditary combativeness of her Northern blood was roused.

Nino, who was in no small perplexity, reflected. He was not old enough or observant enough to have seen the breach that was about to be created between the baroness and Hedwig. His only thought was to clear himself in Hedwig's eyes from the imputation of having been tied to the dark woman in any way save for his love's sake. He at once began to hate the baroness with all the ferocity of which his heart was capable, and with all the calm his bold, square face outwardly expressed. But he was forced to take some action at once, and he could think of nothing better to do than to consult De Pretis.

To the maestro he poured out his woes and his plans. He exhibited to him his position toward the baroness and toward Hedwig in the clearest light. He conjured him to go to Hedwig, and explain that the baroness had threatened to unmask him, and thus deprive him of his means of support, — he dared not put it otherwise, — unless he consented to sing for her and come to her

as often as she pleased. To explain, to propitiate, to smooth, — in a word, to reinstate Nino in her good opinion.

"Death of a dog!" exclaimed De Pretis; "you do not ask much! After you have allowed your lady-love, your innamorata, to catch you saying you are bound body and soul to another woman, — and such a woman! ye saints, what a beauty! — you ask me to go and set matters right! What the diavolo did you want to go and poke your nose into such a mousetrap for? Via! I am a fool to have helped you at all."

"Very likely," said Nino calmly. "But meanwhile there are two of us, and perhaps I am the greater. You will do what I ask, maestro; is not true? And it was not I who said it; it was the baroness."

"The baroness — yes — and may the maledictions of the inferno overtake her," said De Pretis, casting up his eyes and feeling in his coat-tail pockets for his snuff-box. Once, when Nino was younger, he filled Ercole's snuff-box with soot and pepper, so that the maestro had a black nose and sneezed all day.

What could Ercole do? It was true that he had hitherto helped Nino. Was he not bound to continue that assistance? I suppose so; but if the whole affair had ended then, and this story with it, I would not have cared a button. Do you suppose it amuses me to tell you this tale? Or that if it were not for Nino's good name I would ever have turned myself into a common storyteller? Bah! you do not know me. A page of quaternions gives me more pleasure than all this rubbish put together, though I am not averse to a little gossip now and then, of an evening, if people will listen to my details and fancies. But those are just the things people will not listen to. Everybody wants sensation nowadays. What is a sensation compared with a thought? What is the convulsive gesticulation of a dead frog's leg compared with the intellect

of the man who invented the galvanic battery, and thus gave fictitious sensation to all the countless generations of dead frogs' legs that have since been the objects of experiment? Or if you come down to so poor a thing as mere feeling, what are your feelings in reading about Nino's deeds compared with what he felt in doing them? I am not taking all this trouble to please you, but only for Nino's sake, who is my dear boy. You are of no more interest or importance to me than if you were so many dead frogs; and if I galvanize your sensations, as you call them, into an activity sufficient to make you cry or laugh, that is my own affair. You need not say "thank you" to me. I do not want it. Ercole will thank you, and perhaps Nino will thank me, but that is different.

I will not tell you about the interview that Ercole had with Hedwig, nor how skillfully he rolled up his eyes and looked pathetic when he spoke of Nino's poverty, and of the fine part he had played in the whole business. Hedwig is a woman, and the principal satisfaction she gathered from Ercole's explanation was the knowledge that her friend the baroness had lied to her in explaining those strange words she had overheard. She knew it, of course, by instinct; but it was a great relief to be told the fact by some one else, as it always is, even when one is not a woman.

VIII.

Several days passed after the début without giving Nino an opportunity of speaking to Hedwig. He probably saw her, for he mingled in the crowd of dandies in the Piazza Colonna of an afternoon, hoping she would pass in her carriage and give him a look. Perhaps she did; he said nothing about it, but looked calm when he was silent and savage when he spoke, after the manner of passionate people. His face aged and grew

stern in those few days, so that he seemed to change on a sudden from boy to man. But he went about his business, and sang at the theatre when he was obliged to ; gathering courage to do his best and to display his powers from the constant success he had. The papers were full of his praises, saying that he was absolutely without rival from the very first night he sang, matchless and supreme from the moment he first opened his mouth, and all that kind of nonsense. I dare say he is now, but he could not have been really the greatest singer living, so soon. However, he used to bring me the newspapers that had notices of him, though he never appeared to care much for them, nor did he ever keep them himself. He said he hankered for an ideal which he would never attain ; and I told him that if he was never to attain it he had better abandon the pursuit of it at once. But he represented to me that the ideal was confined to his imagination, whereas the reality had a great financial importance, since he daily received offers from foreign managers to sing for them, at large advantage to himself, and was hesitating only in order to choose the most convenient. This seemed sensible, and I was silent. Soon afterwards he presented me with a box of cigars and a very pretty amber mouthpiece. The cigars were real Havanas, such as I had not smoked for years, and must have cost a great deal.

"You may not be aware, *Sor Cornelio*," he said one evening, as he mixed the oil and vinegar with the salad, at supper, "that I am now a rich man, or soon shall be. An agent from the London opera has offered me twenty thousand francs for the season in London, this spring."

"Twenty thousand francs !" I cried in amazement. "You must be dreaming, Nino. That is just about seven times what I earn in a year with my professorship and my writing."

"No dreams, *caro mio*. I have the

offer in my pocket." He apparently cared no more about it than if he had twenty thousand roasted chestnuts in his pocket.

"When do you leave us ?" I asked, when I was somewhat recovered.

"I am not sure that I will go," he answered, sprinkling some pepper on the lettuce.

"Not sure ! Body of Diana, what a fool you are !"

"Perhaps," said he, and he passed me the dish. Just then, *Mariuccia* came in with a bottle of wine, and we said no more about it ; for *Mariuccia* is indiscreet.

Nino thought nothing about his riches, because he was racking his brains for some good expedient whereby he might see the *contessina* and speak with her. He had ascertained from *De Pretis* that the count was not so angry as he had expected, and that *Hedwig* was quite satisfied with the explanations of the *maestro*. The day after the foregoing conversation he wrote a note to her, wherein he said that if the *Contessina di Lira* would deign to be awake at midnight that evening she would have a serenade from a voice she was said to admire. He had *Mariuccia* carry the letter to the *Palazzo Carmandola*.

At half past eleven, at least two hours after supper, Nino wrapped himself in my old cloak, and took the guitar under his arm. Rome is not a very safe place for midnight pranks, and so I made him take a good knife in his waist-belt ; for he had confided to me where he was going. I tried to dissuade him from the plan, saying he might catch cold ; but he laughed at me.

A serenade is an every-day affair, and in the street one voice sounds about as well as another. He reached the palace, and his heart sank when he saw *Hedwig's* window dark and gloomy. He did not know that she was seated behind it in a deep chair, wrapped in white things, and listening for him against the beat-

ings of her heart. The large moon seemed to be spiked on the sharp spire of the church that is near her house, and the black shadows cut the white light as clean as with a knife. Nino had tuned his guitar in the other street, and stood ready, waiting for the clocks to strike. Presently they clanged out wildly, as though they had been waked from their midnight sleep, and were angry; one clock answering the other, and one convent bell following another in the call to prayers. For two full minutes the whole air was crazy with ringing, and then it was all still. Nino struck a single chord. Hedwig almost thought he might hear her heart beating all the way down in the street.

"Ah, del mio dolce ardor bramato ogetto," he sang, — an old air in one of Gluck's operas, that our Italian musicians say was composed by Alessandro Stradella, the poor murdered singer. It must be a very good air, for it pleases me; and I am not easily pleased with music of any kind. As for Hedwig, she pressed her ear to the glass of the window that she might not lose any note. But she would not open nor give any sign. Nino was not so easily discouraged, for he remembered that once before she had opened her window for a few bars he had begun to sing. He played a few chords, and breathed out the "*Salve, dimora casta e pura*," from Faust, high and soft and clear. There is a point in that song, near to the end, where the words say, "Reveal to me the maiden," and where the music goes away to the highest note that any one can possibly sing. It always appears quite easy for Nino, and he does not squeak like a dying pig, as all the other tenors do on that note. He was looking up as he sang it, wondering whether it would have any effect. Apparently Hedwig lost her head completely, for she gently opened the casement and looked out at the moonlight opposite, over the carved stone mullions of her

window. The song ended, he hesitated whether to go or to sing again. She was evidently looking towards him; but he was in the light, for the moon had risen higher, and she, on the other side of the street, was in the dark.

"Signorina!" he called softly. No answer. "Signorina!" he said again, coming across the empty street and standing under the window, which might have been thirty feet from the ground.

"Hush!" came a whisper from above.

"I thank you with all my soul for listening to me," he said in a low voice. "I am innocent of that of which you suspect me. I love you, ah, I love you!" But at this she left the window very quickly. She did not close it, however, and Nino stood long, straining his eyes for a glimpse of the white face that had been there. He sighed, and striking a chord, sang out boldly the old air from the *Trovatore*, "*Ah, che la morte ognora è tarda nel venir*." Every blind fiddler in the streets plays it, though he would be sufficiently scared if death came any the quicker for his fiddling. But old and worn as it is, it has a strain of passion in it, and Nino threw more fire and voice into the ring of it than ever did famous old Boccardè, when he sang it at the first performance of the opera, thirty and odd years ago. As he played the chords after the first strophe, the voice from above whispered again: —

"Hush, for Heaven's sake!" Just that, and something fell at his feet, with a soft little padded sound on the pavement. He stooped to pick it up, and found a single rose; and at that instant the window closed sharply. Therefore he kissed the rose and hid it, and presently he strode down the street, finishing his song as he went, but only humming it, for the joy had taken his voice away. I heard him let himself in and go to bed, and he told me about it in the morning. That is how I know.

Since the day after the *début* Nino had not seen the baroness. He did not speak of her, and I am sure he wished she were at the very bottom of the Tiber. But on the morning after the serenade he received a note from her, which was so full of protestations of friendship and so delicately couched that he looked grave, and reflected that it was his duty to be courteous, and to answer such a call as that. She begged him earnestly to come at one o'clock; she was suffering from headache, she said, and was very weak. Had Nino loved Hedwig a whit the less, he would not have gone. But he felt himself strong enough to face anything and everything, and therefore he determined to go.

He found her, indeed, with the manner of a person who is ill, but not with the appearance. She was lying on a huge couch, pushed to the fireside, and there were furs about her. A striped scarf of rich Eastern silk was round her throat, and she held in her hand a new novel, of which she carelessly cut the pages with a broad-bladed Persian knife. But there was color in her dark cheek, and a sort of angry fire in her eyes. Nino thought the clean steel in her hand looked as though it might be used for something besides cutting leaves, if the fancy took her.

"So at last you have honored me with a visit, signora," she said, not desisting from her occupation. Nino came to her, and she put out her hand. He touched it, but could not bear to hold it, for it burned him.

"You used to honor my hand differently from that," she half whispered. Nino sat himself down a little way from her, blushing slightly. It was not at what she had said, but at the thought that he should ever have kissed her fingers.

"Signora," he replied, "there are customs, chivalrous and gentle in themselves, and worthy for all men to practice. But from the moment a custom

begins to mean what it should not, it ought to be abandoned. You will forgive me if I no longer kiss your hand."

"How cold you are! — how formal! What should it mean?"

"It is better to say too little than too much," he answered.

"Bah!" she cried, with a bitter little laugh. "Words are silver, but silence — is very often nothing but silver-plated brass. Put a little more wood on the fire; you make me cold." Nino obeyed.

"How literal you are!" said the baroness petulantly. "There is fire enough, on the hearth."

"Apparently, signora, you are pleased to be enigmatical," said Nino.

"I will be pleased to be anything I please," she answered, and looked at him rather fiercely. "I wanted you to drive away my headache, and you only make it worse."

"I am sorry, signora. I will leave you at once. Permit me to wish you a very good-morning." He took his hat and went towards the door. Before he reached the heavy curtain, she was at his side with a rush like a falcon on the wing, her eyes burning darkly between anger and love.

"Nino!" She laid hold of his arm, and looked into his face.

"Signora," he protested coldly, and drew back.

"You will not leave me so?"

"As you wish, signora. I desire to oblige you."

"Oh, how cold you are!" she cried, leaving his arm, and sinking into a chair by the door, while he stood with his hand on the curtain. She hid her eyes. "Nino, Nino! You will break my heart!" she sobbed; and a tear, perhaps more of anger than of sorrow, burst through her fingers, and coursed down her cheek.

Few men can bear to see a woman shed tears. Nino's nature rose up in his throat, and bade him console her. But between him and her was a fair,

bright image that forbade him to move hand or foot.

"Signora," he said, with all the calm he could command, "if I were conscious of having by word or deed of mine given you cause to speak thus, I would humbly implore your forgiveness. But my heart does not accuse me. I beg you to allow me to take leave of you. I will go away, and you shall have no further cause to think of me." He moved again, and lifted the curtain. But she was like a panther, so quick and beautiful. Ah, how I could have loved that woman! She held him, and would not let him go, her smooth fingers fastening round his wrists like springs.

"Please to let me go," he said between his teeth, with rising anger.

"No! I will not let you!" she cried fiercely, tightening her grasp on him. Then the angry fire in her tearful eyes seemed suddenly to melt into a soft flame, and the color came faster to her cheeks. "Ah, how can you let me so disgrace myself! how can you see me fallen so low as to use the strength of my hands, and yet have no pity? Nino, Nino, do not kill me!"

"Indeed, it would be the better for you if I should," he answered bitterly, but without attempting to free his wrists from her strong, soft grip.

"But you will," she murmured passionately. "You are killing me by leaving me. Can you not see it?" Her voice melted away in the tearful cadence. But Nino stood gazing at her as stonily as though he were the Sphinx. How could he have the heart? I cannot tell. Long she looked into his eyes, silently; but she might as well have tried to animate a piece of iron, so stern and hard he was. Suddenly, with a strong, convulsive movement, she flung his hands from her.

"Go!" she cried hoarsely. "Go to that wax doll you love, and see whether she will love you, or care whether you leave her or not! Go, go, go! Go to

her!" She had sprung far back from him, and now pointed to the door, drawn to her full height and blazing in her wrath.

"I would advise you, madam, to speak with proper respect of any lady with whom you choose to couple my name." His lips opened and shut mechanically, and he trembled from head to foot.

"Respect!" She laughed wildly. "Respect for a mere child whom you happen to fancy! Respect, indeed, for anything you choose to do! I—I—respect Hedwig von Lira? Ha! ha!" and she rested her hand on the table behind her, as she laughed.

"Be silent, madam," said Nino, and he moved a step nearer, and stood with folded arms.

"Ah! You would silence me now, would you? You would rather not hear me speak of your midnight serenades, and your sweet letters dropped from the window of her room, at your feet?" But her rage overturned itself, and with a strange cry she fell into a deep chair, and wept bitterly, burying her face in her two hands. "Miserable woman that I am!" she sobbed, and her whole lithe body was convulsed.

"You are indeed," said Nino, and he turned once more to go. But as he turned, the servant threw back the curtain.

"The Signor Conte di Lira," he announced in distinct tones. For a moment there was a dead silence, during which, in spite of his astonishment at the sudden appearance of the count, Nino had time to reflect that the baroness had caused him to be watched during the previous night. It might well be, and the mistake she made in supposing the thing Hedwig had dropped to be a letter told him that her spy had not ventured very near.

The tall count came forward under the raised curtains, limping and helping himself with his stick. His face

was as gray and wooden as ever, but his mustaches had an irritated, crimped look, that Nino did not like. The count barely nodded to the young man, as he stood aside to let the old gentleman pass; his eyes turned mechanically to where the baroness sat. She was a woman who had no need to simulate passion in any shape, and it must have cost her a terrible effort to control the paroxysm of anger and shame and grief that had overcome her. There was something unnatural and terrifying in her sudden calm, as she forced herself to rise and greet her visitor.

"I fear I come out of season," he said, apologetically, as he bent over her hand.

"On the contrary," she answered; "but forgive me if I speak one word to Professor Cardegna." She went to where Nino was standing.

"Go into that room," she said, in a very low voice, glancing towards a curtained door opposite the windows, "and wait till he goes. You may listen if you choose." She spoke authoritatively.

"I will not," answered Nino, in a determined whisper.

"You will not?" Her eyes flashed again. He shook his head.

"Count von Lira," she said aloud, turning to him, "do you know this young man?" She spoke in Italian, and Von Lira answered in the same language; but as what he said was not exactly humorous, I will spare you the strange construction of his sentences.

"Perfectly," he answered. "It is precisely concerning this young man that I desire to speak with you." The count remained standing because the baroness had not told him to be seated.

"That is fortunate," replied the baroness, "for I wish to inform you that he is a villain, a wretch, a miserable fellow!" Her anger was rising again, but she struggled to control it. When Nino realized what she said, he came forward, and stood near the count, fac-

ing the baroness, his arms folded on his breast, as though to challenge accusation. The count raised his eyebrows.

"I am aware that he concealed his real profession so long as he gave my daughter lessons. That, however, has been satisfactorily explained, though I regret it. Pray inform me why you designate him as a villain." Nino felt a thrill of sympathy for this man whom he had so long deceived.

"This man, sir," said she in measured tones, "this low-born singer, who has palmed himself off on us as a respectable instructor in language, has the audacity to love your daughter. For the sake of pressing his odious suit, he has wormed himself into your house, as into mine; he has sung beneath your daughter's window, and she has dropped letters to him, — love-letters, do you understand? And now," — her voice rose more shrill and uncontrollable at every word, as she saw Lira's face turn white, and her anger gave desperate utterance to the lie, — "and now he has the effrontery to come to me — to me — to me of all women — and to confess his abominable passion for that pure angel, imploring me to assist him in bringing destruction upon her and you. Oh, it is execrable, it is vile, it is hellish!" She pressed her hands to her temples as she stood, and glared at the two men. The count was a strong man, easily petulant, but hard to move to real anger. Though his face was white and his right hand clutched his crutch-stick, he still kept the mastery of himself.

"Is what you tell me true, madam?" he asked in a strange voice.

"Before God, it is true!" she cried desperately.

The old man looked at her for one moment, and then, as though he had been twenty years younger, he made at Nino, brandishing his stick to strike. But Nino is strong and young, and he is almost a Roman. He foresaw the count's action, and his right hand stole to the

table, and grasped the clean, murderous knife; the baroness had used it so innocently to cut the leaves of her book, half an hour before. With one wrench he had disarmed the elder man, forced him back upon a lounge, and set the razor edge of his weapon against the count's throat.

"If you speak one word, or try to strike me, I will cut off your head," he said quietly, bringing his cold, marble face close down to the old man's eyes. There was something so deathly in his voice, in spite of its quiet sound, that the count thought his hour was come, brave man as he was. The baroness tottered back against the opposite wall, and stood staring at the two, disheveled and horrified.

"This woman," said Nino, still holding the cold thing against the flesh, "lies in part, and in part tells the truth. I love your daughter, it is true." The poor old man quivered beneath Nino's weight, and his eyes rolled wildly, searching for some means of escape. But it was of no use. "I love her, and have sung beneath her window; but I never had a written word from her in my life, and I neither told this woman of my love nor asked her assistance. She guessed it at the first; she guessed the reason of my disguise, and she herself offered to help me. You may speak now. Ask her." Nino relaxed his hold, and stood off, still grasping the knife. The old count breathed, shook himself and passed his handkerchief over his face before he spoke. The baroness stood as though she were petrified.

"Thunder weather, you are a devilish young man!" said Von Lira, still panting. Then he suddenly recovered his dignity. "You have caused me to assault this young man, by what you told me," he said, struggling to his feet. "He defended himself, and might have killed me, had he chosen. Be good enough to tell me whether he has spoken the truth, or you."

"He has spoken—the truth," answered the baroness, staring vacantly about her. Her fright had taken from her even the faculty of lying. Her voice was low, but she articulated the words distinctly. Then, suddenly, she threw up her hands, with a short, quick scream, and fell forward, senseless, on the floor. Nino looked at the count, and dropped his knife on a table. The count looked at Nino.

"Sir," said the old gentleman, "I forgive you for resisting my assault. I do not forgive you for presuming to love my daughter, and I will find means to remind you of the scandal you have brought on my house." He drew himself up to his full height. Nino handed him his crutch-stick civilly.

"Signor Conte," he said, simply, but with all his natural courtesy, "I am sorry for this affair, to which you forced me,—or rather the Signora Baronessa forced us both. I have acted foolishly, perhaps, but I am in love. And permit me to assure you, sir, that I will yet marry the Signorina di Lira, if she consents to marry me."

"By the name of Heaven," swore the old count, "if she wants to marry a singer, she shall." He limped to the door in sullen anger, and went out. Nino turned to the prostrate figure of the poor baroness. The continued strain on her nerves had broken her down, and she lay on the floor in a dead faint. Nino put a cushion from the lounge under her head, and rang the bell. The servant appeared instantly.

"Bring water quickly!" he cried. "The signora has fainted." He stood looking at the senseless figure of the woman, as she lay across the rich Persian rugs that covered the floor.

"Why did you not bring salts, cologne, her maid—run, I tell you!" he said to the man, who brought the glass of water on a gilded tray. He had forgotten that the fellow could not be expected to have any sense. When her

people came at last, he had sprinkled her face, and she had unconsciously swallowed enough of the water to have some effect in reviving her. She began to open her eyes, and her fingers moved nervously. Nino found his hat, and, casting one glance around the room that had just witnessed such strange doings, passed through the door and went out. The baroness was left with her servants. Poor woman! She did very wrong, perhaps, but anybody would have loved her — except Nino. She must have been terribly shaken, one would have thought, and she ought to have gone to lie down, and should have sent for the doctor to bleed her. But she did nothing of the kind.

She came to see me. I was alone in the house, late in the afternoon, when the sun was just gilding the tops of the houses. I heard the door-bell ring, and I went to answer it myself. There stood the beautiful baroness, alone, with all her dark soft things around her, as pale as death, and her eyes swollen sadly with weeping. Nino had come home and told me something about the scene in the morning, and I can tell you I gave him a piece of my mind about his follies.

“Does Professor Cornelio Grandi live here?” she asked, in a low, sad voice.

“I am he, signora,” I answered. “Will you please to come in?” And so she came into our little sitting-room, and sat over there in the old green arm-chair. I shall never forget it, as long as I live.

I cannot tell you all she said in that brief half hour, for it pains me to think of it. She spoke as though I were her confessor, so humbly and quietly, — as though it had all happened ten years ago. There is no stubbornness in those tiger women when once they break down.

She said she was going away; that she had done my boy a great wrong, and wished to make such reparation as she

could, by telling me, at least, the truth. She did not scruple to say that she had loved him, nor that she had done everything in her power to keep him; though he had never so much as looked at her, she added pathetically. She wished to have me know exactly how it happened, no matter what I might think of her.

“You are a nobleman, count,” she said to me at last, “and I can trust you as one of my own people, I am sure. Yes, I know: you have been unfortunate, and are now a professor. But that does not change the blood. I can trust you. You need not tell him I came, unless you wish it. I shall never see him again. I am glad to have been here, to see where he lives.” She rose, and moved to go. I confess that the tears were in my eyes. There was a pile of music on the old piano. There was a loose leaf on the top, with his name written on it. She took it in her hand, and looked inquiringly at me out of her sad eyes. I knew she wanted to take it, and I nodded.

“I shall never see him again, you know.” Her voice was gentle and weak, and she hastened to the door; so that almost before I knew it she was gone. The sun had left the red-tiled roofs opposite, and the goldfinch was silent in his cage. So I sat down in the chair where she had rested, and folded my hands, and thought, as I am always thinking ever since, how I could have loved such a woman as that; so passionate, so beautiful, so piteously sorry for what she had done that was wrong. Ah me! for the years that are gone away so cruelly, for the days so desperately dead! Give me but one of those golden days, and I would make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. A greater man than I said that, — a man over the seas, with a great soul, who wrote in a foreign tongue, but spoke a language germane to all human speech. But even he cannot bring back one of those dear days. I would give much to have that

one day back, when she came and told me all her woes. But that is impossible.

When they came to wake her in the morning — the very morning after that — she was dead in her bed; the color gone forever from those velvet cheeks,

the fire quenched out of those passionate eyes, past power of love or hate to rekindle. Requiescat in pace, and may God give her eternal rest and forgiveness for all her sins. Poor, beautiful, erring woman!

F. Marion Crawford.

HEREDITY.

MR. FRANCIS GALTON'S new book of inquiries into the constitution of the human faculties reminds us afresh of the remarkable contribution which this powerful thinker has made to positive philosophy.

In the quietest way, without any flourish of trumpets or pretensions to cosmic knowledge, he has laid down laws which profoundly affect not only science, but practical morality. And it has all been done with so little assumption that we have not resented it, or even been quite conscious of the injury. Like the rival smith upon whom Siegfried tried his thrice-forged sword, we do not realize the wounds in our old beliefs, until they fall suddenly to pieces before our eyes. And in the present article we shall try to develop more fully than he has done the consequences which must follow from this new law.

Many persons have tried to overthrow portions of the theory of evolution, and in the several forms which Spencer, Darwin, and Haeckel gave it it has certainly had some severe blows; but the contribution of Mr. Galton to this theory was so cautiously and solidly prepared that no one has pointed out any serious flaw in it, and few have been able to add much to it. Mr. George Darwin, the late Mr. R. L. Dugdale, and Mr. F. M. Holland (not Hollond, as Mr. Galton misspells the name) have carried the investigation a little further, but most of the works on the subject

are little more than collections of anecdotes and fancies; and in its main aspects it stands as Galton shaped it, a simple and modest theory, but bearing consequences to humanity much more important than those suggested by Darwin or Spencer. Of the rhythmic integration of the latter we hear nothing from Galton. To him, as to most other investigators, cosmism has proved a barren fount. The fierce struggle for existence described by Darwin takes a modified and gentler form in Galton's hands, for his conclusions go only to changes in mankind, and do not affect the lines separating the several species. Within these narrower bounds his work is very impressive; for it seems to prove that the qualities of men are usually hereditary, not accidental, and that life is a prolonged viriculture, in which progress depends more upon marriage customs and birth-rates than upon the institutions on which we are wont to plume ourselves. This new view brings ethics almost within the circle of the physical sciences. Our culture has, indeed, he thinks, already gotten ahead of our brain capacity, so that only a small minority has the mental ability to profit by the advances which the leaders of thought have made. Thus, the question of further progress is not as to collecting more intellectual material so much as to profiting by what we already have. We have the arms of Ulysses, but how few of us can string his bow!

In this volume Galton examines the several human faculties in some detail, in reference to the possible improvement of mankind, with his former ingenuity and care, and brings out many curious facts not at all in accord with common opinion. For instance, comparing the sensitivity of different classes of persons in numerous experiments, he finds that "men have more delicate powers of discrimination than women;" that blind persons do not have any increased acuteness of the other senses; and that there is no foundation for the reputed keen-sightedness of sailors and savages; the apparent advantage being due in each case not to perceiving more, but to more skillful interpretation of what is perceived. A curious power which he thinks might be improved by education is that of calling up at will before the eye pictures of past scenes, — a power that few pay any attention to, but which must be very delightful to all, and very valuable to great painters and to imaginative artists. Spenser, Hawthorne, and Victor Hugo would not have been what they were without it. Galton's examination into the singular forms in which many people visualize numbers, whenever they think of them, and see them arranged in shapes and even color with such axiomatic regularity that they cannot conceive of the possibility of doing otherwise, throws new light upon innate mental peculiarities, and also upon the danger of using inconceivability as a test of truth. His experiments show plainly the enormous mental differences with which we enter the world; and if his investigations into the characteristics of twins are to be trusted, education can do little to alter them. On this point the answers to his inquiries seem too few and too exaggerated for quite so sweeping a conclusion; but it is all in accord with his main argument of the necessity of breeding better men, if we would make a further advance.

What the future man will be Galton seeks to determine by his ingenious composite photographs, in which a series of portraits are merged in one in such a manner as to give a portrait showing the common characteristics of all of the group, freed from the diversities of its component members. He takes as representative of the best English type of our day some two dozen young men from the Royal Engineers, and gets a composite picture of them, very different from the beefy, heavy British type which we usually figure to ourselves. The earnest, straightforward eyes, the strong, energetic mouth and jaw, seem as much American as English. This question of type is especially interesting to him, because he afterwards argues that future development must take place in the direction of the best present type of each race, and that there would be a frightful waste of vital power in trying to approach a dissimilar one. This national type is not fixed. Galton thinks that the English one has changed much within a few generations. "The features of men painted by and about the time of Holbein have usually high cheek-bones, long upper lips, thin eyebrows, and lank, dark hair;" while statistics show that the English are now a fair and reddish race, with blue or gray eyes and brown hair. The tendency to obesity which appeared early in this century has lessened, but the improvement in physique, he thinks, extends only to the better-cared-for classes. And similar evidence could be produced of an analogous change in New England.

Galton's experiments in calling ideas into consciousness support the theory of unconscious cerebration of Hamilton and others. Consciousness lights up only a small part of our mental habitation, he thinks; and beyond it lies an ante-chamber filled with ideas, ready to enter the audience chamber when occasion offers. Sometimes they crowd in so quickly that consciousness cannot keep

track of them all, and loses sight of part in following the others ; and sometimes the guiding will which marshals their order grows weak, and they flit back and forth in dreamy disconnection with any external world ; while at other times no effort can make them enter. As Lowell says,

“Hopeless my mental pump I try :
The boxes hiss, the tube is dry.”

But when we are at our best the antechamber of the ready talker is full of stories and witticisms ; that of the scientist is crowded with facts and theories in his specialty, and the artist's with images of beauty. Here again we touch these inborn mental powers. We may pack the antechamber with memorized facts and open wide the doors, but only innate ability can keep them alive and fruitful. It is their growth and multiplication out of sight upon which originality depends.

When the court of conscience is held, the precedents which guide it come from these remote chambers, — ancestral heirlooms whose force it is painful to dispute. This view of conscience as a sort of common law court, determined by the customs of our forefathers, seems more natural to an Englishman than to a foreigner, who demands an authorized code. This hereditary conscience, which both the positivists and evolutionists accept, seems, however, entirely insufficient to many thinkers. Frances Power Cobbe, in a recent magazine essay, complains that it makes conscience “a crowned and sceptred impostor ; . . . the echo of the rude cheers and hisses . . . of barbarous forefathers, who howled for joy round the wicker images wherein the Druids burned their captives, and yelled under every scaffold of the martyrs of truth and liberty ; . . . the shifting sand heaps of our ancestral impressions, — nay, rather let us say the mental kitchen-middens of generations of savages.” Miss Cobbe is very eloquent, but Galton would not admit her logic.

It would be as just to call the common law the refuse heap of savages as to apply that description to inherited conscience ; for each represents (and the latter far more justly) the best that former generations were able to appropriate from the teachings of life. And there are even some advantages in the positive view, for it sanctions growth, and looks to science for correction.

Mr. Galton is not blind to “the religious significance of the doctrine of evolution.” He sees clearly that it involves a new moral law and a new attitude toward heaven. His invariable laws do not agree with miraculous answers to prayer, and he pauses to apply statistics to show that such answers are not given. The future man which his teaching aims at producing is not at all the timid, toothless, hairless, slow-moving creature which a lively essayist has recently described as our destiny. Such a violation of the law of natural selection would speedily fall back before a more vigorous rival. The type that Galton's viriculture aims at combines the beauty of an athlete with the mental brilliancy of a Greek and the indomitable energy of a Norseman, but it is more pagan than Christian.

“The sunburnt world a man will breed,” says Emerson ; but he will be readier, if Galton is right, to face nature and human nature sword in hand than throw himself for help

“Upon the great world's altar stairs,
Which slope through darkness up to God.”

This new attitude of science will have to be faced. It is no trifling over details, like the length of the days of the Mosaic creation, nor does it soar into abstruse metaphysics. It goes directly to the root of that brotherhood of man and self-surrender to God which have ever been the glory of Christianity. The morality with which it replaces it, in spite of some evident practical advantages, is often shocking to our highest instincts. It is a matter of immense

and indeed vital importance; for, if Galton is right, the progress of civilization turns upon our decision. If the Teutonic race, from which modern civilization radiates, should decay, as other noble races have done in the past, it may be centuries before another is produced that can fill its place.

We must bear clearly in mind that if Galton's arguments are to be trusted two things are necessary, in order that civilization may move steadily forward: there must be a selection of the best, and a transmission of their qualities to their descendants. Neither of these is of much use without the other, and they seldom go on properly together. Where selection works, as it often does at this day, to attract the most vigorous to the great cities, and reward them with success, accompanied with desires, cares, and vices, which delay their marriage and prevent their having children, it is positively injurious to the community. There is some immediate gain, more money made or books written; but the next generation is drawn from poorer sources, and, if the process goes far enough, decay must set in. We must remember how often great nations have begun to rot in the height of their prosperity. We see Athens full of men of marvelous genius; but they do not marry, and at last their places are filled by slaves, retaining the Pyrrhic dance without the Pyrrhic phalanx. We see Rome, with a greater vitality, rising to be the mistress of the world, but after a time her close family ties are sapped by luxury, and the same decay sets in. Her farms are depopulated and her fields untilled. She calls in barbarians to fill her ranks, and falls before them from sheer exhaustion. The Ottoman empire has gone through the same changes; and the danger is a threatening one to us to-day. In Australia and our own great West the English race multiplies apace; but in New England the old families are dying out, and it is plainly fall-

ing back before the more prolific Celt; and in the South the blacks are multiplying nearly twice as fast as the whites, so that in another century, instead of being only half as numerous, they will have become two to one. Galton insists that the sole way to move forward without an enormous waste of life is to quietly replace the feeblar race by the better one, and it will not do for us to do the opposite. To raise the weak to the height of the stronger could only be accomplished by a frightful sacrifice of life in the necessary dark ages of selection; and the process would be terribly wasteful if successful, since the same forces, if applied to the better material, would produce a better result without this misery. It is not a question of education, but of stock. Churches, colleges, and art galleries are the signs of intellectual power. They ornament and train it, but they do not produce the raw material. Physical decay is little affected by religion or art; and the institutions of a nation are often at their best after it has passed its prime.

The necessary natural selection no longer, however, requires the merciless starvation and slaughter involved in its operation upon the lower animals. We must have that free competition in which the stronger win the commanding position which is their due; but if we can insure the fertility of the better portion, and the comparative sterility of the meaner part, of a community, it is no longer essential to destroy the deformed or diseased, or embitter their existence by hardships, for in the course of time their strains will die out. Galton does not dispute the much-discussed pressure of population upon the means of subsistence which Malthus urged, but the question takes a new shape to him; for the misery, rightly understood, is the path of progress. He does not at all accept that philosopher's remedy of delaying marriage until late in life, because the argument would appeal only

to the more intelligent class, and the restriction would therefore be applied where multiplication is desired, while the unfortunate increase of the lower class would be unchecked.

Even in this mild and modified form, however, it is still a relentless struggle for existence. It is utterly opposed to coöperation or communism, for the sifting process of individual competition is the only efficient mode of recruiting the leading class. The object of the better part of the community must be the elevation of their own family and race; and this at the best is a broadened egotism, never reaching Christian altruism.

If we are convinced that the only way of upraising a race is by securing the success of its best elements in the remorseless contest in which the stronger shall prosper and hand down their traits to the next generation, while the weaker perish without leaving a trace, then the birth-rate becomes the most important test of progress, the pulse-beat of national health; while in broader issues the war-cry of the races will echo with fiercer fury. The primitive passions for kindred and race are exalted again to the highest dignity; and thus we call to our aid two powerful emotions, which the last century frowned upon, but which are yet among the most potent that sway mankind,—family pride and patriotism. With Spartan firmness we are told to revive somewhat of Spartan principle, and consider in our laws the inheritance of dispositions as well as estates. This is no scheme of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Personal freedom is fettered with new duties to the community, universal brotherhood is replaced by the narrow tie of blood, and equality must yield to claims of birth. It has indeed a strong savor of aristocracy, though it is the aristocracy of inherited worth, not tradition or wealth.

It is not difficult to find striking instances of dangerous violations of this

law. Galton dwells upon the evils of a celibate priesthood, which long sterilized the most intellectual element in the community; and he attributes to this much of the midnight blackness of the dark ages. He points out that the restrictions upon marriage which until lately encumbered the English college fellowships were equally bad. Indeed, his argument points at bestowing them only upon heads of families; and perhaps the same principle might apply to all government offices. He urges the importance of charities giving dowries to deserving unportioned girls, and would look with severe reprobation upon our custom of helping sons to establish themselves in business, while daughters receive very little, in proportion, when they marry. He would no doubt think it a plain duty for parents to make sure of homes for their children, and would frown at the current morality which makes marriage a mere matter of individual fancy or passion, and shrinks from the clutch of baby fingers. The man of health and ability who does not become a father is little better than a wrong-doer, from Galton's point of view, though ignorant, perhaps, of the barrenness of his buried talent: and the whole burden of his scheme is strongly against the American ideal of home life, with its independent members so slightly bound to each other.

Equally important inferences may be drawn as to the treatment of criminals. The class is generally infertile, but such instances as the Jukes family, with its five prolific generations of criminals and paupers, show the danger. Imprisonment for life, or exile to a penal colony, where there is no intermixture of the sexes, would often be necessary; for crime becomes a disease, to be stamped out like the cattle plague. Pauperism would have much of the same character, and indiscriminate charity would acquire a new degree of wrongfulness. Indeed, the whole field of private charity and out-

door relief would be much restricted, with a corresponding extension of the poorhouse system. The reception of paupers and criminals from abroad becomes a wrong to the next generation, whose patrimony is squandered. The Chinese may increase our wealth, but wealth is not the object of living. It sounds fine in a Fourth of July oration to talk of America as the asylum for the oppressed of all nations, but it is wicked folly from this scientific point of view. These conclusions must appear harsh to those who would foster the negro and Indian; for Galton's law is squarely across their path, and the sooner they die quietly out the better: and to assist them to multiply becomes as wrong as the keeping the filthy and effete Turk in Europe for the sake of enfeebling Russia. In order to insure the triumph of the superior race, war will sometimes be a moral duty, and a standing army can hardly be avoided, either by the victor, or by those inferior races who object to being too hastily hustled out of the way. Such an army, if it took away from home life the flower of the people, might be a frightful curse, even if its career were a series of victories like those of the great Napoleon. On the other hand, a uniform conscription, from which, after service of a year or two, all persons who had the average amount of health and ability were transferred to a reserve corps called out only in emergencies, might be a spur to national progress, though the morale of the permanent part of the army would of course be very low.

Imperfect as this brief sketch is of the new psychology and the consequences which seem justly to flow from it, it is pretty plain that it involves a new ethical code, and a very militant and positive one. We are not prepared to go quite as far as the speaker in a late English magazine dialogue, who says, I am

emancipated and elevated by positivism, "but I have not yet attained to being a hypocrite; of daring to pretend to my own soul that this belief of ours, this truth, is not bitter and abominable, arid and icy, to our hearts." This aridity and iciness which seem so abominable to Vernon Lee come mainly from the religious belief or unbelief associated with heredity in the minds of most positivists. It is not necessary, however, that the followers of Galton should accept the pantheism which their teacher avows; and an investigation which shows us how to elevate mankind can never be really opposed to religion. Separating it from religious views, upon which it is not dependent, we can see that this new eugenic code, is a definite, practical, and fertile one, which avoids the extremes which threaten life most, the fiery communism below and the frigid indifference above. It is intensely alive in a proud English way. It is not a religion, but it might be a banner to fight under and conquer by.

But with all this we must confess that it is bitterly opposed to our most cherished instincts, our purest aspirations. For eighteen hundred years our warmest sympathies have been given to the weak and down-trodden, and we look ever upward for relief from the bloody conflict in which they have been overthrown. Instinctively we turn to coöperation and charity for aid, and cry out against the remorseless strength that refuses mercy to the vanquished in the bitter struggle of life. The beatitudes are still our creed, and still we look for relief from all this turmoil and sorrow in the tender care of a father who never forgets the weakest of his children. But there is no sanction for this alleviating providence in Galton's remorseless law. It claims to be only common sense, but its terrible *væ victis* is a knell of utter destruction to all but the victor race.

Henry W. Holland.

EN PROVINCE.

VI.

FROM POITIERS TO CARCASSONNE.

I.

It is an injustice to Poitiers to approach her by night, as I did some three hours after leaving La Rochelle; for what Poitiers has of best, as they would say at Poitiers, is the appearance she presents to the arriving stranger who puts his head out of the window of the train. I gazed into the gloom from such an aperture before we got into the station, for I remembered the impression received on another occasion; but I saw nothing save the universal night, spotted here and there with an ugly railway-lamp. It was only as I departed, the following day, that I assured myself that Poitiers still makes something of the figure she ought on the summit of her considerable hill. I have a kindness for any little group of towers, any cluster of roofs and chimneys, that lift themselves from an eminence over which a long road ascends in zigzags; such a picture creates for the moment a presumption that you are in Italy, and even leads you to believe that if you mount the winding road you will come to an old town-wall, a mass of creviced brownness, and pass under a gateway surmounted by the arms of a mediæval despot. Why I should find it a pleasure, in France, to imagine myself in Italy is more than I can say; the illusion has never lasted long enough to be analyzed. From the bottom of its perch Poitiers looks large and high; and indeed, the evening I reached it, the interminable climb of the omnibus of the hotel I had selected, which I found at the station, gave me the measure of its commanding position. This hotel, "*magnifique construction ornée de statues*," as the Guide-

Joanne, usually so reticent, takes the trouble to announce, has an omnibus, and, I suppose, has statues, though I didn't perceive them; but it has very little else save immemorial accumulations of dirt. It is magnificent, if you will, but it is not even relatively proper; and a dirty inn has always seemed to me the dirtiest of human things — it has so many opportunities to betray itself.

Poitiers covers a large space, and is as crooked and straggling as you please; but these advantages are not accompanied with any very salient features or any great wealth of architecture. Although there are few picturesque houses, however, there are two or three curious old churches. Notre Dame la Grande, in the market-place, a small Romanesque structure of the twelfth century, has a most interesting and venerable exterior. Composed, like all the churches of Poitiers, of a light brown stone with a yellowish tinge, it is covered with primitive but ingenious sculptures, and is really an impressive monument. Within, it has lately been daubed over with the most hideous decorative painting that was ever inflicted upon passive pillars and indifferent vaults. This battered yet coherent little edifice has the touching look that resides in everything supremely old: it has arrived at the age at which such things cease to feel the years; the waves of time have worn its edges to a kind of patient dullness; there is something mild and smooth, like the stillness, the deafness, of an octogenarian, even in its rudeness of ornament, and it has become insensible to differences of a century or two. The cathedral interested me much less than Our Lady the Great, and I have not the spirit to go into statistics about it. It is not statistical to say that the cathe-

dral stands half-way down the hill of Poitiers, in a quiet and grass-grown *place*, with an approach of crooked lanes and blank garden-walls, and that its most striking dimension is the width of its façade. This width is extraordinary, but it fails, somehow, to give nobleness to the edifice, which looks within (Murray makes the remark) like a large public hall. There are a nave and two aisles, the latter about as high as the nave; and there are some very fearful modern pictures, which you may see much better than you usually see those specimens of the old masters that lurk in glowing side-chapels, there being no fine old glass to diffuse a kindly gloom. The sacristan of the cathedral showed me something much better than all this bright bareness; he led me a short distance out of it to the small Temple de Saint-Jean, which is the most curious object at Poitiers. It is an early Christian chapel, one of the earliest in France; originally, it would seem, that is, in the sixth or seventh century, a baptistery, but converted into a church while the Christian era was still comparatively young. The Temple de Saint-Jean is therefore a monument even more venerable than Notre Dame la Grande, and that numbness of age which I imputed to Notre Dame ought to reside in still larger measure in its crude and colorless little walls. I call them crude, in spite of their having been baked through by the centuries, only because, although certain rude arches and carvings are let into them, and they are surmounted at either end with a small gable, they have (so far as I can remember) little fascination of surface. Notre Dame is still expressive, still pretends to be alive; but the Temple has delivered its message, and is completely at rest. It retains a kind of atrium, on the level of the street, from which you descend to the original floor, now uncovered, but buried for years under a false bottom. A semicircular apse was,

apparently at the time of its conversion into a church, thrown out from the east wall. In the middle is the cavity of the old baptismal font. The walls and vaults are covered with traces of extremely archaic frescoes, attributed, I believe, to the twelfth century. These vague, gaunt, staring fragments of figures are, to a certain extent, a reminder of some of the early Christian churches in Rome; they even faintly recalled to me the great mosaics of Ravenna. The Temple de Saint-Jean has neither the antiquity nor the completeness of those extraordinary monuments, nearly the most impressive in Europe; but, as one may say, it is very well for Poitiers.

Not far from it, in a lonely corner which was animated for the moment by the vociferations of several old women who were selling tapers, presumably for the occasion of a particular devotion, is the graceful Romanesque church erected in the twelfth century to Saint Radegonde; a lady who found means to be a saint even in the capacity of a Merovingian queen. It bears a general resemblance to Notre Dame la Grande, and, as I remember it, is corrugated in somewhat the same manner with porous-looking carvings; but I confess that what I chiefly recollect is the row of old women sitting in front of it, each with a tray of waxen tapers in her lap, and upbraiding me for my neglect of the opportunity to offer such a tribute to the saint. I know not whether this privilege is occasional or constant; within the church there was no appearance of a festival, and I see that the name-day of Saint Radegonde occurs in August, so that the importunate old women sit there always, perhaps, and deprive of its propriety the epithet I just applied to this provincial corner. In spite of the old women, however, I suspect that the place is lonely; and indeed it is perhaps the old women that have made the desolation.

The lion of Poitiers, in the eyes of the natives, is doubtless the Palais de Justice, in the shadow of which the statue-guarded hotel, just mentioned, erects itself; and the gem of the courthouse, which has a prosy modern front, with pillars and a high flight of steps, is the curious *salle-des-pas-perdus*, or central hall, out of which the different tribunals open. This is a feature of every French courthouse, and seems the result of a conviction that a palace of justice — the French deal in much finer names than we — should be in some degree palatial. The great hall at Poitiers has a long pedigree, as its walls date back to the twelfth century, and its open wooden roof, as well as the remarkable trio of chimney-pieces at the left end of the room as you enter, to the fifteenth. The three tall fireplaces, side by side, with a delicate gallery running along the top of them, constitute the originality of this ancient chamber, and make one think of the groups that must formerly have gathered there — of all the wet boot-soles, the trickling doublets, the stiffened fingers, the rheumatic shanks, that must have been presented to such an incomparable focus of heat. To-day, I am afraid, these mighty hearths are forever cold; justice is probably administered with the aid of a modern *calorifère*, and the walls of the palace are perforated with regurgitating tubes. Behind and above the gallery that surmounts the three fireplaces are high gothic windows, the tracery of which masks, in some sort, the chimneys; and in each angle of this and of the room to the right and left of the trio of chimneys, is an open-work spiral staircase, ascending to — I forget where; perhaps to the roof of the edifice. This whole side of the *salle* is very lordly, and seems to express an unstinted hospitality, to extend the friendliest of all invitations, to bid the whole world come and get warm. It was the invention of John, Duke of

Berry and Count of Poitou, about 1395. I give this information on the authority of the Guide-Joanne, from which source I gather much other curious learning: as, for instance, that it was in this building, when it had surely a very different front, that Charles VII. was proclaimed king, in 1422; and that here Joan of Arc was subjected, in 1429, to the inquisition of certain doctors and matrons.

The most charming thing at Poitiers is simply the promenade de Blossac — a small public garden at one end of the flat top of the hill. It has a happy look of the last century (having been arranged at that period), and a beautiful sweep of view over the surrounding country, and especially of the course of the little river Clain, which winds about a part of the base of the big mound of Poitiers. The limit of this dear little garden is formed, on the side that turns away from the town, by the rampart erected in the fourteenth century, and by its big semi-circular bastions. This rampart, of great length, has a low parapet; you look over it at the charming little vegetable-gardens with which the base of the hill appears exclusively to be garnished. The whole prospect is delightful, especially the details of the part just under the walls, at the end of the walk. Here the river makes a shining twist, which a painter might have invented, and the side of the hill is terraced into several ledges, — a sort of tangle of small blooming patches and little pavilions with peaked roofs and green shutters. It is idle to attempt to reproduce all this in words; it should be reproduced only in water-colors. The reader, however, will already have remarked that disparity in these ineffectual pages, which are pervaded by the attempt to sketch without a palette or brushes. He will doubtless, also, be struck with the groveling vision which, on such a spot as the ramparts of Poitiers, peoples itself with carrots and cabbages rather

than with images of the Black Prince and the captive king. I am not sure that in looking out from the promenade de Blossac you command the old battlefield; it is enough that it was not far off and that the great rout of Frenchmen poured into the walls of Poitiers, leaving on the ground a number of the fallen equal to the little army (eight thousand) of the invader. I did think of the battle; I wondered, rather helplessly, where it had taken place; and I came away (as the reader will see from the preceding sentence), without finding out. This indifference, however, was a result rather of a general dread of military topography than of a want of admiration of this particular victory, which I have always supposed to be one of the most brilliant on record. Indeed, I should be almost ashamed, and very much at a loss, to say what light it was that this glorious day seemed to me to have left forever on the horizon, and why the very name of the place had always caused my blood gently to tingle. It is carrying the feeling of race to quite inscrutable lengths when a vague American permits himself an emotion because more than five centuries ago, on French soil, one rapacious Frenchman got the better of another. Edward was a Frenchman as well as John, and French were the cries that urged each of the hosts to the fight. French is the beautiful motto graven round the image of the Black Prince, as he lies forever at rest in the choir of Canterbury: *à la mort ne pensai-jemye*. Nevertheless, the victory of Poitiers declines to lose itself in these considerations; the sense of it is a part of our heritage, the joy of it a part of our imagination, and it filters down through centuries and migrations till it titillates a New Yorker who forgets in his elation that he happens at that moment to be enjoying the hospitality of France. It was something done, I know not how justly, for England, and what was done in the four-

teenth century for England was done also for New York.

II.

If it was really for the sake of the Black Prince that I had stopped at Poitiers (for my prevision of Notre Dame la Grande and of the little temple of St. John was of the dimmest), I ought to have stopped at Angoulême for the sake of David and Eve Séchard, of Lucien de Rubempré and of Madame de Bargeton, who when she wore a *toilette étudiée* sported a Jewish turban ornamented with an Eastern brooch, a scarf of gauze, a necklace of cameos, and a robe of "painted muslin," whatever that may be; treating herself to these luxuries out of an income of twelve thousand francs. The persons I have mentioned have not that vagueness of identity which is the misfortune of historical characters; they are real, supremely real, thanks to their affiliation to the great Balzac, who had invented an artificial reality which was as much better than the vulgar article as mock-turtle soup is than the liquid it emulates. The first time I read *Les Illusions Perdues* I should have refused to believe that I was capable of passing the old capital of Anjou without alighting to visit the Houmeau. But we never know what we are capable of till we are tested, as I reflected when I found myself looking back at Angoulême from the window of the train, just after we had emerged from the long tunnel that passes under the town. This tunnel perforates the hill on which, like Poitiers, Angoulême rears itself, and which gives it an elevation still greater than that of Poitiers. You may have a tolerable look at the cathedral without leaving the railway-carriage; for it stands just above the tunnel and is exposed, much foreshortened, to the spectator below. There is evidently a charming walk round the plateau of the town, commanding those pretty views of which Balzac gives an account. But the train whirled me away,

and these are my only impressions. The truth is that I had no need, just at that moment, of putting myself into communication with Balzac; for opposite to me in the compartment were a couple of figures almost as vivid as the actors in the *Comédie Humaine*. One of these was a very genial and dirty old priest, and the other was a reserved and concentrated young monk — the latter (by which I mean a monk of any kind) being a rare sight to-day in France. This young man, indeed, was mitigatedly monastic. He had a big brown frock and cowl, but he had also a shirt and a pair of shoes; he had, instead of a hempen scourge round his waist, a stout leather thong, and he carried with him a very profane little valise. He also read, from beginning to end, the *Figaro*, which the old priest, who had done the same, presented to him; and he looked altogether as if, had he not been a monk, he would have made a distinguished officer of engineers. When he was not reading the *Figaro* he was conning his breviary or answering, with rapid precision and with a deferential but discouraging dryness, the frequent questions of his companion, who was of quite another type. This worthy had a bored, good-natured, unbuttoned, expansive look; was talkative, restless, and almost disreputably human. He was surrounded by a great deal of small luggage, and had scattered over the carriage his books, his papers, the fragments of his lunch, and the contents of an extraordinary bag, which he kept beside him — a kind of secular reliquary — and which appeared to contain the odds and ends of a life-time, as he took from it successively a pair of slippers, an old padlock (which evidently did not belong to it), an opera-glass, a collection of almanacs, and a large sea-shell, which he very carefully examined. I think that if he had not been afraid of the young monk, who was so much more serious than he, he would have held the shell to his ear, like a child.

Indeed, he was a very childish and delightful old priest, and his companion evidently thought him most frivolous. But I liked him the better of the two. He was not a country curé, but an ecclesiastic of some rank, who had seen a good deal both of the church and of the world; and if I too had not been afraid of his confrère, who read the *Figaro* as seriously as if it had been an encyclical, I should have entered into conversation with him.

All this while I was getting on to Bordeaux, where I permitted myself to spend three days. I am afraid I have next to nothing to show for them, and that there would be little profit in lingering on this episode, which is the less to be justified as I had in former years examined Bordeaux attentively enough. It contains a very good hotel — an hotel not good enough, however, to keep you there for its own sake. For the rest, Bordeaux is a big, rich, handsome, imposing commercial town, with long rows of fine old eighteenth-century houses overlooking the yellow Garonne. I have spoken of the quays of Nantes as fine, but those of Bordeaux have a wider sweep and a still more architectural air. The appearance of such a port as this makes the Anglo-Saxon tourist blush for the sordid water-fronts of Liverpool and New York, which, with their larger activity, have so much more reason to be stately. Bordeaux gives a great impression of prosperous industries and suggests delightful ideas, images of prune-boxes and bottled claret. As the focus of distribution of the best wine in the world, it is indeed a sacred city — dedicated to the worship of Bacchus in the most discreet form. The country all about it is covered with precious vineyards, sources of fortune to their owners and of satisfaction to distant consumers; and as you look over to the hills beyond the Garonne you see them, in the autumn sunshine, fretted with the rusty richness of this or that immortal

clos. But the principal picture, within the town, is that of the vast curving quays, bordered with houses that look like the *hôtels* of farmers-general of the last century, and of the wide, tawny river, crowded with shipping and spanned by the largest of bridges. Some of the types on the water-side are of the sort that arrest a sketcher — figures of stalwart, brown-faced Basques, such as I had seen of old in great numbers at Biarritz, with their loose circular caps, their white sandals, their air of walking for a wager. Never was a tougher, a harder, race. They are not mariners, nor watermen, but, putting questions of temper aside, they are the best possible dock-porters. “Il s’y fait un commerce terrible,” a *douanier* said to me, as he looked up and down the interminable docks; and such a place has indeed much to say of the wealth, the capacity for production, of France — the bright, cheerful, smokeless industry of the wonderful country which produces above all the agreeable things of life, and turns even its defeats and revolutions into gold. The whole town has an air of almost depressing opulence, an appearance which culminates in the great *place* which surrounds the Grand-Théâtre — an establishment in the grandest style, encircled with columns, arcades, lamps, gilded cafés. One feels it to be a monument to the virtue of the well-selected bottle. If I had not forbidden myself to linger, I should venture to insist on this, and, at the risk of being considered fantastic, trace an analogy between good claret and the best qualities of the French mind; pretend that there is a taste of sound Bordeaux in all the happiest manifestations of that fine organ, and that, correspondingly, there is a touch of French reason, French completeness, in a glass of Pontet-Canet. The danger of such an excursion would lie mainly in its being so open to the reader to take the ground from under my feet by saying that good claret does n’t

exist. To this I should have no reply whatever. I should be unable to tell him where to find it. I certainly did n’t find it at Bordeaux, where I drank a most vulgar fluid; and it is of course notorious that a large part of mankind is occupied in vainly looking for it. There was a great pretense of putting it forward at the Exhibition which was going on at Bordeaux at the time of my visit, an “exposition philomathique,” lodged in a collection of big, temporary buildings in the Allées d’Orléans, and regarded by the Bordelais for the moment as the most brilliant feature of their city. Here were pyramids of bottles, mountains of bottles, to say nothing of cases and cabinets of bottles. The contemplation of these shining embankments was of course not very convincing; and indeed the whole arrangement struck me as a high impertinence. Good wine is not an optical pleasure, it is an inward emotion; and if there was a chamber of degustation on the premises I failed to discover it. It was not in the search for it, indeed, that I spent half an hour in this bewildering bazaar. Like all “expositions,” it seemed to me to be full of ugly things, and gave one a portentous idea of the quantity of rubbish that man carries with him on his course through the ages. Such an amount of luggage for a journey after all so short! There were no individual objects; there was nothing but dozens and hundreds, all machine-made and expressionless, in spite of the repeated grimace, the conscious smartness, of “the last new thing,” that was stamped on all of them. The fatal facility of the French *article* becomes at last as irritating as the refrain of a popular song. The poor “Indiens Galibis” struck me as really more interesting — a group of stunted savages who formed one of the attractions of the place, and were confined in a pen in the open air, with a rabble of people pushing and squeezing, hanging over the barrier, to look at them. They

had no grimace, no pretension to be new, no desire to catch your eye. They looked at their visitors no more than if they had been so many sunbeams, and seemed ancient, indifferent, terribly bored.

III.

There is much entertainment in the journey through the wide, smiling garden of Gascony ; I speak of it as I took it in going from Bordeaux to Toulouse. It is the south, quite the south, and had for the present narrator its full measure of the charm he is always determined to find in countries that may even by courtesy be said to appertain to the sun. It was, moreover, the happy and genial view of these mild latitudes, which, heaven knows, often have a dreariness of their own ; a land teeming with corn and wine, and speaking everywhere (that is, everywhere the phylloxera had not laid it waste) of wealth and plenty. The road runs constantly near the Garonne, touching now and then its slow, brown, rather sullen stream, a sullenness that incloses great dangers and disasters. The traces of the horrible floods of 1875 have disappeared, and the land smiles placidly enough while it waits for another immersion. Toulouse, at the period I speak of, was up to its middle (and in places above it) in water, and looks still as if it had been thoroughly soaked — as if it had faded and shriveled with a long steeping. The fields and copses, of course, are more forgiving. The railway line follows as well the charming Canal du Midi, which is as pretty as a river, barring the straightness, and here and there occupies the foreground, beneath a screen of dense, tall trees, while the Garonne takes a larger and more irregular course a little way beyond it. People who are fond of canals — and, speaking from the pictorial stand-point, I hold the taste to be most legitimate — will delight in this admirable specimen of the class, which has a very interesting history, not to be

narrated here. On the other side of the road (the left), all the way, runs a long, low line of hills, or rather one continuous hill, or perpetual cliff, with a straight top, in the shape of a ledge of rock, which might pass for a ruined wall. I am afraid the reader will lose patience with my habit of constantly referring to the landscape of Italy, as if that were the measure of the beauty of every other. Yet I am still more afraid that I cannot apologize for it, and must leave it in its culpable nakedness. It is an idle habit, but the reader will long since have discovered that this was an idle journey and that I give my impressions as they came to me. It came to me, then, that in all this view there was something transalpine, with a greater smartness and freshness and much less elegance and languor. This impression was occasionally deepened by the appearance, on the long eminence of which I speak, of a village, a church, or a château, which seemed to look down at the plain from over the ruined wall. The perpetual vines, the bright-faced, flat-roofed houses, covered with tiles, the softness and sweetness of the light and air, recalled the prosier portions of the Lombard plain. Toulouse itself has a little of this Italian expression, but not enough to give a color to its dark, dirty, crooked streets, which are irregular without being eccentric, and which, if it were not for the superb church of Saint Sernin, would be quite destitute of monuments.

I have already alluded to the way in which the names of certain places impose themselves on the mind, and I must add that of Toulouse to the list of expressive appellations. It certainly evokes a vision — suggests something highly *méridional*. But the city, it must be confessed, is less pictorial than the word, in spite of the Place du Capitole, in spite of the quay of the Garonne, in spite of the curious cloister of the old museum. What justifies the

images that are latent in the word is not the aspect, but the history, of the town. The hotel to which the well-advised traveler will repair stands in a corner of the Place du Capitole, which is the heart and centre of Toulouse, and which bears a vague and inexpensive resemblance to Piazza Castello at Turin. The Capitol, with a wide modern face, occupies one side, and like the palace at Turin looks across at a high arcade, under which the hotels, the principal shops, and the lounging citizens are gathered. The shops are probably better than the Turinese, but the people are not so good. Stunted, shabby, rather vitiated looking, they have none of the personal richness of the sturdy Piedmontese; and I will take this occasion to remark that in the course of a journey of several weeks in the French provinces I rarely encountered a well-dressed male. Can it be possible that republics are unfavorable to a certain attention to one's boots and one's beard? I risk this somewhat futile inquiry because the proportion of neat coats and trousers seemed to be about the same in France and in my native land. It was notably lower than in England and in Italy, and even warranted the supposition that most good provincials have their chin shaven and their boots blacked but once a week. I hasten to add, lest my observation should appear to be of a sadly superficial character, that the manners and conversation of these gentlemen bore (whenever I had occasion to appreciate them) no relation to the state of their chin and their boots. They were almost always marked by an extreme amenity. At Toulouse there was the strongest temptation to speak to people, simply for the entertainment of hearing them reply with that curious, that fascinating accent of the Languedoc, which appears to abound in final consonants, and leads the Toulousains to say *bien-g* and *maison-g*, like Englishmen learning French. It is as if they talked with their teeth

rather than with their tongue. I find in my note-book a phrase in regard to Toulouse which is perhaps a little ill-natured, but which I will transcribe as it stands. "The oddity is that the place should be both animated and dull. A big, brown-skinned population clattering about in a flat, tortuous town, which produces nothing whatever that I can discover. Except the church of Saint Sernin and the fine old court of the Hôtel d'Assézat, Toulouse has no architecture; the houses are for the most part of brick, of a grayish-red color, and have no particular style. The brickwork of the place is in fact very poor — inferior to that of the north Italian towns, and quite wanting in the richness of tone which this homely material takes on in the damp climates of the north." And then my note-book goes on to narrate a little visit to the Capitol, which was soon made, as the building was in course of repair and half the rooms were closed.

IV.

The history of Toulouse is detestable, saturated with blood and perfidy; and the ancient custom of the Floral Games, grafted upon all sorts of internecine traditions, seems, with its false pastoralism, its mock chivalry, its display of fine feelings, to set off rather than to mitigate these horrors. The society was founded in the fourteenth century, and it has held annual meetings ever since — meetings at which poems in the fine old *langue d'oc* are declaimed and a blushing laureate is chosen. This business takes place in the Capitol, before the chief magistrate of the town, who is known as the *capitou*, and of all the pretty women as well — a class very numerous at Toulouse. It was impossible to have a finer person than that of the portress who pretended to show me the apartments in which the Floral Games are held: a big, brown, expansive woman, still in the prime of life, with a

speaking eye, an extraordinary assurance, and a pair of magenta stockings, which were inserted into the neatest and most polished little black sabots, and which, as she clattered up the stairs before me, lavishly displaying them, made her look like the heroine of an *opéra-bouffe*. Her talk was all in *n*'s, *g*'s, and *d*'s, and in mute *e*'s strongly accented, as *autré, théâtre, splendide* — the last being an epithet she applied to everything the Capitol contained, and especially to a horrible picture representing the famous Clémence Isaure, the reputed foundress of the poetical contest, presiding on one of these occasions. I wondered whether Clémence Isaure had been anything like this terrible Toulousaine of to-day, who would have been a capital figure-head for a floral game. The lady in whose honor the picture I have just mentioned was painted is a somewhat mythical personage, and she is not to be found in the Biographie Universelle. She is, however, a very graceful myth, and if she never existed her statue does, at least; a shapeless effigy, transferred to the Capitol from the so-called tomb of Clémence in the old church of La Daurade. The great hall in which the Floral Games are held was encumbered with scaffoldings, and I was unable to admire the long series of busts of the bards who have won prizes and the portraits of all the capitouls of Toulouse. As a compensation I was introduced to a big bookcase, filled with the poems that have been crowned since the days of the troubadours, a portentous collection, and the big butcher's knife with which, according to the legend, Henry, Duke of Montmorency, who had conspired against the great cardinal with Gaston of Orleans and Mary de' Medici, was, in 1632, beheaded on this spot by the order of Richelieu. With these objects the interest of the Capitol was exhausted. The building, indeed, has not the grandeur of its name, which is a sort of promise that the visitor will find

some sensible embodiment of the old Roman tradition that once flourished in this part of France. It is inferior in impressiveness to the other three famous Capitols of the modern world — that of Rome (if I may call the present structure modern), and those of Washington and Albany!

The only Roman remains at Toulouse are to be found in the museum, a very interesting establishment, which I was condemned to see as imperfectly as I had seen the Capitol. It was being rearranged, and the gallery of paintings, which is the least interesting feature, was the only part that was not upside down. The pictures are mainly of the modern French school, and I remember nothing but a powerful though disagreeable specimen of Henner, who paints the human body, and paints it so well, with a brush dipped in blackness; and, placed among the paintings, a bronze replica of the charming young David of Mercié. These things have been set out in the church of an old monastery, long since suppressed, and the rest of the collection occupies the cloisters. These are two in number; a small one, which you enter first from the street, and a very vast and elegant one beyond it, which with its light gothic arches and slim columns (of the fourteenth century), its broad walk, its little garden with old tombs and statues in the centre, is by far the most picturesque, the most sketchable, spot in Toulouse. It must be doubly so when the Roman busts, inscriptions, slabs and sarcophagi are ranged along the walls; it must indeed, to compare small things with great, and as the judicious Murray remarks, bear a certain resemblance to the Campo Santo at Pisa. But these things are absent now; the cloister is a litter of confusion, and its treasures have been stowed away, confusedly, in sundry inaccessible rooms. The custodian attempted to console me by telling me that when they are exhibited again it

will be on a scientific basis, and with an order and regularity of which they were formerly innocent. But I was not consoled. I wanted simply the spectacle, the picture, and I did n't care in the least for the classification. Old Roman fragments, exposed to light in the open air, under a southern sky, in a quadrangle round a garden, have an immortal charm simply in their general effect, and the charm is all the greater when the soil of the very place has yielded them up.

v.

My real consolation was an hour I spent in Saint-Sernin, one of the noblest churches in southern France, and easily the first among those of Toulouse. This great structure, a masterpiece of twelfth-century Romanesque, and dedicated to St. Saturninus — the Toulousains have abbreviated — is, I think, alone worth a journey to Toulouse. What makes it so is the extraordinary seriousness of its interior; no other term occurs to me as expressing so well the character of its clear gray nave. As a general thing, I do not favor the fashion of attributing moral qualities to buildings; I shrink from talking about tender porticoes and sincere campanili; but I find I cannot get on at all without imputing some sort of morality to Saint-Sernin. As it stands to-day, the church has been completely restored by Viollet-le-Duc. The exterior is of brick, and has little charm save that of a tower of four rows of arches, narrowing together as they ascend. The nave is of great length and height, the barrel-roof of stone, the effect of the round arches and pillars in the triforium especially fine. There are two low aisles on either side. The choir is very deep and narrow; it seems to close together, and looks as if it were meant for intensely earnest rites. The transepts are most noble, especially the arches of the second tier. The whole church is narrow for its length, and is singularly complete

and homogeneous. As I say all this, I feel that I quite fail to give an impression of its manly gravity, its strong proportions, or of the lonesome look of its renovated stones as I sat there while the October twilight gathered. It is a real work of art, a high conception. The crypt, into which I was eventually led captive by an importunate sacristan, is quite another affair, though indeed I suppose it may also be spoken of as a work of art. It is a rich museum of relics, and contains the head of St. Thomas Aquinas, wrapped up in a napkin and exhibited in a glass case. The sacristan took a lamp and guided me about, presenting me to one saintly remnant after another. The impression was grotesque, but some of the objects were contained in curious old cases of beaten silver and brass; these things, at least, which looked as if they had been transmitted from the early church, were venerable. There was, however, a kind of wholesale sanctity about the place which overshot the mark; it pretends to be one of the holiest spots in the world. The effect is spoiled by the way the sacristans hang about and offer to take you into it for ten sous — I was accosted by two and escaped from another — and by the familiar manner in which you pop in and out. This episode rather broke the charm of Saint-Sernin, so that I took my departure and went in search of the cathedral. It was scarcely worth finding, and struck me as an odd, dislocated fragment. The front consists only of a portal, beside which a tall brick tower, of a later period, has been erected. The nave was wrapped in dimness, with a few scattered lamps. I could only distinguish an immense vault, like a high cavern, without aisles. Here and there, in the gloom, was a kneeling figure; the whole place was mysterious and lopsided. The choir was curtained off; it appeared not to correspond with the nave, that is, not to have the same axis. The only

other ecclesiastical impression I gathered at Toulouse came to me in the church of La Daurade, of which the front, on the quay by the Garonne, was closed with scaffoldings; so that one entered it from behind, where it is completely masked by houses, through a door which has at first no traceable connection with it. It is a vast, high, modernized, heavily decorated church, dimly lighted at all times, I should suppose, and enriched by the shades of evening at the time I looked into it. I perceived that it consisted mainly of a large square, beneath a dome, in the centre of which a single person—a lady—was praying with the utmost absorption. The manner of access to the church interposed such an obstacle to the outer profanities that I had a sense of intruding, and presently withdrew, carrying with me a picture of the vast, still interior, the gilded roof, gleaming in the twilight, and the solitary worshiper. What was she praying for, and was she not almost afraid to remain there alone?

For the rest, the picturesque at Toulouse consists principally of the walk beside the Garonne, which is spanned, to the faubourg of Saint-Cyprien, by a stout brick bridge. This hapless suburb, the baseness of whose site is noticeable, lay for days under the water at the time of the last inundations. The Garonne had almost mounted to the roofs of the houses, and the place continues to present a blighted, frightened look. Two or three persons, with whom I had some conversation, spoke of that time as a memory of horror. I have not done with my Italian comparisons; I shall never have done with them. I am therefore free to say that in the way in which Toulouse looks out on the Garonne there was something that reminded me vaguely of the way in which Pisa looks out on the Arno. The red-faced houses—all of brick—along the quay have a mixture of brightness and

shabbiness, as well as the fashion of the open *loggia* in the top-story. The river, with another bridge or two, might be the Arno, and the buildings on the other side of it—a hospital, a suppressed convent—dip their feet into it with real southern cynicism. I have spoken of the old Hôtel d'Assézat as the best house at Toulouse; with the exception of the cloister of the museum, it is the only "bit" I remember. It has fallen from the state of a noble residence of the sixteenth century to that of a warehouse and a set of offices; but a certain dignity lingers in its melancholy court, which is divided from the street by a gateway that is still imposing, and in which a clambering vine and a red Virginia-creeper were suspended to the rusty walls of brick and stone.

The most interesting house at Toulouse is far from being the most striking. At the door of number 50 Rue des Filatiers, a featureless, solid structure, was found hanging, one autumn evening, the body of the young Marc-Antoine Calas, whose ill-inspired suicide was to be the first act of a tragedy so horrible. The fanaticism aroused in the towns-folk by this incident; the execution by torture of Jean Calas, accused as a Protestant of having hanged his son, who had gone over to the church of Rome; the ruin of the family; the claustration of the daughters; the flight of the widow to Switzerland; her introduction to Voltaire; the excited zeal of that incomparable polemist, and the passionate persistence with which, from year to year, he pursued a reversal of judgment, till at last he obtained it, and devoted the tribunal of Toulouse to execration and the name of the victims to lasting wonder and pity—these things form part of one of the most interesting and touching episodes of the social history of the eighteenth century. The story has the fatal progression, the dark rigidity, of one of the tragic dramas of the Greeks. Jean Calas, advanced in life, blameless,

bewildered, protesting his innocence, had been broken on the wheel, and the sight of his decent dwelling, which brought home to me all that had been suffered there, spoiled for me, for half an hour, the impression of Toulouse.

VI.

I spent but a few hours at Carcassonne; but those hours had a rounded felicity, and I cannot do better than transcribe from my note-book the little record I made at the moment. Vitiating as it may be by crudity and incoherency, it has at any rate the freshness of a great emotion. This is the best quality that a reader may hope to extract from a narrative in which "useful information" and technical lore even of the most general sort are completely absent. For Carcassonne is moving, beyond a doubt, and the traveler who, in the course of a little tour in France, may have felt himself urged, in melancholy moments, to say that on the whole the disappointments are as numerous as the satisfactions must admit that there can be nothing better than this.

The country, after you leave Toulouse, continues to be charming; the more so that it merges its flatness in the distant Cévennes on one side, and on the other, far away on your right, in the richer range of the Pyrenees. Olives and cypresses, pergolas and vines, terraces on the roofs of houses, soft, iridescent mountains, a warm yellow light — what more could the difficult tourist want? He left his luggage at the station, warily determined to look at the inn before committing himself to it. It was so evident (even to a cursory glance) that it might easily have been much better that he simply took his way to the town, with the whole of a superb afternoon before him. When I say the town, I mean the towns; there being two at Carcassonne, perfectly distinct, and each with excellent claims to the title. They have settled the matter between them,

however, and the elder, the shrine of pilgrimage, to which the other is but a stepping-stone, or even, as I may say, a humble door-mat, takes the name of the Cité. You see nothing of the Cité from the station; it is masked by the agglomeration of the *ville-basse*, which is relatively (but only relatively) new. A wonderful avenue of acacias leads to it from the station — leads past it, rather, and conducts you to a little high-backed bridge over the Aude, beyond which, detached and erect, a distinct mediæval silhouette, the Cité presents itself. Like a rival shop, on the invidious side of a street, it has "no connection" with the establishment across the way, although the two places are united (if old Carcassonne may be said to be united to anything) by a vague little rustic faubourg. Perched on its solid pedestal, the perfect detachment of the Cité is what first strikes you. To take leave, without delay, of the *ville-basse*, I may say that the splendid acacias I have mentioned flung a summerish dusk over the place, in which a few scattered remains of stout walls and big bastions looked venerable and picturesque. A little boulevard winds round the town, planted with trees and garnished with more benches than I ever saw provided by a soft-hearted municipality. This precinct had a warm, lazy, dusty, southern look, as if the people sat out-of-doors a great deal, and wandered about in the stillness of summer nights. The figure of the elder town, at these hours, must be ghostly enough on its neighboring hill. Even by day it has the air of a vignette of Gustave Doré, a couplet of Victor Hugo. It is almost too perfect — as if it were an enormous model, placed on a big green table at a museum. A steep, paved way, grass-grown like all roads where vehicles never pass, stretches up to it in the sun. It has a double *enciente*, complete outer walls and complete inner (these, elaborately fortified, are the

more curious); and this congregation of ramparts, towers, bastions, battlements, barbicans, is as fantastic and romantic as you please. The approach I mention here leads to the gate that looks toward Toulouse — the *Porte de l'Aude*. There is a second, on the other side, called, I believe, the *Porte Narbonnaise*, a magnificent gate, flanked with towers thick and tall, defended by elaborate outworks; and these two apertures alone admit you to the place — putting aside a small sally-port, protected by a great bastion, on the quarter that looks toward the Pyrenees. As a votary, always, in the first instance, of a general impression, I walked all round the outer enceinte; a process on the very face of it entertaining. I took to the right of the *Porte de l'Aude*, without entering it, where the old moat has been filled in. The filling-in of the moat has created a grassy level at the foot of the big gray towers, which, rising at frequent intervals, stretch their stiff curtain of stone from point to point. The curtain drops without a fold upon the quiet grass, which was dotted here and there with a humble native, dozing away the golden afternoon. The natives of the elder Carcassonne are all humble, for the core of the *Cité* has shrunk and decayed, and there is little life among the ruins. A few tenacious laborers, who work in the neighboring fields or in the *ville-basse*, and sundry octogenarians of both sexes, who are dying where they have lived, and contribute much to the pictorial effect — these are the principal inhabitants. The process of converting the place from an irresponsible old town into a conscious "specimen" has of course been attended with eliminations; the population has, as a general thing, been restored away. I should lose no time in saying that restoration is the great mark of the *Cité*. M. Viollet-le-Duc has worked his will upon it, put it into perfect order, revived the fortifications in every detail. I do

not pretend to judge the performance, carried out on a scale and in a spirit which really impose themselves on the imagination. Few architects have had such a chance, and M. Viollet-le-Duc must have been the envy of the whole restoring fraternity. The image of a more crumbling Carcassonne rises in the mind, and there is no doubt that forty years ago the place was more affecting. On the other hand, as we see it to-day, it is a wonderful evocation, and if there is a great deal of new in the old, there is plenty of old in the new. The repaired crenelations, the inserted patches, of the walls of the outer circle sufficiently express this commixture. My walk brought me into full view of the Pyrenees, which, now that the sun had begun to sink and the shadows to grow long, had a wonderful violet glow. The platform at the base of the walls has a greater width on this side, and it made the scene more complete. Two or three old crones had crawled out of the *Porte Narbonnaise*, to examine the advancing visitor; and a very ancient peasant, lying there with his back against a tower, was tending half-a-dozen lean sheep. A poor man in a very old blouse, crippled and with crutches lying beside him, had been brought out and placed on a stool, where he enjoyed the afternoon as best he might. He looked so ill and so patient that I spoke to him; found that his legs were paralyzed and he was quite helpless. He had formerly been seven years in the army, and had made the campaign of Mexico with Bazaine. Born in the old *Cité*, he had come back there to end his days. It seemed strange, as he sat there, with those romantic walls behind him and the great picture of the Pyrenees in front, to think that he had been across the seas to the far-away new world, had made part of a famous expedition, and was now a cripple at the gate of the mediæval city where he had played as a child. All this struck me as a great deal of history

for so modest a figure — a poor little figure that could only just unclothe its palm for a small silver coin. He was not the only acquaintance I made at Carcassonne. I had not pursued my circuit of the walls much further when I encountered a person of quite another type, of whom I asked some question which had just then presented itself, and who proved to be the very genius of the spot. He was a sociable son of the ville-basse, a gentleman, and as I afterwards learned an employé at the prefecture — a person, in short, much esteemed at Carcassonne. (I may say all this, as he will never read these pages.) He had been ill for a month, and in the company of his little dog was taking his first airing; in his own phrase he was *amoureux-fou de la Cité* — he could lose no time in coming back to it. He talked of it, indeed, as a lover, and, giving me for half an hour the advantage of his company, showed me all the points of the place. (I speak here always of the outer enceinte; you penetrate to the inner, which is the specialty of Carcassonne, and the great curiosity, only by application at the lodge of the regular custodian, a remarkable functionary, who, half an hour later, when I had been introduced to him by my friend the amateur, marched me over the fortifications with a tremendous accompaniment of dates and technical terms.) My companion pointed out to me in particular the traces of different periods in the structure of the walls. There is a portentous amount of history embedded in them, beginning with Romans and Visigoths; here and there are marks of old breaches, hastily repaired. We passed into the town — into that part of it not included in the citadel. It is the queerest and most fragmentary little place in the world, as everything save the fortifications is being suffered to crumble away, in order that the spirit of M. Viollet-le-Duc alone may pervade it, and it may subsist simply as a magnifi-

cent shell. As the leases of the wretched little houses fall in, the ground is cleared of them, and a mumbling old woman approached me in the course of my circuit, inviting me to condole with her on the disappearance of so many of the hovels which in the last few hundred years (since the collapse of Carcassonne as a stronghold) had attached themselves to the base of the walls, in the space between the two circles. These habitations, constructed of materials taken from the ruins, nestled there snugly enough. This intermediate space had therefore become a kind of street, which has crumbled in turn, as the fortress has grown up again. There are other streets beside, very diminutive and vague, where you pick your way over heaps of rubbish and become conscious of unexpected faces, looking at you out of windows as detached as the cherubic heads. The most definite thing in the place was a little café, where the waiters, I think, must be the ghosts of the old Visigoths; the most definite, that is, after the little château and the little cathedral. Everything in the Cité is little; you can walk round the walls in twenty minutes. On the drawbridge of the château, which, with a picturesque old face, flanking towers and a dry moat, is to-day simply a bare *caserne*, lounged half a dozen soldiers, unusually small. Nothing could be more odd than to see these objects inclosed in a receptacle which has much of the appearance of an enormous toy. The Cité and its population vaguely reminded me of an immense Noah's ark.

VII.

Carcassonne dates from the Roman occupation of Gaul. The place commanded one of the great roads into Spain, and in the fourth century Romans and Franks ousted each other from such a point of vantage. In the year 436, Theodoric, king of the Visigoths, superseded both these parties, and it is during his occupation that the inner en-

cinte was raised upon the ruins of the Roman fortifications. Most of the Visigoth towers that are still erect are seated upon Roman substructions which appear to have been formed hastily, probably at the moment of the Frankish invasion. The authors of these solid defenses, though occasionally disturbed, held Carcassonne and the neighboring country, in which they had established their kingdom of Septimania, till the year 713, when they were expelled by the Moors of Spain, who ushered in an unilluminated period of four centuries, of which no traces remain. These facts I derive from a source no more recondite than a pamphlet by M. Viollet-le-Duc — a very luminous description of the fortifications, which you may buy from the accomplished custodian. The writer makes a jump to the year 1209, when Carcassonne, then forming part of the realm of the viscounts of Béziers and infected by the Albigensian heresy, was besieged, in the name of the Pope, by the terrible Simon de Montfort and his army of crusaders. Simon was accustomed to success, and the town succumbed in the course of a fortnight. Thirty-one years later, having passed into the hands of the king of France, it was again besieged by the young Raymond de Trincavel, the last of the viscounts of Béziers; and of this siege M. Viollet-le-Duc gives a long and minute account, which the visitor who has a head for such things may follow, with the brochure in hand, on the fortifications themselves. The young Raymond de Trincavel, baffled and repulsed, retired at the end of twenty-four days. Saint Louis and Philip the Bold, in the thirteenth century, multiplied the defenses of Carcassonne, which was one of the bulwarks of their kingdom on the Spanish quarter; and from this time forth, being regarded as impregnable, the place had nothing to fear. It was not even attacked, and when, in 1355, Edward the Black Prince marched into

it, the inhabitants had opened the gates to the conqueror before whom all Languedoc was prostrate. I am not one of those who, as I said just now, have a head for such things, and having extracted these few facts had made all the use of M. Viollet-le-Duc's pamphlet of which I was capable.

I have mentioned that my obliging friend the amoureux-fou handed me over to the door-keeper of the citadel. I should add that I was at first committed to the wife of this functionary, a stout peasant-woman, who took a key down from a nail, conducted me to a postern door, and ushered me into the presence of her husband. Having just begun his rounds with a party of four persons, he was not many steps in advance. I added myself perforce to this party, which was not brilliantly composed, except that two of its members were gendarmes in full toggery, who announced in the course of our tour that they had been stationed for a year at Carcassonne and had never before had the curiosity to come up to the Cité. There was something brilliant, certainly, in that. The *gardien* was an extraordinarily typical little Frenchman, who struck me even more forcibly than the wonders of the inner enceinte; and as I am bound to assume, at whatever cost to my literary vanity, that there is not the slightest danger of his reading these remarks, I may treat him as public property. With his diminutive stature and his perpendicular spirit, his flushed face, expressive, protuberant eyes, high, peremptory voice, extreme volubility, lucidity, and neatness of utterance, he reminded me of the gentry who figure in the revolutions of his native land. If he was not a fierce little Jacobin he ought to have been, for I am sure there were many men of his pattern on the Committee of Public Safety. He knew absolutely what he was about, understood the place thoroughly, and constantly reminded his audience of what he himself had done in

the way of excavations and reparations. He described himself as the brother of the architect of the work actually going forward (that which has been done since the death of M. Viollet-le-Duc, I suppose he meant), and this fact was more illustrative than all the others. It reminded me, as one is reminded at every turn, of the democratic conditions of French life: a man of the people, with a wife *en bonnet*, extremely intelligent, full of special knowledge, and yet remaining essentially of the people, and showing his intelligence with a kind of ferocity, of defiance. Such a personage helps one to understand the red radicalism of France, the revolutions, the barricades, the sinister passion for thrones. (I do not, of course, take upon myself to say that the individual I describe—who can know nothing of the liberties I am taking with him—is actually devoted to these ideals; I only mean that many such devotees must have his qualities.) In just the *nuance* that I have tried to indicate here, it is a terrible pattern of man. Permeated in a high degree by civilization, it is yet untouched by the desire which one finds in the Englishman, in proportion as he rises in the world, to approximate to the figure of the gentleman; on the other hand, a *netteté*, a faculty of exposition, such as the English gentleman is rarely either blessed or cursed with. This brilliant, this suggestive warden of Carcassonne marched us about for an hour, haranguing, explaining, illustrating, as he went: it was a complete little lecture, such as might have been delivered at the Boston Music Hall, on the manner in which a first-rate *place forte* used to be attacked and defended. Our peregrinations made it very clear that Carcassonne was impregnable; it is impossible to imagine, without having seen them, such refinements of immurement, such ingenuities of resistance. We passed along battlements and *chemins de ronde*, ascended and descended tow-

ers, crawled under arches, peered out of loop-holes, lowered ourselves into dungeons, halted in all sorts of tight places, while the purpose of something or other was described to us. It was very curious, very interesting, above all it was very pictorial, and involved perpetual peeps into the little crooked, crumbling, sunny, grassy, empty Cité. In places, as you stand upon it, the great towered and embattled enceinte produces an illusion; it looks as if it were still equipped and defended. One vivid challenge, at any rate, it flings down before you; it calls upon you to make up your mind on the matter of restoration. For myself, I have no hesitation; I prefer in every case the ruined, however ruined, to the reconstructed, however splendid. What is left is more precious than what is added; the one is history, the other is fiction, and I like the former the better of the two; it is so much more romantic. One is positive, so far as it goes; the other fills up the void with things more dead than the void itself, inasmuch as they have never had life. After that I am free to say that the restoration of Carcassonne is a splendid achievement. The little custodian dismissed us at last, after having, as usual, inducted us into the inevitable repository of photographs. These photographs are a great nuisance, all over the Midi. They are exceedingly bad, for the most part; and the worst, those in the form of the hideous little *album-panorama*, are thrust upon you at every turn. They are a kind of tax that you must pay; the best way is to pay to be let off. It was not to be denied that there was a relief in separating from our accomplished guide, whose manner of imparting information reminded me of the energetic process by which I have seen mineral waters bottled. All this while the afternoon had grown more lovely; the sunset had deepened, the horizon of hills grown purple; the mass of the Canigou became

more delicate, yet more distinct. The day had so far faded that the interior of the little cathedral was wrapped in twilight, into which the glowing windows projected something of their color. This church has high beauty and value, but I will spare the reader a presentation of details which I myself had no opportunity to master. It consists of a Romanesque nave of the end of the eleventh century, and a gothic choir and transepts of the beginning of the fourteenth; and, shut up in its citadel like a precious casket in a cabinet, it seems — or seemed at that hour — to have a sort of double sanctity. After leaving it and passing out of the two circles of walls, I treated myself, in the most infatuated manner, to another walk round

the Cité. It is certainly this general impression that is most striking — the impression from outside, where the whole place detaches itself at once from the landscape. In the warm southern dusk it looked more than ever like a city in a fairy-tale. To make the thing perfect, a white young moon, in its first quarter, came out and hung just over the dark silhouette. It was hard to come away — to incommode one's self for anything so vulgar as a railway-train; I would gladly have spent the evening in revolving round the walls of Carcassonne. But I had in a measure engaged to proceed to Narbonne, and there was a certain magic in that name which gave me strength — Narbonne, the richest city in Roman Gaul.

Henry James.

PERSEPOLIS.

Here is the royalty of ruin: naught
Of later pomp the desert stillness mars;
Alone these columns face the fiery sun,
Alone they watch beneath the midnight stars.

Forests have sprung to life in colder climes,
Grown stalwart, nourished many a savage brood,
Ripened to green age, fallen to decay,
Since this gray grove of marble voiceless stood.

Not voiceless once, when, like a rainbow woof
Veiling the azure of the Persian sky,
Curtains of crimson, violet, and gold
In folds of priceless texture hung on high!

And what have sun and shadow left to us?
What glorious picture in this marble frame
Ever, as soundless centuries roll by,
Gives this lone mount its proudest, dearest fame?

The sculptured legend on yon polished cliff
Has lost its meaning. Persia, gray and old,
Upon her bed of roses sleeps away
The ages, all her tales of triumph told.

But here Queen Esther stood ; and still the world,
 In vision rapt, beholds that peerless face,
 When, with the smile which won a throne, she gave
 Joy to her king and freedom to her race.

Frances L. Mace.

CREAM-WHITE AND CROW-BLACK.

THERE is a rattle and a rush and a roar ; then a rough little home-made wagon rolls into sight. The rude wheels are cut out of plank, with holes in the middle screeching for axle-grease ; a long white-oak sapling serves for a tongue, to which are harnessed, with odd pieces of chain and hickory bark, four little kinky-headed negroes. Perched upon the precarious seat of honor sits a bare-legged, freckle-faced, bright-eyed boy, cracking a knotty leathern whip, and shouting like mad. In a cloud of dust, bouncing along, pattering, puffing, snorting, blowing, this cart clatters up to the gray stone steps of a great, squatty, gable-roofed house, bristling with snub-nosed dormer windows, and porch-room enough to seat the Virginia legislature.

Backward ! turn backward a few decades, O Time ! and this freckle-faced boy may be George Washington returning from a raid on the chincapin thickets of Westmoreland ; Thomas Jefferson with a string of eels and catfish from the muddy Rivanna at Shadwell ; a learned professor of the University of Virginia ; or any one of those fine-looking, gray-headed old gentlemen you are certain to encounter in the streets of Charlottesville.

The small driver leaps off at the front door, while the equipage rattles off to the rear, and the foaming chargers are expected to unhitch themselves and wait, while Mars' Tom partakes of his eleven-o'clock lunch of hot ash-cake and buttermilk, and rests from his arduous labors of the morning.

"Ain't mammy got my lunch ready 'n' I'm hungry as a bear 'n' me 'n' Joe 'n' Jake 'n' Jessie started up a old har 'n' found a settin'hennes' 'n' all of 'm was rotten 'n' killed a snake 'n' had mo' fun 'n' nuff 'n' we all was settin' in th' bacca patch playing mumble-peg 'n' up come ole Dick th' overseer's son 'n' he reckon we all better stop scratchin' in th' bacca patch 'n' Jake he hollered out

"Ole Mister Dick,
 Stick stet stick,
 Highboy lowboy,
 Skinny-head Dick,"

'n' ole Dick he bet he was n't goin' to stan' no nigger sassin' him like that 'n' throwed a rock 'n' like to bust Jake's head open 'n' me 'n' Joe jumps on 'n' we all had it a rollin' 'n' a pitchin' 'n' where's mammy with my lunch 'n' I'm hungry as a bear." All this rigmarole with never a stop or a punctuation mark ; and yet such boys learned to talk after a while, and won for themselves name and fame.

It is Virginia's proud boast to have produced Patrick Henry, the tongue ; Thomas Jefferson, the pen ; and George Washington, the sword of the Revolution ; but, undoubtedly, as boys, they played with the little "niggers," domineered over them, talked the same lingo, and held the rules of grammar in very low esteem.

Presently, "mammy," who is crow-black, in a bright red turban dotted with squares of yellow spots, comes with a brown pitcher of foaming fresh buttermilk and platter of hot brown ash-

cakes, to call the children to their mid-day repast; with some difficulty prevailing upon impatient Mars' Tom to wash from his grimy hands and face the river mud and odor of catfish and fishing-worms.

"No, honey, youse not a gwine to eat none of dis milk, — not wid dem hands; not if I knows it. Youse a disgrace to your brudders and sisters, wid *der* hands and faces like lilies." Rather brown lilies are the faces and hands of Kitty and little Nan, Roger and Rupert, but they shine by comparison; and Mars' Tom meekly laves in the tin pan, and wipes on the roller towel, which hangs in the back porch from one year's end to the other.

There was no "going back on mammy." Papa was apt to be reading the Whig, and if you broke rules laughed, and said, "Boys will be boys." Mamma was hearing Lettie play her music lesson, and must not be disturbed. So it fell to mammy's lot to see to the manners and customs of the children of the family.

Dear old mammy! Had she not washed, dressed, scolded, nursed, and domineered over every one of them, from pretty Lettie down to the baby in arms?

Black mammy, tall and straight, as only "totin' water from the spring" can make one (and she could "tote" one bucket on her head, filled to the brim, and one in each hand, up the long hill, without spilling a drop); always with a bright turban, a long white apron, a straight, short gown of striped cotton — grown, spun, and woven on the plantation — for summer wear, and gay-colored woolen plaid in winter. No goring of mammy's dresses, no ruffles, no flounces, — only a good wide sensible tuck, to allow for shrinkage; no fancy bonnets or hats for mammy, so that one can scarce tell mistress from maid. There was always a big pocket to mammy's dress, out of which, as from a conjurer's bag, she could produce at will

unlimited peanuts, moist, sticky pepper-mint drops, hickory nuts, boiled eggs, sweet potatoes, and popcorn. She kept a supply of soft rag ready to tie up a cut finger or "stumped toe" at a moment's notice; could find lost articles, from the "scissors" up to old marster's keys, which he was constantly losing or forgetting, and could pick out splinters without hurting a bit.

That was mammy. Little Nan, shining like a lily blossom in her bath-tub, puts up two chubby hands to the kind old mahogany face, and lisps, "Mammy, you ith tho thweet, you ith tho lubly."

Very close were the bonds of affection between mammy and her foster-children. Many a childish fault she condoned, and many a wild escapade excused, spurring their flagging ambition by the pride and interest she took in their attainments. "Dar now, Miss Lettie, your cousin Sarah played a longer chune than a'er one you kin play! Larn your books, children, larn your books! I clar, I'se mortified to death if see tother folks' children wid' farrer skins and larnin' bigger books and playin' longer chunes than mine. Larn de books, and war your bonnets, and keep freckles off your faces!" Mammy never approved of her young ladies putting their hands in the dough, or performing any household labor that might harden their skin or injure their beauty. She had a favorite story she used to tell about a certain princess who refused to "hold her hands like a lady," but insisted on learning to spin; and although she only spun the purest gold, "*it made her thumb broad.*" The moral of this story was that if a lady turned the door-knobs it spread her hands; if she handled the tongs, it would harden her fingers; and a brown skin was far too suggestive of "po' white trash" to suit mammy's aristocratic ideas.

The office of "mammy" in a Southern family was often hereditary; little mammy, that is to be, beginning her

profession as playmate, and then waiting-maid, of pretty Miss Mary. But when young mistress goes off to boarding-school for the finishing touches the maid rises a step in rank. "Old miss" promotes her to the task of holding hanks, winding brooches of cotton, and teaches her to knit yarn socks for the "hands." She also becomes exceedingly expert at finding old miss's spectacles, sees company coming a long way off, keeps the key-basket in place, gets water-melons out of the ice-house when called for in a hurry, and not infrequently finds a pleasant solace as well as gentle mental stimulus in the "b-a-t-s" and "c-a-t-s" of the First Reader. Higher learning than this, mammy did not aspire to; being satisfied with having their love-letters written by proxy, when Miss Mary came home for the holidays, instead of, as is the present custom, "taking pen in hand at this present opportunity," to let the beloved one know "that she is enjoying good health, and hopes these few lines will find him the same," as ninety-nine hundredths of the colored folks' letters begin.

At the close of the war, it so happened that one of these incipient mammy applied for service to a bustling, strong-minded woman, one of King Solomon's paragons, "who riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat unto her household." Well pleased with the girl's honest dark face, Mrs. Allen asked her name.

"Alcinthy Fitzallen de Montague, marm."

"Well, Cinthy, I suppose you can cook?"

"Oh, no, marm! Aunt Melindy was de cook at our house."

"Can you wash and iron?"

"*Me* wash and iron! Law, no, marm! Aunt Big Tildy, she did de washing and ironing."

"Can you attend to the table?"

"He! he! Dat was nobody's business but Uncle Solomon's, and he did n't

'low no childen to fool long o' his dinin'-room."

"Can you make up beds and attend to the chambers?"

"In course not, marm! Little Tildy and Cousin Pat was de house gals, and dey didn't want nobody to ten' to *der* business."

"Then what under the sun was your occupation?"

"*I did keep flies off old miss.*"

Only fancy a woman who "looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness," who "considereth the field and buyeth it," and turneth off such a lot of spinning; that busy, energetic housekeeper, who scarcely sits still long enough for a fly to light on her,—imagine such a woman hiring a half-grown girl to *keep flies off her!*

It was a matter of course that mammy should marry the butler, who, dressed in old marster's cast-off clothes, walked like him, talked like him, looked after the carriage horses, and was considered quite the "upper crust" by the field hands of the plantation. By dint of catching up the table conversation and parlor manners of the guests of the house, this functionary was given to great elegance of language and long dictionary words, and was very high-toned indeed. He was called, through respect, "*Uncle*" Peter or "*Uncle*" Solomon, as the case might be, by all the rising generation, and considered an oracle of wisdom. In those days, though,

"The butcher, the baker,
And candlestick-maker"

all dwelt together in unity, there were nevertheless many grades of gentility, and it would have been quite a *mésalliance* for mammy to have married any other than Uncle Solomon. As Uncle Solomon waxed in years he would become very fervent in preaching and exhorting, though to his dying day he *would* claim Noah as "one of de twelve apostles."

Uncle Solomon said things now and then well worth repeating. Being engaged as head-waiter by an ambitious young officer at a banquet far beyond his means, "Uncle Sol" was called on, at the close of the feast, for a sentiment. "Gentlemen," he said, "in proposing the health of your very persequential host, I shall call to my remembrance and ricolect what I remember, and select my text from the midst of Revolutions. May the scissors of experience cut the wings of extravagance."

During the trying period of the war there were innumerable instances of the fidelity and affection subsisting between master and servant. When Sheridan swept through the South on his celebrated raid, it was mammy who "planted" the hamper of silver plate in the old burying-ground, and made a baby-grave mound over it, headstone and all, while Uncle Solomon lay groaning, like one possessed, on a rickety bed in the darkest corner of his cabin. Had the raiders thought of searching under him, they would have been astonished to find, instead of "nothing but old clo'," piles of tobacco, bags of meal, flour, coffee, sugar-cured hams, and other delicacies, tempting enough to soldiers on the march.

When young Mars' Tom, glowing with patriotism, volunteered in the army, no one was deemed so trustworthy as Uncle Solomon for looking after his welfare. But a very few days of the shelling around Fredericksburg sent the old man hurrying home.

"Marster," he said solemnly, "send for the boy to come home, and quit sech foolishness! Them balls and shells comes a fizin' and bustin' and exploring along, and it 'pears to me had jest as soon hit Mars' Tom as not. It is onpossible for me to be 'sponsibility of the chile in such a pernickety association."

But when at last the Northern troopers swept down upon Stonewall Jack-

son's men, and left young Thomas with his face to the stars and a bullet through his heart, Uncle Solomon, his gray head bowed in sorrow, returned alone.

"When hame cam' the saddle a' bloody to see,
Hame cam' the guid steed,
But hame never cam' he,"

there was not one in that grief-stricken household who yearned more lovingly than mammy for her foster-child, and "refused to be comforted, because he was not."

Mammy loved dearly to sing hymns. She would lay down her corn-cob pipe, the constant use of which had worn a groove in her front teeth, and clasping baby Nan in her arms rock back and forth, singing in a high, cracked voice,

"Nobody knows the troubles I've had,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows the troubles I've had,
Sing glory hallelujah!

"What makes the debble love me so?
Oh yes, Lord,
He hilt me in a chain of woe,
King Jesus sot me free.

"Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,
Oh yes, Lord,
Sometimes I am upon the groun',
Oh yes, Lord.

"Nobody knows the troubles I've had," etc.

But when mammy was "up" she was perfectly triumphant in

"I'm a goin' up to heaven!
Bright mansions above,
Where my Jesus went before me,
Bright mansions above,
To argue with the Father,
Bright mansions above,
To chatter with the sun,
Bright mansions above,
To talk about the world,
Bright mansions above,
That I just came from,
Bright mansions above.

"I know you want to go,
I see a cloud a-rising,
Ready for to rain,
But it's not a gwine to snow,
Catch the eagle wing,
Fly away to heaven.

"Silver slippers in the heaven,
Don't you want to put them on?

Long white robe,
Bright starry crown,
Try 'em on, they 'll fit you well,
Bright mansions above."

Farewell, good old mammies! With the institution of slavery they have passed away, but very pleasant is the remembrance of them. Simple and faith-

ful in their lives, they have passed into the presence of the great Master, who alone can disintegrate the evil from the good, to receive the reward of faithful servants, and, wearing the "long white robe," with "starry crown," may stand waiting to receive their foster-children in the "bright mansions above."

E. M. De Jarnette.

NEWPORT.

VIII.

HALF-LIGHTS.

OLIPHANT could not at once muster his courage to call upon Octavia, in reply to her note; and it was with no little trepidation that he prepared to go to Mrs. Ware's party, although he had a trembling pleasure in the prospect, also. This was to be their first interview since the critical one at her house. How, then, would she treat him? Was she angry; did she suspect his judgment or sincerity, because of his appearing on the drive with Mrs. Blazer? Or would she prove lenient?

With such queries he tortured himself as diligently as if he had been a boy of twenty, and she a capricious maiden of the same age. When at last, after floating about some time in the perfumed crush of the large villa drawing-rooms, he saw her at a distance, it seemed to him that there was a shadow of forbidding, at least a lack of cordiality, in her mute greeting. But how could so lovely a form of womanhood be cruel or unkind? Oliphant would not believe it, and hastened to make his way towards her. At that instant Roland De Peyster, by the piano, was sending out a volume of baritone voice from under his waving red mustache, singing, —

"I know not when the day shall be,
I know not where our eyes may meet,
What welcome you may give to me,
Or will your words be sad or sweet;
It may not be till years have passed,
Till eyes are dim, and tresses gray:
The world is wide, but, love, at last,
Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day."

(*L'istesso tempo.*) "Some day, some day" —

and so on. It was nothing less than sardonic in De Peyster to regale the company with this sentiment, considering the number of young ladies who were ready to meet him, not "some day," but any day; yet the performance stirred Oliphant deeply. It was with a resonance of feeling in his tone that he began to speak to Octavia.

"I must apologize," he said, "for not responding immediately to your kind note. I was really planning to call to-day, but" —

"Oh, it does n't matter, Mr. Oliphant." She appeared much more gracious, now that he was near her. "I'm afraid," she added, "I was rather hasty in sending that note. At the time, I thought we 'd better meet soon; but, to tell you the truth, I changed my mind, afterwards."

A light gust of air from some open window blew in upon Oliphant's face, while she was replying, and brought a faint tang of the sea to mingle with the odor of the flowers around them. He could not tell whether it was this breath

of the lonely waters, or a lurking chillness in her manner, that touched him with momentary foreboding. "I hope no oversight or any act of mine was the cause of your change," he returned.

Octavia raised her face and smiled, looking off towards the chandelier; then said, gently, "I have no fault to find."

"Because you have found one already?" he inquired. "I know what you must be thinking of; but I can explain it. I have found out who told you of the matter we were speaking about, the other day; and I must assure you, if I had known before, I never should have appeared publicly with" —

"Hsh!" said Octavia, lifting her gloved hand a little, in warning; and Oliphant discovered that Mrs. Blazer was in the act of gliding by them, on the arm of Baron Huynck. She barely inclined her head, as she passed, and Oliphant gave the slightest possible salutation in return.

"Would you mind going out on the terrace?" Octavia asked. "It is stifling here." While they moved away together, she said half archly, "Have you been taking Mrs. Blazer to task for telling tales? She has put you on her black list, evidently."

"It was n't my fault," he answered, "that we did n't quarrel outright."

Octavia made no concealment of her pleasure, though "It was wrong for you to risk *that*," she said. "Why should you quarrel on my account?"

"Why?" echoed he. "Merely because I value your regard — or the chance of it — too much to risk losing it even for something much better than Mrs. Blazer's good will."

There was a sweet, lulled look upon Octavia's face, as she listened; a look which to Oliphant, albeit he hardly dared to think he was right, seemed like one of trustful surrender. "Thank you," she murmured, not too seriously. "You are chivalrous, I see. But tell

me how it was that that woman came to hear of the circumstances."

"I haven't the faintest idea," Oliphant said; and he frankly detailed the whole history of the letter, including even his half-formed suspicion of Raish. "I questioned Porter, this afternoon, without telling him what the letter was; and he did n't seem to know a thing. He faced me squarely, and said, 'It's very puzzling, and I can't help you out at all. Don't ask me to investigate, because I make it a rule never to inquire into such things; they lead to so much trouble.'"

"I can't fully trust your friend," said Octavia; "but I believe I trust you. At any rate, it is all over, now. At first I was bewildered and thought something must be done; so I was anxious to see you. Besides, I felt so *alone*, don't you know. It was a strange moment. I wanted some one to — to" —

"Advise with?" he suggested.

"Yes." Octavia's voice sank to an enticing whisper.

"I wish I could have done anything for you," Oliphant rejoined. "I'm bitterly sorry for the whole affair, so far as my share in it goes, if it caused you pain."

Octavia gave him a glance of gratitude for his sympathy. They were standing on the terrace, now, in the subdued light from one of the drawing-room windows. "I'm sorry, too," she said, very softly, "for you. It is a very hard position that you've been placed in."

"So you acquit me, and forgive me?"

"Why should n't I, Mr. Oliphant? You could hardly have done otherwise than you did."

"Still," he said, "I was afraid. But if it is all right, won't you give me a little token, — one of those roses?"

A few Marshal Niel buds hung richly upon the black of her low-cut dress.

"You don't need it," Octavia lightly assured him. "I'll give you my hand;

I mean I'll shake hands, if you like. But the rose would be sentimental, and sentiment, you know, is hardly for us, at our time."

She looked away from him into the night, a little sadly. Out beyond the terrace were the many-colored glow of lanterns, the thick dusk of waving tree-tops, and the forms of guests wandering about the grounds, as indistinct in the dim light of lanterns and stars as the shapes in an old tapestry. Involved in a web of radiance from the window, which was crossed by dark lines from the curtains and a spray of palm inside, she was more beautiful than ever, with her pale brown hair, her dark dress, and the gleams of white "illusion" at the bosom.

"Nonsense!" said Oliphant. "For you, at least, it's an anachronism to take that tone; and there's some hope even for me, so long as Dana Sweetser keeps up his youth. Haven't you observed him talking devotedly to Miss Loyall, this evening?"

"No, I didn't see him. But there go two young people who are better worth noticing." She nodded towards the terrace steps, where Perry Thorburn and Josephine, who had come out of the house, were moving down into the shadowy region of the lawn.

"Oh, that reminds me. How strange about the false report of Lord Hawkstone being engaged!" Octavia began to laugh, but she ceased on his asking immediately, "Is it really young Mr. Thorburn who ought to have been rumored about, instead?"

She divined his motive. With a downcast face, as if making confession on her own behalf, she answered, "Mr. Thorburn is greatly interested in Josephine. But you're not to mention it; he confides in me."

It was indeed a confession, for it explained everything to Oliphant; it showed him that Perry's attentions to Octavia were simply in the interest of

his attachment for Josephine, and it set him free to think of Octavia as his fancy, in its most sanguine mood, might urge. Did she know the full force of this admission? Did she guess what unpremeditated scheme and infatuated longing it aroused in Oliphant? He could not tell, nor did he wish to inquire, but was content to yield himself to the fascination of that which he imagined might be possible. And so he paced around, and smiled and chatted and sighed, and allowed various expressions to master his countenance, like other men who were present that evening; never suspecting that the women with whom he conversed — among them this charming lady, who had suddenly become for him the one apart from all the rest — were so many packages of emotional dynamite, artfully encased in silk, and set by invisible clock-work of the heart to explode at a given time.

Justin, meanwhile, had been fairly well received. He brought for Vivian a bunch of grasses and flower-de-luce and late June roses, gathered specially for her, which was so unlike everything else in the rooms that it gained a distinction and charm of its own; and she took it with a candid little burst of thanks and friendliness. Mrs. Ware met him with haughty benevolence, and Stillman yielded him a reluctant courtesy. All had gone well, yet Justin was not happy; for Count Fitz-Stuart had appropriated Vivian, and her younger lover grudged the moments which she was now squandering on that fragment of misdirected royalty in the lamp-lit walk.

"Have you succeeded in entertaining yourself, count?" Vivian asked, as they strolled together.

"No, mademoiselle. I find your assembly charming, but when not until now have I had two words with you, shall you expect me to be content?"

"Why not? There are surely a great many pleasant people for you to

talk to here. Still, no; I should think you would be tired of this country."

"Not of at all. How often, mademoiselle, must I persuade you? I find Newport very agreeable — quite at the manner of Europe; *seulement un peu plus simple, savez-vous?* more — more *rustique*."

"Then really, count, are you not longing to return home?"

"*Mais* — why do you think?"

"Because, as you're the last of your family, you must be lonesome without relatives, and I should imagine you would feel it all the more among strangers."

"No, not that," said Fitz-Stuart, with gravity. "Even if I were prince, I think I would become republican, to be near where you are."

"It would be a great pity, though," said Vivian. "We should n't care half as much about you, then. We Americans just adore the nobility. I'm sure I do. There!"

The count displayed his peachy little smile. "To be adored is ravishing," he remarked, complacently.

"Ah, but I don't say," laughed Vivian, impelled by a sense that she was engaged in one of those international encounters which have assumed such importance of late, — "I don't say that I adore *you*, you know. It's only the nobility as an institution, a class. I adore them all at once, don't you see?"

"That is too many," he said, methodically. "I prefer if you like only me."

"Oh, yes, I know. You have told me so several times."

"Ah, Mademoiselle Ware," Fitz-Stuart began with pathos, "why can you not reconsider?" As they were constantly passing other pairs, he thought it prudent to speak in French. "I have your brother's consent; I still place myself at your feet — my title, my illustrious race, everything but fortune."

Vivian assumed alarm, and stopped him. "Don't, *don't* speak French!"

she exclaimed. "Every one here knows French. Talk in English, and they will never understand you."

"Ah, these young girls of America!" murmured the count, shrugging his shoulders. "You tell me this, when my race should be upon the English throne?"

"They *would* have been there, too," Vivian hastened to say, "if James the Third, or somebody, had n't refused to give up Catholicism, and preferred the French language. He was an ancestor of yours, was n't he?"

The count put on the most regal manner at his disposal. "Yes, my friend," was his reply. "His majesty would not surrender his belief of religion. Does it not prove he was good man?"

"I'm not certain," she returned. "It proves that he *thought* he was good. Perhaps you think you're good, too, Monsieur le Comte; but I never will marry a Catholic."

"Mademoiselle," said he impressively, "what my ancestor has refused to abandon for the sake of a kingdom, I will sacrifice if I can win your hand."

The speech was so magnificent that Vivian blushed with pride in spite of herself; but she answered gayly, "You'd better not forsake your religion to-night. Wait just a few days. I am sure I can't agree to what you ask — certainly not now. But I'll tell you what I *will* do. If I can't consent to marry, I'll promise to ride with you to the polo-match to-morrow, as you proposed this morning."

Fitz-Stuart contemplated her mournfully. "Mees Ware," he said, "you have no sentiment. But I submit myself."

As they regained the terrace, Vivian paused, and with a deep breath, looking up to the sky, she murmured, "How beautiful the stars are to-night!"

Again the count regarded her, thoughtfully, as if he could not make out what was passing in her mind. At length he said wearily, himself glancing at the

firmament, "Yes, yes; the stars. But *they are so old!*"

"Monsieur le Comte," said Vivian, soberly, "*you have no sentiment!*"

It was after this that Justin had his chance for a short interview with her. Stillman, patrolling the house and the illuminated portion of the grounds, was especially pleased with the lighted arbor, which was to prevent any conference between his sister and Craig; but while he was sauntering along by it, with his uncovered bald head showing in the radiance like a very large pink wafer, Vivian innocently wandered away with Craig into the dark and deserted space lying on the other side of the house, along the sea-front.

"It's pleasanter here," she said. "I want to get rid of that babble of voices for a little while, and listen to the waves instead."

"I don't care so much for the waves," Justin answered, significantly; "but one voice is better than many. The last time I saw you, I began to think I should n't hear much more of it."

"When? And what do you mean?"

"Why, yesterday, on the avenue. You rode by without noticing my existence."

"You foolish boy! You can't expect that I should be recognizing people *all* the time. If I were, I should n't be able to do anything else."

Vivian treated him to a glance of pretty disdain, which was lost in the darkness.

"There are some of the other things which I'd just as soon not have you do," said Justin.

"What, are you going to criticise me?"

"No, not you; but I might criticise the life you're leading. I don't like it. You're throwing yourself away, and it makes me very uncomfortable, besides."

"Ah, I see; there's the trouble. Men never can bear to be uncomfortable."

"You know you're not in earnest, Miss Ware, when you say that about me. But are you always going to plague me so?"

"'Always' is a long time. Perhaps we shan't know each other always."

"Perhaps not," said Craig, in a tone that blended with the sombreness of the night around them. "We hardly know each other now; I see you so seldom. I have to creep about in my obscure little world, and even when we meet you are surrounded by people who look down upon me. There's that count, with whom you spend so much time."

"Oh, he makes you uncomfortable, too, I suppose. But what do you imagine *he* would say, if he knew of my being out here with you? The count insists upon it that I ought to marry him."

"I was sure of it!" Craig exclaimed, bitterly.

"Just fancy," Vivian pursued, "how wonderful it would be to marry into a royal line — or on to the end of it, rather! We should n't have any court or any kingdom, but I've no doubt he would give me a real throne — if I paid for it."

"Well, with such an inducement as that, you'll probably accept him," said Justin, scornfully, but without the least conviction.

"Oh," she retorted, "you have formed a high opinion of me!"

"Vivian!" he groaned, most unexpectedly. "Don't you know? Why do I come here? Why do I wait around in places, trying to see you? Why am I miserable? Don't you know I'm in love with you?"

She held her breath for an instant. "Well," she observed, "that's a nice effect for love to have — to make you miserable!"

"Pshaw!" muttered Justin. "You understand well enough. I should n't be miserable at all, if you only told me that you loved me, too."

"Really?" Vivian uttered a peal of laughter, that seemed to Justin like the beginning of a new composition. "Do you think, then, that you'd be able to endure it?"

"I don't dare to think of it," said Justin, "except when I am alone. That is, I have n't dared to, until now. But — do you love me?"

"Justin, you're not in earnest. How can I fall in love with a poor young musician, when I have counts and all sorts of rich men dancing about me? Do you think it possible?"

The poor boy was shaken with the strength of his passion, and aghast at his own temerity in declaring it so abruptly. "Oh, I don't suppose it's possible," he answered. "You know nothing of what it is to really feel: you can't be serious."

"Well, let's see if I can't," he heard her saying, without being able clearly to see her face through the night. "Why do you insist upon asking me whether I love you?"

"Because," he replied, innocently enough, "it's the only way to find out. I can't go on, without settling this question."

"Oh, that makes a difference," said Vivian, who must have had a microscopic eye for distinctions imperceptible to men. "Well, then, will you listen if I tell you a great secret?" Craig said nothing, but groped for her hand and found that she allowed him to take it in his, unguarded. "Do you know," she continued, "I think — if I were to try — I might like you a great deal."

"Thank Heaven!" he breathed; and the spirit of a man awoke within him. He drew her close to him.

The cool dark, the sweet odors of earth and grass, and the soothing rustle of wind and sea enveloped them with sympathy. The delicate perfume of her hair floated round him, as if she had indeed been a flower.

"How wonderful it is!" he mur-

mured. "I can scarcely believe it; and yet it is just what I have believed, for a long time, ought to happen. But why do you think you can love me, Vivian?"

"Because you are the only true and simple man in the world," said Vivian. The reason appeared to be conclusive. "And what can you find in me?" she asked, in her turn, looking fondly up through the dusk, over his shoulder.

"It will take me all my life to explain," he said, touching his lips to her forehead. "But I must tell you," he added, "I did n't mean to speak so soon. I'm only a beginner, you know. I have nothing, and I must make my way, still."

"What does that matter?" Vivian answered. "I am well off in my own right: I shall be rich enough for both."

Both! How delicious the word sounded! But Justin felt it incumbent upon him to be austere firm. "No," he said; "it can't be left so. I will claim nothing until I can do so fairly. Now that we are united in spirit, I won't ask you to promise: I simply trust to you. Only, see how much you can separate yourself, for me, from this gay and frivolous life in which you are placed. That's all I ask."

"Oh, you are very generous," Vivian exclaimed, moving away haughtily; "very generous, indeed! But I think I should like you all the better if you were a little — well, a little *meaner*."

"I shall never be mean enough," he hotly rejoined, "to take an unjust advantage. If I let you engage yourself to me now, it would make you lots of trouble. Besides, think what your people would say of me!"

"Yes, that's it," Vivian was quick to say. "You care more for your pride than for me. It's very fine, this talking about love; but I've always noticed that there is n't much in it, compared with other considerations; and now I find that you're like all the rest. Yes, I was a goose; it's a humbug."

"I quite agree with you," Justin declared, becoming superbly frigid. "Women can't appreciate a manly motive. They are all self-willed and hasty, and I bitterly deceived myself in thinking you were different."

"Very well," she continued; "you wish me to be free, and I *am* free. I was going to make a great, great sacrifice for you, Mr. Craig; but now I shan't. I will keep my promise to the count, to ride with him to polo, to-morrow."

"Just as you please," Justin said. And they were able to return to the house in a state of polite ferocity that completely allayed Stillman's rising suspicions.

It is true, Justin played for the company, at Mrs. Ware's request, though it was not seconded by Vivian; and he had never played better, with greater fire or with profounder depth, mystery, and sentiment. "But if they only knew," he reflected, amid the ensuing applause, "how ragged my coat-linings are, and that my heart is all in tatters!"

And for a number of days afterwards it was noticed by their particular friends that both Craig and Vivian took every opportunity to point out, with convincing cynicism, the uselessness of building hopes upon the loves of men and women.

Before Oliphant went away that night, Octavia, lightly draped with a wrap that encircled her head like a hood, met him again in the hall, and, discovering that he would like to witness the polo games, invited him to lunch with Josephine and herself at High Lawn and drive to the grounds. He was exceedingly grateful for her courtesy; but the mutual relation that had sprung up between them was not yet quite clear to him. He had expected that some constraint would trammel them, after the disclosure of the letter; but, to his astonishment, there had resulted an increased freedom and intima-

cy, notwithstanding which, he suspected that they actually stood farther apart than before. She now treated him, he was aware, with more art. "Still," he assured himself, "that is only because she feels the difficulty of putting me at my ease. Yes, yes; she's a generous woman."

IX.

POLO, AND CERTAIN POSSIBILITIES.

Half an hour before the time for polo, the next afternoon, Perry Thorburn issued from a street near the Cliffs, driving his trap solemnly down Narragansett Avenue, accompanied by a groom with arms discreetly folded. Perry had already induced his tight-fitting riding costume, but it was entirely concealed by his long Newmarket overcoat, which allowed only the yellow-bordered boots, that projected below, to betray his errand. He held the reins, however, with peculiar gravity; he was conscious of his exalted mission; you might easily have supposed him a volunteer victim going to some heathen sacrifice, for the good of the community at large. Roland De Peyster, who was captain of the opposing side, the reds, made his entry upon the polo field from another quarter, with equal state. People in carriages, on horseback, and on foot kept assembling, until the immense inclosure within the high board fence was thickly fringed with a brilliant concourse. Bannerets fluttered from the marquees in one corner, and a band dispersed brazen melodies through the wide, warm air; there was a great array of pretty costumes, and waving ribbons, and lovely, expectant faces: the scene was festal, yet the fashionable crowd was under the spell of a subdued propriety which threw a tinge of solemnity over the scene. Solemnly, too, the eight players came out from the tents, and the blues rode down to the lower

end of the field. Then, at a given signal, Thorburn and De Peyster charged for the centre crease, where the ball lay awaiting them.

For a few seconds nothing was heard except the dull, rapid pounding of the ponies' hoofs on the thin sward. Thud, thud, thud, they went: every one was breathless, waiting to see who should get the first stroke; but De Peyster's pony was the swiftest, and with a sharp, nervous click he sent the ball flying, before Thorburn could reach it, a good half-way toward the enemy's goal. Instantly Thorburn wheeled, and all the other players closed in. They made a queer sight, dressed in tight flannel shirts, with fantastically patterned ornament of stripes, bars, and spots, and wearing round, flat-topped caps. They appeared like so many imps starting into sudden action, flying hither and thither, wheeling abruptly, bending forward, and skimming the ground with their long, unwieldy mallets that scurried after the ball with the agile inconsequence of kittens, yet in deadly earnest; and never uttering a sound except a few short, sharp cries now and then, which came to the spectators as inarticulate bursts. The silence of the whole proceeding was what struck Oliphant: the punctilious, much-dressed assembly was silent, and so were the gentlemen on horseback, erratically careering about in the centre. The blues gained a temporary advantage, but not enough to save them; and with a few more judicious plays the reds drove the ball between the enemy's pennants, in little more than three minutes.

There was a very slight applause from a few gloved hands; the brass instruments blared again; and after a six minutes' interval the second game opened. Both this and the third went, like the first, against Thorburn, although his men performed some excellent feats. Once, the ball was driven out of bounds, and a remarkably correct young man,

who had Miss Loyall on the box with him, ordered his groom to throw the small object of contention back; whereupon the players began to whack at it fiercely, until Colonel Clancy, who was acting as umpire, stopped them, and riding down to the boundary rope called out to the correct young man: "Don't you know any better than to throw the ball in like that?"

"Oh—aw, beg pahdon," said the culprit; and his accent was received as making entire amends.

"It strikes me," said Oliphant to the ladies, "that that's rather rough—addressing a gentleman in that style."

"Oh, no," Josephine assured him. "They have to be very strict. Why, they won't let anybody go inside the ropes, whatever happens."

Oliphant had dismounted, and stood beside the carriage, so as to get a nearer view. He also had a better view of Octavia and Josephine, who were remarkably effective that day; the former sitting beneath a small gold and violet dome of parasol, through which the light streamed softly, and Josephine receiving a peculiar glory from her crimson shelter.

In the fourth game a prolonged struggle began. It would have decided the day, if it had gone for the reds; but fortunately Thorburn had reserved his best pony until now, and in his desperate efforts to turn the tide, his blue and white shirt, his sunburned face and amber hair, seemed to be in all parts of the field at once. The crisis came when Richards, of the reds, delivered a clever blow from under his pony, and sent the ball rattling towards the blue flags, amid a good deal of applause. Thorburn darted after it like lightning, with both sides in full chase; then, with a neat back stroke, he reversed its direction, whirled around, and carried the crowd with him. Young Chiseling, however, of De Peyster's party, had hung back to keep the red goal; and

seeing the ball go free, a little on one side, he bore down to strike it. Thorburn quickly noticed this move, and had already urged his pony with nervous leaps towards the same spot. He came shooting by, only a few yards from where Oliphant stood; and the next instant the two riders had clashed together and were thrown. They lay upon the grass slightly stunned, but the astonishing thing about the accident was that the two ponies had straddled: Thorburn's, his fore feet forced up into the air by the shock, had attempted to leap over Chiseling's, but had been unable to carry his hind legs clear, and so remained caught, with two hoofs on the ground.

There were ineffectual little shrieks from some of the ladies, and Clancy shouted, "Pull them apart, before they get to kicking!"

But he himself reined in at a safe distance, and the players were gyrating in a knot, close to the red goal, wholly absorbed. Chiseling rose and walked off with a false and dazed attempt at self-possession, but Thorburn could do no more than sit up. The ponies were restive. Without stopping to reflect, Oliphant bent under the rope and rushed out to the point of danger.

"Get off the field!" thundered the umpire. The onlookers echoed him with warning shouts and murmurs. But Oliphant paid no attention: his blood was up. He grasped Thorburn's pony by the bridle, pulled with all his force, and compelled him to spring. This freed the animal; the other, turning sharply, trotted away and was caught by Clancy. The next thing was to lift Thorburn, who was soon able to move towards the tent: at the same moment, luckily, the ball was driven through by the blues, who thus retrieved their honor.

A double demonstration of approval greeted these performances; for, although Oliphant promptly retired to his previous obscurity, he was received with

the warmest acknowledgments. There was quite a general clapping of hands in the neighborhood of Mrs. Gifford's carriage; and even Clancy came cantering in pursuit, to thank Oliphant for his service, while warning him that the interference was against all rules of the game. Atlee and Roger Deering, who were not far away, hastened up, to congratulate the hero of the hour. "By Jove, you know," said Atlee, glassing him all over, "it was — er — 'm — really fine, you know."

"Atlee means you're A 1," Roger remarked, grinning, and shaking his cousin's hand.

All this was nothing to Oliphant, compared with the homage that Octavia bestowed upon him. She gave him the full depth of her eyes, and smiled entrancingly as she said, "Bravo, Mr. Oliphant! I'm really proud of you; and I'm so glad you came with us, because we can share in your glory."

Josephine said nothing, but she, too, smiled; and there was a quality in her long, slow, fascinating look that penetrated Oliphant, — stirred him in fact so profoundly that he experienced something like alarm. Was it involuntary with her, or did it have a meaning?

Thorburn was not seriously hurt, but he found himself unable to sit his horse firmly, and had suffered a sprain in one wrist; accordingly, it was impossible to go on with the games. Octavia and Josephine took pains to drive over to the tent and inquire about his injuries, with a captivating appearance of being agitated; and yet Oliphant could see that he himself, although he had not undergone the slightest damage, was an object of far more interest to them. The flattery was like a bath of perfumes to him; no sort of discontent could trouble him now; he wished that he might go on living, for the rest of his term, in Newport and in the sight of Octavia. He drove with the ladies, and then stopped at High Lawn a few minutes,

before leaving them. Josephine at first disappeared, giving him an opportunity to speak with Octavia alone; and he improved it by telling her the singular episode with Vivian Ware, which it seems that Justin had recounted to him.

"You observed her at the grounds, did n't you," he asked, "riding with the count? She means to discipline our young friend, I judge."

"That is, torture him," said Octavia, with compassionate warmth. "It's too bad—too bad! Mr. Oliphant," she added, utilizing all the charm of her most confiding manner, "we must bring those two young people together—you and I!"

"With all my heart," he said, stumbling over the word, and wondered why she did not think that they themselves might also be brought together.

Josephine then came back; to whom, since she was about departing for Jamestown, he made his farewell. "Good-by," she responded, as she let her hand sink into his. "If you have n't been to Conanicut, you must come over and see us. My father, I'm sure, would be glad to meet you."

Again he felt the power of her steady and controlling gaze, to which Octavia was not blind, either; for Oliphant, who had the temerity to possess intuitions as quick as a woman's, saw that Octavia did not approve of the fascination her friend was deploying for his benefit. Well, he rather liked this: it was one more drop of flattery.

The days that followed gave him many meetings with Octavia—at dinners, at dances, at picnics of a stately, champagne-flavored kind near Paradise, or among the beeches and box-hedges and bay-bushes of the Glen, with its idle, mossy old grist-mill. He also came once or twice to High Lawn. Having made acquaintance with some delightful people who lived in a great house on Ocean Avenue, out of the Newport whirl, he found himself one of a party invited to

spend a day there; and, Octavia being present, he strayed with her down a path in the rock, which stopped at the sheer edge of an undermined point, called by a picturesque terrorism The Pirate's Cave. Here they were invisible to the rest of the company. There had been a mirage all the morning, which threw Block Island up on the horizon as an inverted shape of towering sandy-tinted cliffs, in which the sails of becalmed ships made vertical white rifts; and this dim vision had haunted Oliphant with a hint of expectancy. But now it had vanished; and the sea, from being green compared with the sky, or pale blue beside the grass, was a deep blue everywhere.

"A change of color is an event here," said Oliphant. "It seems almost to change one's own mood."

"What is your mood, then?" asked Octavia.

"I could hardly tell you," he answered. "A while ago I was looking forward; and now I'm retrospective."

"Ah," said she, with a little frown, "it is n't good to be thinking of your past."

"I'm not: I'm thinking of yours!"

"Why?"

"Because that is where you seem to keep yourself. I continually catch a look in your eye which shows that you are wandering there. Why don't you live in the present?"

"But what is the present?" she replied. "Does n't it dissolve at the touch of a memory or a hope—the past or the future?"

"I wish it could," he exclaimed fervently, "at the touch of a hope!"

A huge wave rolled into the cavern, as he spoke, and exploded there with a muffled sound like a knell.

"You're dissatisfied, then, with things as they are?"

"In one sense, very much so; in another, not at all. But I can imagine something better."

"There's where we differ," Octavia rejoined. "I'm very well content now; but my past was so complete and so sunny that there could hardly be anything better."

"Well, you've heard me hint often enough that mine was a dreary failure. I gave my life up to one woman, and" — He checked himself, promptly.

"Yes," said Octavia; "it seems as if one had to be punished for too absolute a surrender. I gave myself up, too: I was happy, as I've said, but — that letter, Mr. Oliphant, that letter! That has been my punishment." It was the first time she had openly referred to it since the evening at Mrs. Ware's. "I should not say this to you," she added, "except that you have spoken frankly to me."

"I understand," he answered, appreciatively, more and more drawn on to speak from his heart. "But if it is possible for even the happiest career to be shadowed by a little thing, why should people let one experience settle the problem? Isn't it permitted to try again?"

"No, no!" she cried, in strange, unforeseen excitement. "You mustn't say that, Mr. Oliphant. It's sacrilege!"

And as she turned upon him, he felt the flame of her resentment; but he answered quietly: "You ought to be more indulgent to poor, irrepressible human nature. It has been ascertained that hope, like truth, when crushed, granulated, or powdered, will rise again."

She laughed faintly, and for a brief space they sat gazing out upon the waters, which passing clouds had suddenly softened to gray, seamed with many creeping wave-lines; a blind-looking ocean, yet watchful, as if waiting and preparing for some particular event. Then Octavia's glance came back to Oliphant, who in his gray suit appeared like a part of the lichened rock against which he was propped; his face, too,

like the sea's, patient, prepared, but stronger.

There was a complete transformation in her when she resumed the talk. "Do you believe," she dreamily inquired, "that if a true love has once been given, it can ever be given again, — the same kind, I mean?"

The hollow echo of an inrolling wave once more resounded upon their ears. "Perhaps not the same," Oliphant returned; "but there's always a question as to which is the best kind. It's a hard lesson to learn that the first conception, however exalted, may not be the wisest."

Octavia had a secret sense that there had been a lack in her first love; it had not welded into itself the substance of sorrow. Perhaps the love which should exist in spite of disappointment or doubt was the better developed sort — as shadows prove an object to be rounded. Fortifying herself against this suspicion, she said, "Love is a mistake, and marriage is a mistake, I fear. Looking back upon it, from our point of view, as something which is over for us, does n't it strike you as strange that we should all be brought up to expect success in a matter so difficult? People ought to look to friendship, instead, which is the most unselfish affection."

"I doubt that. But as for friendship, I thought it was exhausted, too, until I met you, Mrs. Gifford. I fancied my life was a desert, and that my heart was turned to stone; but all at once, here's a fresh fountain springing out of the rock."

"Be careful!" Octavia interposed. "You're growing poetic, and you must remember we've reached the age of prose."

"Well, even prose will do for expressing belief. I wish you would believe, Mrs. Gifford."

"In what?"

"In the possibilities of the future."

She let her parasol droop, saying with

dejection, "I should be glad if there were any such buoyancy in me. But hope and happiness have gone, Mr. Oliphant. See how Justin and Vivian, who really have any quantity of faith, assume to be skeptical; while I, who am a skeptic, do my best to believe, and can't."

"Did n't you say, though, a few minutes since, that you were content?"

"That was a conventional statement, a comparative one: I'm giving you the *unconventional* truth, now. Indeed, I shall never be contented again."

Oliphant rose to his feet, and stood before her on the narrow ledge. Behind him was the slowly chafing sea; a light wind brought up the scent of shell and weed; the tide boomed sullenly in the deep recesses. There was Octavia, crouched against the granite wall, like another Andromeda, and Oliphant wished that he were Perseus.

"I shall never be content, myself," he said, with his hand on the iron rail along the verge, "except in one event."

A sparkle came from her eyes, rapid and keen as the light from her diamonds. "What one thing could have so much power?" she asked, with a half-tremulous smile that disintegrated his calmness.

"To see you happy," he exclaimed, "and to have some share in making you so!"

For an instant, Octavia was dismayed. Her hand, with jeweled rings upon it, sought the rough stone surface, for aid in rising; but Oliphant was quick to lend her his help, and she accepted it.

"You are very kind, to care so much about it," she said. "But are you not caring *too* much? Let me warn you in time." She spoke in haste, uneasily; yet all the while a subtle pleasure played around her lips, intoxicating Oliphant with the conviction that she did not really wish to repel him.

"No, no, Mrs. Gifford; I can't heed

any warning; I can't take one. We have been thrown together strangely, by a fate that we could n't control. Do you suppose I can control my interest in you, either? And would you be willing to take from me the one thing that makes life valuable to me now?"

"How can I take that away?" she asked, in a whisper; but he could hear it through the beating of the breeze.

"By denying me your companionship," he returned earnestly. "I want to be near you constantly, to do something for you; to be your reliance."

"Oh, it's impossible," murmured Octavia, shrinking slightly towards the high rock. "How can you expect that, Mr. Oliphant? What are you dreaming of?"

"Ah, if that's the way it strikes you," said Oliphant, "it is all useless; yes, it's only a dream! You need nothing; you are really happy enough, and my wish is a selfish one."

She made the slightest perceptible gesture of remonstrance, and seemed impelled to start towards him. "It is not selfish," said she, in melting tones. "I thank you for your generous feeling; indeed, I do. But you know people can't form such companionships: there is no room in this world for the finest impulses."

Scintillant reflections from the water chased each other over the granite surface behind Octavia, and dazzled Oliphant; but the conflicting moods that flitted across her face dazzled and bewildered him still more. She seemed alternately a coy girl unwilling to be won; a woman recognizing with devout joy the dawn of love; a shape of distant perfection, wholly unattainable. Through it all, he held to the one thought that he desired her more than anything on earth, and, however mad the scheme, was determined to win her.

"You told me," he said, growing bold as he grew agitated, "that friendship is the best affection. But if there's no

place for our friendship, there may be for something else."

Octavia started, but she made no sharp protest. Instead, she gazed at him meditatively for a moment, and he discerned in her large inquiring eyes a womanly sense of the devotion which he offered — a tenderness blended with pity and pride. She, however, raised one finger to her lips in admonition.

"It's time for us to be interrupted, Mr. Oliphant, if you have come to that. Shall we interrupt ourselves?"

"Are you going to joke me?" he asked, with pain. "Surely you see how much in earnest I am. You will listen and consider?"

She detected the transfiguring light upon his features, as he leaned nearer towards her. "I — I did n't mean to joke," she said, with seductive contrition. Oliphant believed then that she would yield to his entreaty that she should hear him. Suddenly there came a shock of change; apprehension seemed to have assailed her; she clasped her hands, and cried out, "No, I cannot listen! Don't ask me to, — don't ask me."

An undertone as of sobbing rang in that cry, and Oliphant's forehead grew white and wrinkled with anxiety. "Why do you look at me so, Mrs. Gifford? What have I done?"

"Look? How am I looking?"

"You seem angry, as well as pained. I should think that you hated and despised me for this."

At that instant a gull came wheeling through the air above them, with a weird, vibrating scream; and the hollow rock was filled again with the baffled roar of a retreating billow.

Octavia's eyes fell, and she said very slowly, "No, I do not hate you."

He recovered hope at once. "Then you forgive me," he concluded buoyantly; "and you will let me speak, some time. Will you think of what I have said?"

The wildness of her outburst had died away, and the indescribable smile mingled of coquetry and undisguised emotion, which Oliphant had already noticed, resumed its sway, as she answered, "At least, I shan't be likely to forget it."

George Parsons Lathrop.

TWO EMIGRANTS.

He left his staff, his scrip, his shoon,
 And in the first gray dawning light,
 When dropped the weary, waning moon,
 He said, "Farewell!" and passed from sight.
 We watched him go, and held his hand
 To the last lonely point of land.

.
 There came to us, one winter night,
 A stranger from an unknown land:
 He had no staff, no scrip, no shoon,
 No word that we could understand;
 A traveler without a name,
 Who could not tell us whence he came.

Barbara Heaton.

MÆNADISM IN RELIGION.

MÆNADISM literally means the peculiar madness of the initiated in the mysteries of Dionysos. Relatively, it signifies all intoxicating, will-destroying excesses of religious fervor in which "the multitude" have taken part. The word is here used in this latter signification. It is a remarkable fact in the history of religion that men of widely differing creeds and countries have agreed in attaching a spiritual value to hysteria, chorea, and catalepsy on the one hand, and to a frenzy of cruelty and sensuality on the other. Diseased nerves and morals have often been ranked as the highest expression of man's faith and devotion. The individual in the superexalted mental and physical state becomes a prophet, a Pythoness, an ecstatic, or a "medium," according to the age in which he or she lives. When the exaltation is still further heightened by the sympathetic force of numbers, it leads to Bacchantic revels, Oriental orgies, and nervous epidemics, than which there is nothing stranger in the records of human feeling. The distinction between the various phases of Mænadism is less in the actual demonstrations than in the interpretation given to them. The African *feticheeress*, or voodoo, and the Turkish dervish, during their mystic ceremonies, both fall into convulsions. But one thinks thereby to attain magical ascendancy; the other hopes to see God face to face. The Bacchante and the mediæval Christian both danced, like the Arab Zikr, in frantic fury until their strength deserted them. But while by the dance the former voluntarily honored a divinity, the latter involuntarily obeyed a devil.

Mænadism in the beginning was the outgrowth of that desire for excitement which is instinctive in human beings. When Victor Hugo declares that a hell

where one is bored is more terrible than a hell where one suffers, he expresses in definite language that which has been vaguely felt by all men, savage or civilized; and indeed even by beasts and insects, who manifest a susceptibility to the feeling of *ennui* and a necessity to indulge in superfluous activity. Ants interrupt their labors to engage in sham battles. Birds occasionally sing and flutter, as if in an ecstasy of delight. Horses, dogs, and cats romp like children, and the fiercest wild animals have been seen to race and struggle in evident play. In man the instinct is still stronger, because the loss of liberty entailed by social life limits his occasions of gratifying it, thus adding to its original force that of restrained emotion. As striving after knowledge of the unknown gives the impetus to scientific study, so it seems as if the desire for *something beyond* ordinary relaxations is a stimulus to elevate human ideals of pleasure. Religion at first provides for both these cravings. Myths and doctrines are the result of the intellectual need, and sacred feasts of the emotional. The majority of men, sheep-like, accept without questioning the beliefs and amusements supplied for them. Greek Dionysiacs, Roman Saturnalia, Hindu Holi, and mediæval *Fêtes des Fous* have been sufficient outlet for those who only need a Bacchanalia of fun in order that, according to Schlegel, "once the fit is over, they may for the rest of the year apply themselves to serious business." But there are a few independent individuals who, because they will not be led, but must lead themselves, push inquiry to its extreme and exhaust emotion in all its possible variations. With them the general festival is exchanged for the special orgy, just as occultism replaces the doctrines

of the multitude. They develop religious fervor to a degree which is as far above the capacity and comprehension of common men as the passion of the toreador when in the arena is removed from the calm of the shepherd watching the same bulls on the hill-side. A natural barrier separates them from their fellow-mortals; and when they join together into an order apart, to give free expression to their devotional feelings, Mænadism really begins.

This occurs at a very early stage of culture. Already among the higher savage tribes, where "existence is all a feeling, not yet shaped into a thought," there are mystic brotherhoods and sisterhoods, whose superiority consists, not in moral virtues nor spiritual knowledge, but in keenly sensitive emotional temperaments, and in the superior endurance of pain by piety. Savages, like children, usually expend the force of their feelings in muscular activity. As Tylor says, "They dance their joy and sorrow, their love and rage, even their magic and religion." To some this corporeal excitement is as intoxicating in its effects as alcohol or hashish would be, and causes a temporary cessation of volitional power, so that their movements become wholly automatic. Knowing as little of the reasons of their convulsive conduct as a child does of the man who pulls the wires during a puppet performance, they attribute it to supernatural interference. Deeply impressed by the consciousness of occult forces in nature, they are stirred to the very depths of their being when they themselves seem animated by like mysterious agents. They *feel* that subtle relation between themselves and the external world which later, developing into well-defined thought, becomes the philosophy which represents man as the *microcosm* or mirror of the universe. In all countries where men are ignorant of the laws of physiology and psychology, the delirium and hallucinations pro-

duced by mental aberration pass for divine revelations, and the contortions and spasms of nervous affections for supernatural manifestations. To-day, in the East, idiots and epileptics are believed to be inspired saints, and are respected accordingly. Even in Greece insanity was considered a divine malady. The suspension of will, the highest human function, which the Western man of modern times would regret as the greatest of all misfortunes, savages deliberately seek as the supreme point of perfection. While those who are permanently disordered must remain unconscious of their supernatural powers, the partially affected, who live as it were on the border-land of disease, can in their lucid intervals devote their energies to cultivating and increasing them. The ardor which illuminati at a later period bring to study and to thought, primitive children of light spend upon abnormal sensations and emotions. A long and painful apprenticeship is required of aspirants to the mystic orders. Life in the wilds and woods, far from all other human beings, silent intercourse with nature, strange diet, impressive ceremonial, and strict discipline add still further to their natural excitability. Finally, when the time comes for the celebration of the mystic rites, the initiated are told to relinquish all self-control. Yielding to delirious impulses without inquiring into their why and whither, they are worked up to a pitch of frenzy more like an apotheosis of human passion than an expression of religious devotion. The orgy in this its crudest development is worship of emotion, in which there is as yet no ideational motive.

Just as the monastic life is the highest realization of Catholic ideals, so Mænadism with savages represents the culminating point, beyond which religious enthusiasm cannot go. But for this very reason it is at first well-nigh inseparable from witchcraft and sorcery.

Religion in its primitive form is pure magic, and consequently it values prayer and ritual in proportion to their magical efficacy. The gris-gris laden Vodun-vi, or feticheeresses of Dahomey, by their unearthly dances excite themselves to convulsive contortions and wild tearing of flesh. But even as they dance they work their mystic spells, as their voodoo sisters still do in America. The Shamans in Siberia and the medicine men of certain North American Indian tribes sway their bodies to and fro, and writhe in pious spasms, to produce that orgasm which sweeps before it all consciousness and thought, but which, in so doing, gives them command over the spirits, and powers akin to those of Joshua in the valley of Ajalon. The devil-dancers of Ceylon pirouette and chassé to frighten away the demons, an end which their hideous movements are well calculated to accomplish. The Yezedis, by their frantic leaps and twirls and cruel flourishing of daggers, so terrible to behold that the usually dauntless Lady Hester Stanhope fainted at the sight, implore the miraculous intervention of Sheitan, or Satan, their lord and master. Repellent and ridiculous as these ceremonies appear to us, they are serious and sacred enough to those taking part in them. The wild, blood-shot eyes of Shamans during the final ecstasy; the mad transports of the young Dahoman witches as they follow their arch-Hecate through the intricate measures of their dance; the indifference of the Yezedi devil-worshippers to gaping wounds and loss of blood,—all equally attest the genuine earnestness of these mystics. Their ends are sordid; but where religion does not look beyond the present, and prayer which does not better man's temporal condition has no meaning for him, then those measures by which spirits are forced into bestowing their favors, or removing their curses, constitute the most perfect forms of religious worship.

But the mysticism which is conformable with savage standards of conduct is irreconcilable to higher degrees of civilization. Feasts and orgies continue because, notwithstanding more elevated ideals of morality, men still crave excitement, and enthusiasts still require extraordinary channels for their piety. A growing sense of æstheticism may cause a change in the accessories of ritual. Drums made of skulls and deafening gongs and whistles are perhaps replaced by lutes, cymbals, and double pipes, and rude, spasmodic laughter and savage screams are softened into rhythmic invocation and hymn-singing. Just as the actual intoxication of two men of equal constitution will not differ because one drinks from fine Venetian glass and the other from coarse earthenware, so the delirious orgasm of orgiastic worship is the same, whether inspired by discordant drum-beating or by soft Lydian airs. But — and herein lies the essential difference — mystics who have passed beyond the primitive period of religious development make their emotional transports a means to something higher, and not an end in themselves. The growth of sympathy in men's relations to their fellow-beings elevates their conception of the duties of humanity to divinity. They are convinced that the object of prayer and sacrifice is not merely to reap benefits for themselves, but to pay respect to deity. Therefore, all religious rejoicings, however earthly in tone or however rapturous, must not only be a *cultus* of feeling, but must contribute definitely to the greater glory of a supernatural being. The orgies of the civilized nations of antiquity were invariably connected with earth and generative deities, probably because they were survivals of dances and debauches which had flourished long before there was a systematized belief in Bacchus or Mylitta. While arbitrary feasts must have perished with the special circumstances

that created them, those which were associated with natural phenomena could be adapted to the new culture by converting their vague sympathy with nature into worship of definite deity.

It is chiefly by the orgiastic worship of the Greeks that we know how Mænadism passed through this stage of development. The dancing of the maidens of Shiloh and the frenzied prayers of the priests of Baal, when, in their contest with Elijah, they leaped upon the altar, and "cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them" (1 Kings xviii. 28), were evidently Mænadic rites, but the only record of them is a passing allusion in the Bible. The Teutons, Celts, and Northmen of pagan Europe had their spring and autumn, their midsummer and midwinter festivities, to the turbulent nature of which, quaint customs, such as May-day dances and Saint John's fires, long attested, but of which next to nothing is actually known. The mysteries of Oriental races were guarded with such jealous care that few but the initiated ever learnt what took place in the inner shrine. There was, unfortunately, no Louis Jacolliot in ancient times to watch unseen the sacred midnight revels, and then give a glowing description of them to the unilluminated. Besides, Mænadism in the East was merged at a very early period into a still higher phase of mysticism. But, though the fate of Pentheus awaited the curious Greek who dared to pry into the secret rites, there are sufficient data recorded of the religious orgies in Greece to show that before they came under foreign influence they were esteemed as the best possible testimony of human respect and love for divinity. The enthusiasm which kindles in the devout an ardent desire to realize their ideal of perfection by imitating, in weak, human fashion, the supernatural attributes and actions of the being worshiped was the inspiration of Hellenic mystics. Their

excesses, so incomprehensible in themselves, were explained to be either pious commemoration of incidents in a god's career, or an expression of gratitude for gifts bestowed upon mortals by the powers above; and to prevent human criticism — their weak points being well recognized — they were ascribed to a divine origin. The Corybantic fury of the priests of Cybele, when, dancing to the sound of shrill fife, leathern drum, and "wild bells' clashing ring," they scourged each other and mutilated themselves, typified the mad deeds of the fair young Atys after he had been bereft of his reason by the "great mother of the gods," because of his infidelity to her. By the strange midnight rites of the Eleusinian festivals, by the sudden changes from darkness and mournful cries to light and joyful hymns, the faithful were acting with true dramatic feeling the wanderings of Demeter in search of Persephone, and the final reunion of mother and daughter. The Mænads, in their dances through mountain and forest, and in their fury of lasciviousness and animalism, either celebrated the joy which filled the radiant Dionysos when the vines bloomed in summer and bore fruit in autumn, or bemoaned the madness and desolation which befell him through the wrath of Hera, when, at the first chill of winter, his vines withered and died. But there was still another motive to Bacchantic revels.

The Greeks were not a drink-loving people, like the Northern nations. At a drinking bout, the gods of Olympus would have been completely outdone by the heroes of roaring Valhalla. But since they believed that Dionysos gave them the juice of the grape, they also thought the delirium it produced was wrought by him. Their arguments were not unlike those of Omar Khayyam: —

"Why, be this juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a snare?
A blessing we should use it, should we not?
And if a curse, — why, then who set it there?"

Intoxication was a blessing, because God-given; but instead of concluding, with the Persian poet, that it should be the chief occupation and end of life, it was held to be a duty sacred to Bacchus, the maddening god, "whom swords and blood and sacred rage delight." It was a common saying among the ancients that the Greeks never were intoxicated save at their holy festivals. It is no wonder that Dionysos later became the god of liberty. Those who were consecrated to him were exempted from observance of all human laws and restrictions. Once the Bacchantes had donned the sacred fawn skin and crowned themselves with ivy, had wreathed the serpents in their hair and raised aloft the mystic thyrsus, they knew no guide but the impulse of the moment. Maddened with wine, they did not hesitate at any pleasure, however dissolute; nor were they daunted by any crime, however cruel. This explanation for the madness of the Manads gives us the keynote to those darker orgies held in honor of generative and phallic deities. The rites of the Asiatic Mylitta and Ash-taroath, the Greek Aphirodite, and the Samothracian Cabiri were as nameless as those with which modern Tantrikas and Sivaite Brahmans celebrate their mysteries. At those shrines where a sin was a prayer and vice became virtue, human sensuality was typical of certain divine functions, just as intoxication with Bacchantes was a recognition of the heavenly origin of the soul-stirring drink. It is difficult for Christians, with their doctrines of original sin and the necessity of penance and mortification of the flesh, to realize that these practices were religious ceremonies. The orgies were pleasurable in themselves, and were sometimes abused by hypocrites; or, as Pythagoras expressed it, "Many carry the thyrsus, but few are inspired with the spirit of the god." But had self-gratification been the sole object, and had insincerity

been the rule, and not the exception, then these shameless indulgences would have perished because of their own unworthiness. Their fundamental cause, though an unconscious one, was physical passion but that which made them possible as sacred ceremonies was an honest, if mistaken, desire of pious enthusiasts to exhaust every conceivable expression by which finite creatures can declare their recognition of the infinite. So well did the enlightened understand that to the vulgar these rites would seem like emancipation from moral restraints, instead of the freedom of a devout soul sanctified by divinity, that none were admitted to the inner sanctuary until they had passed through many and severe tests, and then they were sworn to eternal secrecy.

If magical powers were sometimes obtained during the orgies; if the Bacchantes with a stroke of their thyrsi could make water leap from the rocks, wine spring from the earth, and their wands distill great heaps of honey, these marvels were no more the object sought than the miracles of Moses were his main mission when he led the Israelites through the desert. But there were other wonders worked in man during his delirium, which finally became of main importance. Hallucinations producing pleasurable sensations are common symptoms of ecstasy, whether this be the result of physical disease or of mental and sensual excitements. The sincere worshiper, during his orgy, was a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions. He heard sounds to which ordinary ears were deaf, and saw those things to which ordinary eyes were blind, and even while so seeing and hearing was filled with ineffable rapture. As soon as more attention was given to the soul and its future than to the body and the present, these subjective sensations were supposed to be due to the free activity of the soul of the inspired mystic, which, illuminated with divine wisdom and

inflamed with divine happiness, overpowered his consciousness of physical existence. Had all races considered religion from the objective stand-point of the Greeks, esoteric doctrine would perhaps never have reached such prominence. It was through the influence of Oriental thought that Eleusinian celebrants were brought to believe that their rites united them in intimate communion with Demeter herself, and that Bacchantes imagined that by their debauches they were initiated into the real meaning of life and death. In the East, where men despised life because it was so easy to sustain, and loathed their bodies, which were a hindrance to a continual state of *Kheyf*, prayers and ceremonies were valued according to their effect upon the spirit. This indifference carried to its extreme taught not only the delusion but the evil of matter, and that the one truth and good is being *per se*. Since in the orgiastic ecstasy, as in hashish dreams, all calculations of time and space are lost sight of, the ecstatic thought, while in that state, to fathom the mystery of eternity, and to feel in the accompanying pleasure the pure joy of release from the prison-house of flesh. The delirious orgasm, explained by this higher mysticism, which is still the belief of Oriental philosophers, is the escape of the vital principle in man from the dark chrysalis of matter into the divine light of absolute knowledge. It is the merging of the finite into the infinite, whether the conception of the latter be the Buddhist's Nirvâna, the Hindu Yogi's Samâddi, or the Mohammedan's Allah. Probably originating in India, this doctrine was the inspiration of Egyptian, Persian, and cabalistic mystics, and it passed into the West through Neoplatonism, reappearing in Gnostic beliefs and Baphometric fire-baptisms of *Freedom and Prudence*, and having its votaries to-day among those Western occultists who look upon the manifesta-

tions of spiritualism as only the initial stage to that perfect wisdom and power which the soul can reach. The spiritual supremacy must be gained, at any price. Men who seek to see God face to face care little as to the nature of the methods employed, provided these be efficacious.

"It heeds not whence begins our thinking,
If to the end its flight is high."

The end here sanctifies the means, even if these be wine, women, and song, as in Persian Sufism. Hence, this belief has authorized solemnities, varying from silent meditation and prayer to the most outrageous sensualities. Pious ejaculations and bodily contortions, sacred hymns and rhythmic movements, contemplation and hashish fantasies, are all equally holy, if they can succeed in intoxicating the soul. The Yogi tortures his body until he exhausts it, or else, like the monks of Mount Athos, fixes his eyes upon it until he forgets it. The Buddhist, by thorough abstraction, conquers perception, sensation, and thought. The Neoplatonist freed his spirit by prayer, music, and dialectics. But there are still other men, who cannot excite within themselves the spiritual orgasm without recourse to physical and sensual stimulants. No people have ever understood the subtle link between religious emotion and physical sensation as well as Persians. At once the most mystical in their philosophy and the most voluptuous in their pleasures of all men, they have made sensuous raptures the mediums to spiritual ravishment. There are certain sects of Sufis, such as the *Ahlavis*, who in their sacred orgies realize the erotic and bacchanalian excesses which, when sung by Hafiz, are piously supposed to be allegorical. The heavenly delirium is wrought by a very earthly wine-cup, and the losing of identity in boundless love is obtained by exhausting every conceivable caprice of human passion. The secondary importance which this

mysticism awards to ritual is signally illustrated by the different orders of dervishes. While all are imbued with Sufism, their ceremonies vary from corporeal excitement, which is probably a direct inheritance from Corybantes, to silent, Buddha-like contemplation. The Rufâ'ees are stimulated by juggler tricks with sword and fire and acrobatic feats. Persian dervishes revel in the fancies of a hashish-created fairy-land. Mehlevees, or dancing dervishes, best known to Europeans, spin and turn in graceful or wild measures, which symbolize the harmonious action of natural forces, to the sound of their beloved flute and drum, wherein they hear the music of the spheres. Kâdirces, with hands resting on each other's shoulders, sway their bodies to and fro in spasmodic regularity. But to Nakshibendes the recital in chorus of the *Ikhtas*, their sacred prayer, one thousand and one times is more intoxicating than drugs and physical movements; while Melaneeyoons, sitting in solemn silence meditating upon the divine spirit, have no stimulus beyond the magnetic-like current of sympathy which passes from one to the other. Yet all, from first to last, when in the glow of "endless ecstatic fire," imagine themselves in that state of *Noor*, or ecstasy, in which the soul either rests, filled with heavenly quiescence and delight, or else, loosened from its body, wanders far and wide, and even into Paradise, as did the spirit of the great prophet.

There is another side to Mænadism entirely distinct from that already considered. As delirium is in one case quieted by an opiate, but in another excited by it, so the spiritual exaltation which with some men is the result of the physical excitement is with others the cause of it. Neophytes with the dervishes are not allowed to join in the dancing and spinning, or howling; but they become so agitated by the words of the sheik who prepares them for in-

itiation that involuntarily they contort their bodies in movements closely corresponding to those of the regular ritual. The religious enthusiasm which in its intensity instinctively seeks relief in bodily activity, though this may not be lawfully ordained, has never reached such an extreme as it did in Europe during the early and mediæval period of Catholicism; nor is it difficult to understand why this should have been. Though Christianity incorporated into itself the great festivals of paganism, it substituted the asceticism of the cloister for its orgies. That the latter did survive among a minority, who clung to the old religion, there can be no doubt. The favorite accusation which the early Christians hurled at heretics, and which the latter returned with good interest, was that they celebrated midnight feasts as profligate as those of pagans. Gnostics and orthodox alike were declared to steep themselves in sensuality during their sacred mysteries. Rumors of wild orgies were continually set afloat throughout the Middle Ages. Waldenses were accused of practices which vied in cruelty and sensuality with the rites of Moloch, and Montanists of transports equaling those of the Mænads. As late as the thirteenth century an Irish priest was reported to have led the maidens of his parish in a Bacchanalian dance in honor of the "god of the gardens." Devil-worshipers, when they met for the Sabbath, on the Brocken and other mountain tops or lonely haunts, were supposed by a complete rebellion against Christian morality to express their allegiance to Satan. But, notwithstanding these survivals, legitimate orgiastic worship had no place in Catholicism. At the same time, men too young, hardy, and vigorous for the indifference to life of Buddha, and too ignorant for the metaphysics of Plotinus, were bidden to sacrifice earthly interests to obtain spiritual salvation. Man's every thought and action was

referred to its influence upon the life to come. Never was Carlyle's after-warning, "Beware of fixed ideas!" so sadly needed. The effort to impose a creed whose mainspring was Neoplatonism, and whose ideal of worship was entirely spiritual, upon races hardly advanced beyond barbarism was as though an attempt had been made to suddenly transform Pan and his satyrs into Artemis and her nymphs. Just as the hooved heels and horned heads of the brute deities would have to peep out again before long, so semi-barbarous Europeans were forced occasionally to express their emotions by physical turbulence in unison with their natural instincts, but which, because of their dominant idea, always bore a religious meaning. Their restrained feelings found outlets in crusades and mammoth pilgrimages, in inquisitions and persecutions of Jews, and, worse still, in the unparalleled extravagances of nervous epidemics. Europe became one great bedlam, filled to overflowing with prophets who received but too much honor in their own country, and with devil-possession victims. Dervishes did not turn and spin in the sanctuary, but energumens, of whom the Russian Yourodevov are the modern representatives, twisted and writhed at the threshold. There was no priesthood of Cybele; but when Italy was suddenly aroused to a realization of sin, or when Central Europe was terror-stricken with the ravages of the Black Death, there arose, as if by magic, long processions of penitents, seeking to avert wickedness and disease by Corybantic dances and mutual flagellations. They marched from city to city, clothed in sombre penitential garments, their faces masked, and carrying triple iron-pointed scourges, with which they wounded themselves well-nigh unto death, that they might by their example preach the necessity of chastening the body and bringing it into subjection. Troops of men, women, and children fell into the ranks, and

mothers held up their newly born infants to the lashes of the holy brotherhood. Town and country, forest and mountain passes, resounded with their hymns of praise and thanksgiving, and streets and highways were reddened with their blood. And with it all raged unbounded sensuality. There were no Bacchantes to revel in honor of a laughing wine-god, but for two centuries the inhabitants of one half of Europe bounded and jumped with the preternatural energy of madmen in a tragic, devil-inspired dance. High and low, laity and clergy, nobles and peasants, danced in church and market-place, through crowded cities and quiet villages. From far and near they flocked at the sound of trumpet, drum, and bagpipes, garlanded and bedecked as if for a feast, yet bearing the bandages with which, when their fury was at its zenith, they had to swathe themselves, in order to moderate the physical convulsions. Epilepsy, hysteria, agonies as if of death, and only too clear evidence of crime and brutality, to which their frenzy sometimes led, could not daunt the dancers. Neither did they succumb before the powers of medicine and exorcism. Like a great storm, which nothing can stay until all its violence be spent, the dancing mania lasted until exhausted by its very vehemence.

Prayer instead of wine was the inspiring stimulant of new sisterhoods, but it fired them with an intoxication as fierce and intemperate as that of Greek Mænads. The history of the convents during the Middle Ages reads like a canto borrowed from Dante's *Inferno*, interpolated with revelations from a madhouse. Tortures of hellish ingenuity are mingled with humorous freaks, grim as the laugh of an enslaved Caliban. Poor nuns toiling to impossible ideal heights are hurled pitilessly back into very actual depths. Now, in the reaction from spiritual excesses, the sisters of an entire community mew like

cats, bite like dogs, and crow like cocks ; again, they burst into uncontrollable paroxysms of laughter, climb trees with incredible velocity, and vie with each other in gymnastic feats. But beneath this comedy-like surface is the unspeakable tragedy of human minds and hearts unhinged and broken by the terrors of witchcraft and sorcery, and the ever-present dread of incubi and succubi, evils born of too much faith. Terrible as were the imaginary passions of Mænads in the legend of Pentheus, they were surpassed by the reality in the stories of Louis Garfride and Marie de Sains.

These nervous epidemics did not cease with mediævalism, although since that period they have never been so widely spread nor of such long duration. While the Reformation roused religious fervor to fever heat, the general diffusion of ideas and interests resulting from the invention of printing and the revival of learning diverted much of its intensity into mental channels. It was only among the most fanatical that the old evils reappeared. Some of the reformers believed that the time had arrived for the fulfillment of the words of the prophet Joel: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh ; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." The inspiration of the Holy Ghost, which had hitherto been declared the guide of the church, was now supposed to be not only possible, but necessary, to each individual. In place of one Pope, all became equally God's vicegerents. The workings of the Spirit, being supernatural, could not be judged by natural standards, and hence monomaniacs could declare their insane ravings divine revelations, and men and women afflicted with hysteria or epilepsy could proclaim their convulsive actions manifestations of the power of the Holy Ghost, without incurring the charge of insanity or

blasphemy. Phenomena which Catholic fanatics had believed to be signs of diabolical possession were by the new enthusiasts thought to be evidence of the outpouring of the Spirit. Western prophets, unlike Eastern mystics, were physically agitated by their spiritual illumination. The mental equilibrium of Anabaptists, the "bastards of the Reformation," was entirely destroyed by the new freedom, and, like soldiers suddenly let loose in a conquered city, they plunged into an abyss of crime and delirium. Men proclaimed themselves Kings of Sion and Jerusalem, marched naked through the streets, and even to the battle-field, and romped in childish sports that they might be like little children ; the ungodly were tortured, massacred and defrauded ; brothers killed brothers ; strangers were murdered in broad daylight ; and true believers were robbed by a crafty tailor, whose revelations were of a peculiarly practical nature. On the one hand, there was an hysterical extreme, produced by the fasting and prayer of "self-denying spiritual Anabaptists ;" and on the other, the sensual orgies of "Free Brothers," whose Sabbat-like celebrations were, they said, for Christ's sake. And such absurdities and infamies were not only countenanced, but encouraged, because it was imagined that once a man had been illuminated by divine grace he was ever after as infallible as Catholics believe their church to be, and therefore he could do no evil.

In France, belief in the outpouring of the Spirit, aggravated by persecution and ill-treatment, converted the Huguenot inhabitants of Dauphiny, Vivarais, and Cévennes into seers and oracles. Infants of thirteen months from their cradles and gray-headed old men from the very brink of the grave preached and prophesied. Poor half-idiotic shepherds became the Davids of the new revelation, and high-born ladies suddenly awoke to a consciousness of sibylline powers.

So realistic was the popular delusion that women refused to eat for fear of giving offense to the divine Being who abided within them; parties of the faithful, meeting, blew into each other's mouths, that the Holy Ghost might thus be passed from one to another; and troops of prophets and prophetesses marched to battle unarmed, because by the power of their breath, as if by a whirlwind from heaven, they expected to rout the enemy. The inspired were counted by thousands, and the invariable prelude to their prophetic utterances was agonizing physical suffering. "When they were seized by the Spirit," an eye-witness remarked of the Cévennes prophets, "they all of them had fits, some of one kind and some of another, more or less." The controversy aroused by the Jansenist revival of the doctrine of "prevenient grace" coming to a crisis about the time of the death of Abbé Paris, the first report of a miracle worked at his tomb at St. Médard was the signal for the appearance of a new army of prophets and wonder-workers. Royal intervention and parliamentary proclamations could not stay the fierce torrent of religious emotions. Neither was it moderated by the shafts of ridicule.

"De par le roi défense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu!"

was the jesting account of the wits of the day of what actually took place. But when the Convulsionnaires were shut out from St. Médard they crowded into Paris, and for over fifty years their hysterical fanaticism manifested itself, says Hecker, "in more lamentable phenomena than the enlightened spirits of the eighteenth century would be willing to allow."

In England, a few poor illiterate Quakers, with morbid imaginations, who had forsworn whatever little color of pleasure their creed still allowed, but who could not endure its undemonstrative form of worship, announced themselves

the direct inheritors of the supernatural powers of the French prophets. Mother Ann and her followers, instead of being moved at their meetings to the usual placid discourses, were made to shake and tremble like clouds agitated by a mighty wind. To them their actions appeared to be the work of that Spirit which in the latter day was to shake heaven and earth and the nations therein, and which from the time of the Apostles had manifested itself in the elect in unwonted liveliness of prayer. These first involuntary movements were the origin of the Shaker dances; founded, according to the faithful, upon special revelation and justified by various scriptural texts, but which are one of those strange revivals which occur in the history of all development. To-day, that religion is more free from superstition and less emotional than it has ever been, Spiritualists have renewed the primitive belief in the active agency of the spirits of the dead, and Shakers practice the oldest method of religious worship. Shakerism was too crude and subversive of social life to affect the mass of Englishmen, but Methodism appealed to all classes of men. When religion was at its lowest ebb in the eighteenth century, new doctrines arose to animate it with fresh vigor. Wesley and Whitefield, whose oratory was better calculated to stimulate the emotions than the intellect, preached the necessity of rebirth or regeneration by faith alone to miners, farmers, and the hard-working members of society, to whom religion for many years had been but a name. Excitement was thus introduced to lives otherwise dull and eventless, and a sense of dignity communicated to men as destitute of social individuality as bees in a bee-hive or ants in an ant-hill. Moreover, belief in the sensible operations of the Spirit aroused in the individual an unnatural interest in his own emotional states, an evil which is obviated by those creeds which make man's salvation as

dependent upon sacraments and observance of discipline as upon consciousness of sin and change of heart. This subjective doctrine reacted with terrible force upon the nervous systems of people to whom an outlet for feeling in ideational energy was simply an impossibility. During Whitefield's first sermon, fifteen of his hearers were driven mad. "All upon whom God laid his hand," Wesley naively remarked after a successful meeting, "turned either very red or almost black." The record of the progress of a certain phase of Methodism is one of a long series of convulsions, spasms, and agonies of soul, finding vent in screams and groans, or of poor humanity maddened in its attempt to become God-like. That the excitement of this movement never developed into an epidemic as disastrous as that of the Cévennes or of St. Médard was because the ever-increasing rationalism of the age was undermining the old ideas as to the interaction of physical and spiritual forces. From the time of Wesley to the present, there have been many revivals of the nervous phenomena. When the first enthusiasm had somewhat abated, sects of ranters and jumpers sought to counteract the growing indifference. In the early part of this century the inhabitants of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia, during a period of religious agitation, were seized by the "jerks," a contagious nervous disease, not unlike the chorea which attacked the inmates of mediæval convents. The scenes now at camp-meetings, and in some Methodist churches, rival those of the first gatherings around Wesley and Whitefield. These manifestations must survive to a limited extent so long as men with badly balanced minds or nervous temperaments concentrate their thoughts

upon religious belief which does not concern itself with works; or so long as religion is made an excuse for the disposal of surplus emotional energy, as is often the case, for example, with negroes who join Methodist and Baptist congregations, and with whom a chance circumstance will divert the tide of religious fervor into a totally different channel.

While it is of course impossible to know what the future may bring forth, it may be safely predicted that the hysterical extravagances of Manadism will never reappear as epidemics in the civilized Western world. It is a significant fact that the work of the Salvation Army, the great modern revivalists, has not encouraged the convulsive expressions of religious excitement. Leading in a few instances to fanaticism and folly as unfortunate as any excesses in previous ages, it has at least this merit: it requires as proof of conversion total abstinence from drink and tobacco, rather than imaginary sensations and emotions; thus showing a keener appreciation, though to be sure a distorted one, for practical human morality than for unprofitable supernatural phenomena. Even if religion should later become the dominant idea of Europe or America, which seems unlikely from the present secularization of interests, it would not give rise to dancing or prophesying manias. Never again, unless science be completely forgotten, can nervous disorders be attributed to the immediate action of good or evil spirits. Whatever faith the future may evolve, if it be an embodiment of the ideals of the age, its saints and prophets will be those men who, instead of sacrificing their will power, will have developed it to its utmost possibility.¹

Elizabeth Robins.

¹ It is impossible in a short article to give the physiological or pathological causes of ecstasy and delirium in religion. The curious reader may

consult the works of Carpenter, Maudsley, Calmeil, or indeed any of the physiologists of the day who have written on the action of the brain.

PÈRE ANTOINE.

"Yes, Madame la Comtesse," said Monsieur le Curé, a mild glow of enthusiasm lighting up his irregular features, "I have saved five hundred and fifty francs."

M. le Curé had come to make a visit of ceremony at the grand château. Monsieur was scrupulously exact about his visits of ceremony to Madame de Mirouet, the sole remaining representative of the great family in his parish. His deference to madame was perhaps all the more marked because of her misfortunes. The family estates had in great part passed into the hands of strangers; and, in the Franco-Prussian war, her husband and her two sons had given themselves for their country. She was alone in the world now, this stately old lady; but the sense of her own dignity kept her from loneliness. She heard the discussions of her servants concerning the details of her little farm with the same well-bred interest which she had formerly shown in listening to the intrigues of statesmen; and, in her gray alpaca gown, she received the calls of M. le Curé with the same serene grace with which, in her youth, attired in satins and laces, she had entertained a royal duke. She was an impressive old lady, as she sat in a straight-backed chair in the midst of the dignified and shabby magnificence of the grand salon. She seemed to belong to the present no more than did the ancestral portraits on the wall; and one felt that she shared in their stern, though mute, protest against the degeneracy of the times. "The world is indeed in a sad way," thought madame, "in these days, when all the traditions of the noblesse are overthrown. It is a comfort to find here and there a man who has not lost the proper spirit of deference to his superiors;" and she bowed her head with courtly

condescension to the remarks of M. le Curé, who sat before her, a trifle ill at ease, the angles in his lank figure rather displayed than concealed by his shabby soutane.

Poor M. le Curé! Did he remember, as he talked to the faded figure in gray alpaca, a day, forty years ago, — a day when the clear sun of Normandy had shone down on the rose-garden of the château as it was shining this afternoon; and the young girl, gathering roses for her marriage fête, caught sight of a shy boy peeping over the hedge? Did he remember how she had smiled frankly at him, and tossed him a rose with a gay "Good-by, Antoine; you will be a learned man before I see you again;" and how the poor fellow had stammered out his thanks, and run away from the beautiful vision? Had there, perhaps, been a little romance in M. le Curé's life, — a romance none the less pathetic because unknown to the world and hardly acknowledged even to himself? At all events, there were no signs of sentiment visible now in the middle-aged man, with somewhat coarse features and patient face, who sat talking to the shadowy old lady. M. Antoine was thinking far more of his five hundred and fifty francs than of the bright young girl whom a hard destiny had sent back, in her old age, to live, desolate and alone, in her father's house.

"It is a large sum, M. le Curé," said madame.

"Ah, yes, madame, a sum immense, which it has required much patience to save. For two years I have fasted and pinched. I can hardly believe that my long waiting is at last rewarded, and that to-morrow the altar will be mine. Could you but see it!" M. le Curé went on, his monotonous voice trembling with emotion. "The wood is oak, rich and

mellowed by age. The altar must date back to the twelfth century at least; and the carving — ah, we see no such work to-day! At the corners stand as pillars the four Evangelists; the space between is filled with reliefs, but reliefs of a delicacy and richness! They represent the life of the Holy Mother, and are surrounded by mystical symbols. And this gem has lain hidden for years in an obscure Norman town! It was reserved for me, — for me, madame, — to discover it. Fancy my joy as I pictured to myself that I might become the owner of this treasure, and my terror lest some rival should bear it away before I could save the required sum! But no one has discovered it, and our little church will be enriched by a relic unequaled in France.”

As M. le Curé took his leave, and strode home through the gathering dusk, his unwonted excitement died away, and left on his face the placid, dreamy expression which was often interpreted as stupidity. He was, in fact, by no means a clever man. He had disappointed his friends, who had hoped much from the shy, studious boy, by an utter lack of ambition. Yielding to their entreaties, he had studied for a couple of years at Paris; but he felt out of place amid the bustle and glitter of the great city, and after taking orders returned, contented to live and die as priest in his small native village of Crèveœur. Perhaps some early disappointment had taken from him all desire for worldly honor; perhaps a certain fastidiousness of feeling, lying beneath his rough exterior, had caused him to shrink from pushing himself forward. M. Antoine was quite satisfied with the life he had chosen. He was a very happy man this evening, as he strolled home through the lane, sweet with the fragrance of honeysuckle. The evening star was just visible in the west, and the hedgerows were alive with the soft twittering of birds and the fluttering of downy night-moths.

The Angelus was ringing, and in the little village at the foot of the hill a few twinkling lights appeared, one after another. A peasant woman, in white cap and large wooden sabots, dropped a courtesy to M. le Curé as she passed, crooning softly to her baby.

M. Antoine felt as peaceful as the scene. He thought of the little gray church to which he was going, — the church which had been to him what wife and children are to other men; and he was filled with joy as he remembered the beautiful altar that he should soon be able to present to it. His two years in Paris had made him able to appreciate the severe but fine architecture of the church, which the peasants described apologetically, as “old, — very old;” and all his innate love of the beautiful was lavished upon it. The thought never occurred to M. le Curé that his church was not alive. Not alive, when he had lived with it for years, and knew every stone in its gray walls! Not alive! Had he not felt the gratitude of the building for the ivies that he had trained round its porch, and the beautiful wax candles that he burnt within? M. le Curé’s happiest hours were spent in the little church. Often he would rise in the night, and slipping through the tiny garden of the *presbytère*, would let himself into the building, and there the morning would find him, kneeling before the altar. He gained a great reputation for sanctity from these midnight vigils; but I fear that if the truth were told M. le Curé’s religious sense was somewhat vague. He would have been horrified had any one hinted that he was not “*bon Catholique*,” he crossed himself at the mention of a heretic; but in his practical life all the devotion and enthusiasm of his nature went out to the church, which was never cold, never unsympathetic, never uncongenial, — which was always ready to receive confidences, and never needed tiresome explanations. The

adornment of the church was the aim of M. Antoine's life. Already he had gained several prizes, such as a singularly beautiful font for holy water, and some fine brass candlesticks; but never had he dreamed of possessing anything so unique as this twelfth-century altar. He paused, and clasped his hands, and his breath came faster as he thought of the honor which would be done his beloved church.

He did not sleep much that night through excitement, and early the next morning he started for Lisieux, to complete his bargain.

As he was passing through the village, the peasant woman whom he had seen the night before ran out from her house, and stopped him.

"Ah, M. le Curé, what good Providence sends you into the town at this early hour? My little Jeanne is ill, and I was just wishing I could see you. The doctor says she must have nourishing food, soups and jellies, and where is the money to come from?"

M. le Curé hesitated. He entered the house, and all the time that he was uttering the commonplaces of sympathy he was performing a mental calculation. Yes, at least forty francs would be necessary to furnish the sick child with the comforts she needed. Somehow, the money in M. Antoine's pocket seemed very heavy just then. And yet — and yet, forty francs represented at least two months of saving; and in those two months what might not happen?

At that moment, pale little Jeanne opened her eyes, smiled at the curé, and nestled confidingly against the big brown hand which he had laid on her cheek.

M. Antoine coughed, fumbled in his pocket, and drew out a piece of money. "There, Mère Suzanne," said he awkwardly; "with that you can buy some trifles for the child," and hastily taking his leave, to avoid her thanks, he hurried home.

Mère Suzanne found in her hand a five-franc piece. She was overcome with gratitude and delight, for she had seldom so much money in her possession at once. "Ah, the saintly man!" she murmured. "With this I can buy thee soup and meat for several days, my little Jeanne."

M. le Curé went home in a discontented frame of mind. He was cross to old Babette, his housekeeper, when she expressed surprise at his sudden return, and spent the morning pacing up and down the pleached alley in his garden. He put aside without looking at them his five hundred and forty-five francs; he hated the sight of them, and wished them either more or less. If he were to be deprived of the pleasure of buying his altar for the present, he wished that he might at least have the privilege of feeling generous. However, he consoled himself as best he might, and turned his attention to the quickest method of making up the missing five francs.

He succeeded so well that in less than a week he was on his way to Lisieux. This time, nothing happened to interrupt his bargain, and he returned in triumph, with a joyful sense of security. No one could take the altar from him now! He spent most of the ensuing day in preparing the church to receive its new treasure. Poor Babette had to scrub off every speck of dust from the stone floor; and the curé felt quite impatient with two old women in muddy sabots who came in to pray for a few minutes. But at last all was ready. M. Antoine had even tried to adorn the chancel with ivy and sprigs of honeysuckle; and the result, although rather clumsy, served its purpose of affording him pleasure.

Towards evening, the altar arrived. It jarred a little on M. Antoine that two sturdy countrymen in blue blouses should carry it to its place; he would have felt it more suitable had an invi-

ble band of angels gently lowered the altar, while chanting the most solemn of music. However, the work was at last ended, and the countrymen left the church. But he was not yet allowed to enjoy his new possession in peace; it was the hour of vespers, and the peasants, who had heard from Babette the rumor of a new acquisition, came to the church in larger numbers than usual. M. le Curé was not sorry to have, as it were, a little fête in honor of the altar. He had bought six new wax candles when at Lisieux; and now he placed them upon the altar, and lighted them proudly. In the dim twilight, the rich shades of the wood were brought out by the yellow light, and M. le Curé thought the effect even finer than he had anticipated. When service was over and the people had dispersed, he smiled scornfully, as he remembered how old Mère Bichon had muttered that this altar might be very well, but it was nothing to the one at Fleumont, which had a white cloth with gilt fringe, and was ornamented with two large vases of paper flowers. As he left the church, it seemed to him that its gray walls looked more friendly and protecting than ever, and he gave it a friendly nod of understanding, and murmured aloud, "Adieu."

M. Antoine did not return to the altar for several hours; he was an epicure in his pleasures, and liked to enjoy by anticipation. At last, however, when Babette supposed him fast asleep, he stole through the little garden, and entered the church. He walked straight to the altar, with a trembling sense that it might have vanished. But no; as he lighted his wax candles, one after the other, the four Evangelists at the corners grew more and more distinct, and seemed to smile on him. Already he felt that he knew them as friends. The altar was certainly a wonderful piece of work; the candle-light brought out more clearly the delicate, low relief, and

each instant M. le Curé discovered some new beauty. The church had never looked so fair as in this dim light. The honeysuckle in the chancel mingled its odor with that of the incense; behind, the nave stretched away into the darkness; and through the little rose-window at the end there shone a friendly star. M. Antoine fell on his knees, with clasped hands, on the chancel steps. He would have made a fine study for some mediæval saint, as he knelt there in his black robe, the light striking full on his pale, uplifted face. But M. le Curé's meditations were far from religious; what he was feeling was an ecstasy of delight over his new treasure. It seemed to him that he was taking part in a grand service, of which the altar was the central point. Processions of white-robed boys passed, swinging censers; priests in gorgeous robes chanted the mass, and lifted the Host before the adoring crowd; and M. le Curé was there in the midst of it all!

Suddenly, breaking in upon his reverie, came a harsh whisper: "Monsieur! Monsieur Antoine!" The voice came from old Babette, who did not dare to speak aloud.

The curé roused himself, with a sigh. "What is it?" said he, going to the door. "Why do you call me? I am engaged."

Beside Babette stood a dark figure, patting his horse's neck. "Ah, M. le Curé," said the figure. "Old Jean of the Mill is dying, and he bade me tell you to come as quick as you can to administer the last sacraments."

Such calls were not uncommon, but it seemed unjust to M. Antoine that one should have come on this particular night; and I fear that he felt rather indifferent to old Jean's spiritual welfare. However, he mounted his nag, and started on his journey, calling to Babette to extinguish the candles in the church. But the old woman was either too deaf or too sleepy to hear him, and went

straight to bed, muttering crossly to herself.

M. le Curé returned to Crèveceur in the gray dawn of the following morning. He had had a hard night, for old Jean was long about dying, and the scene had worn upon M. Antoine, who was not so young as he had once been. As he rode through the fields in the dewy morning, he tried to think of the peaceful little gray church and the beautiful altar within; but he could not bring them vividly before his mind: the distorted features of the dying man and little Jeanne's pale face insisted on presenting themselves to him. Passing through the village, he was surprised to see several women out, in spite of the early hour; and noticed, with a certain dreamy wonder, that they shook their heads as they looked at him. He did not stop, although one woman started to speak to him; he was in haste to reach his beloved church. Ah! here was the turn in the road where he should first catch a glimpse of its ivy-covered walls. But no, he must be wrong; it was farther on. . . . The church not yet visible? What did it mean? And what was this sound of voices that came to him across the quiet meadows? M. le Curé stopped his horse for an instant, his heart sinking, and then rode furiously on to the presbytère gate.

The church was gone; and in its place were a few ruined walls and a heap of smouldering ashes.

M. le Curé dismounted mechanically, and in spite of the crowd that tried to prevent him walked into the midst of the ruins. A little black object caught his eye, and he stooped and picked it up. It was the head of the Apostle John, which, charred by the fire, had lost its former expression of friendly benevolence, and looked up at M. le Curé with a malevolent grin.

Three weeks later, Babette was standing in the midst of a little group of vil-

lage cronies. They had been talking fast, and were much excited.

"And you say he has never even asked about the fire, Mère Babette?"

"Not a word; and he does not seem to hear, though I tell him again and again how I waked with the smell of smoke, and how I rushed to the church and found that precious altar of his all in a blaze. He does not know that the church is burned. He will sit still for hours, smiling to himself; and then he will go out and stand among the ruins, repeating the service. Madame la Comtesse came to see him this afternoon, and she says" — here the old woman tapped her forehead significantly — "that we must have the doctor from Lisieux."

"Ah, poor man!" murmured the old women. "I wonder whom we shall have in his place;" and, shaking their heads dismally, they separated.

It was even as Babette had hinted. When the doctor came, he said that M. le Curé's mind, already weakened by his monotonous life, had yielded under the influence of the shock. The form which his insanity took was that of living in the past rather than in the present; he might die if he were moved from his familiar surroundings.

So M. le Curé and Babette lived on together, and he was very gentle and submissive to the discipline that she sometimes saw fit to administer: but when her voice grew unusually rasping, he would slip out, and pass through the little garden to the ruins. Sometimes he would poke among the ashes with his stick, a bewildered expression on his face, as if he had lost something; but more often he would stand in his accustomed place, and chant the service solemnly. Sometimes he would fall on his knees, look rapturously at the empty spot where the altar had been, and remain for hours in that position, quite content and happy.

So passed M. le Curé's life. And

there is a new priest in the village of Crèveœur, a burly, red-faced man, who intones the service with a nasal twang; and there is a little church all

freshly whitewashed, and within it an altar covered by a white cloth with gilt fringe, and upon the cloth three large vases of paper flowers.

David a Coit.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME DURING THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

I.

THE foreign tourist now reaches Rome in the comfortable carriage of an express train from Florence or from Naples; he enters the city under an arch opened for the purpose in the walls near the Lateran Gate; he traverses the gardens and vineyards back of the ruined temple of Minerva Medica and the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, and, did he but know it, almost along the line of the far more ancient Servian wall; and he alights in a spacious and incongruously modern station opposite the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, on the plateau of the Viminal and the Esquiline.

Our tourist then takes his seat in an open barouche, drives across the broad piazza, with its beautiful fountain, and turns into the modern avenue of the Via Nazionale: it may be to stop at the large, French-looking Hotel Quirinale, or it may be to drive further on, down into the very heart of the city, passing in front of the stately American church, whose noble Lombard tower rises on the corner of the Via Napoli, — a monument, as the present King of Italy once said that it would be, of American faith in the stability of the Italian kingdom, and especially in the continuance of freedom of worship in the city of Rome.

It is said that when such an innovation as steam traveling was proposed to Pope Gregory XVI., he peremptorily

refused to allow it in the Papal States; adding that were a railroad to come into Rome it would undermine the Papacy. The old Pope was quite right, and wise in his generation, as the event has proved.

Accordingly, when, six and twenty years ago, the writer first visited the Eternal City, he arrived in a little Mediterranean steamer at Civit  Vecchia; waited for hours for permission to disembark; was rowed on shore in a small boat; hired an Italian postilion to drive him, with a friend, up to Rome; and spent some five or six hours on the dreary and desolate road over the Campagna, passing on the way those who drove only a single horse, but obliged to submit to be passed by any one who boasted more horses, or even to lag behind such an one, however slowly he might be moving on.

Early in the month of November, 1859, we were able to go up from Civit  Vecchia to Rome by rail; but we were obliged to leave the train *outside* the city walls, where our passports were closely scrutinized by the police. We were then permitted to enter, in an omnibus, by the Porta Cavalleggeri, and thence to drive along the colonnade of St. Peter's, over the Ponte Sant' Angelo, through the dark and narrow streets, under the oppressive shadows of huge stone palaces with their iron-barred prison windows, to our hotel in the Via Condotti.

If a railroad had indeed been allowed

to come so near the sacred city, in all other things the Vatican stood firm. *Non possumus* was still enthroned upon the seven hills. Pius IX. was in the vigor of his pontificate; Antonelli was in the zenith of his influence and power. It is true that the battles of Magenta and Solferino had been fought in June of that same year; that Milan and Lombardy had been ceded to the Sardinian king. It is true that although the Treaty of Zurich had declared that the dispossessed princes of Central Italy should be reinstated in their former rights, yet there was no provision for carrying this declaration into effect, and Tuscany and the duchies only waited, under the dictatorship of Ricasoli and Farini, for permission to unite themselves with Piedmont and Lombardy. It is true that even the Romagna had, so far, maintained its independence of the Holy See, pending the decisions of a European congress which was soon to meet at Paris, and to which the Italian question had been referred; but, meanwhile, a French army of occupation kept all fear of revolution from the thresholds of St. Peter's. The French bugle daily resounded from the arches of Constantine's Basilica; General Count de Goyon, on the 15th of November, reviewed his troops, some nine thousand strong, and engaged them in battle with an imaginary foe on the Campo Farnesino, beyond the Tiber; and the tall and elegant figure of the Duc de Grammont, the French ambassador, was ever seen on all state occasions in the halls and corridors of the Vatican.

Nevertheless, of all the exciting problems in Italian politics, "the Roman question" was "*la question brulante*." About's trenchant little volume was the politico-literary event of the day. Despite post-office censors and papal police, not a few copies of it had been smuggled into Rome. Wherever people dared discuss public affairs at all they debated whether the French emperor

would be induced by Austria to restore the legations to the Pope; or whether he could be brought by Count Cavour to leave the Romans also free to settle their own future for themselves, or even, as About had proposed, if the temporal power were inevitable, to reduce the inevitable to a minimum, and the temporal papacy to the city and *comarca* of Rome.

Such was the state of Italian politics when the first steps were taken towards the establishment of American services and the organization of an American church.

Protestant worship had for several years been provided for American travelers, from time to time, under the auspices of the American and Foreign Christian Union; and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Alonzo Potter, then Bishop of Pennsylvania, had in the preceding May officiated in the American legation, and administered the rite of confirmation. But now a chaplain of the legation was appointed, with a view to a more settled provision for the religious needs of the Americans in Rome; and since there could be but one organization, an Episcopal church was established, under the protection of the Hon. John P. Stockton, then the minister resident, and with the hearty concurrence of all Protestant Americans in the city, without regard to denominational differences, — Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists uniting with Episcopalians, alike in the steps which were then taken and in the subsequent support of their church.

Such services could be held at that time only within the legation itself, the residence of the minister bringing the premises constructively under the jurisdiction of the American government, so that the papal authorities could take no cognizance of anything done there. The legation was that autumn in the Palazzo Bernini, on the east side of the Corso, between the Via Frattina and

the Via Borgognona, where, opposite a broad flight of marble steps turning to the left, was, and no doubt still is, a large sitting statue of Truth, by Bernini. Here the tourist of a younger generation, who feels a patriotic pride in the noble church on the Via Nazionale, who may also be interested in its earliest beginnings, and who wishes, therefore, to recall "the day of small things," will find a little anteroom, where, on Sunday morning, November 20, 1859, were gathered some forty persons for the opening services. A formal business meeting was held on the 26th, in the private apartment of Mr. Joseph Mozier, Trinità de' Monti, No. 18, at which the protection extended to the congregation by the American minister was gratefully acknowledged, and an organization effected under the name of Grace Church, of which the Hon. Mr. Stockton was appointed senior, and Dr. Fitz-William Sargent junior warden. It is noteworthy that the next morning Cardinal Antonelli told Mr. Stockton what had been done the evening before, as a good-humored intimation that the authorities were watching us.

Shortly after, the legation was removed — and Grace Church, of course, with it — to the Palazzo Simonetti, further up the Corso. In the court, on the ground floor of this palace, a brother of Cardinal Antonelli carried on a profitable banking business. Up the winding staircase, whose open stone balustrade and marble pillars were very fine, week after week, all that winter, the more devout of the Americans in Rome ascended to the chancellerie of the legation, which was transformed every Sunday into a church; while during other days the chancel and the ecclesiastical appointments generally were screened from sight, and the rest of the large room, whose windows looked into the Via Lata, given up to diplomacy. The whole number of Americans in Rome at any one time this winter never quite

reached four hundred: of whom the maximum attendance at our services — all the room would hold — was one hundred and forty.

Under the protection of the legation and of the rectorship of this little congregation, partly of resident Americans, more largely of mere travelers, the opportunity was enjoyed of studying Italian politics, ecclesiastical and secular, — if Italian politics could then, in Rome, ever be regarded as wholly secular, — and of undergoing many experiences, not uninteresting then, but well worthy now, after so great changes, both political and ecclesiastical, of being recalled from the journals and private correspondence of those years.

One of the first incidents of the chapel in this palazzo was strikingly illustrative of the place and times. The Rev. Mr. Heintz, the chaplain of the Prussian embassy, early in December asked for our assistance in a marriage. The groom was a lieutenant in the French army of occupation; the bride, though also French by family and nationality and Roman by birth, was a member of his own spiritual flock and charge, and therefore a Lutheran. He could himself officiate, on such an occasion, only in his own chapel; but *this* marriage could not take place in the Prussian embassy because the parties were French. They could not be married by the French chaplain, a Roman Catholic priest, because the lady, at least, was a Protestant; nor could any one but a Roman Catholic priest officiate in the chapel of that embassy; nor, for the same reason, could she be married by any one anywhere under papal jurisdiction. Could they be married by the American chaplain under the protection of the American flag? Mr. Stockton replied that the ceremony might be performed in the American chapel, if in accordance with American laws, and provided the French ambassador would express in writing a wish to that effect.

The necessary correspondence having taken place, and the parties having been duly instructed concerning the service, on the appointed day the chancellerie was turned into the chapel, the minister resident, consul, and vice-consul, with a few others, attending as American witnesses. The French ambassador and General de Goyon were represented by their respective aides-de-camp. The groom was accompanied by a number of his fellow officers in full uniform, making quite a brilliant gathering; and the bride, by her parents and several friends, as well as by her Prussian pastor. The civil contract had already been signed in the French embassy; the religious services were partly in French, partly in English; and this quasi-international marriage under difficulties was thus happily solemnized to the satisfaction of all concerned.

But the American chaplain at Rome had, that winter, as ever since, much more to do with sorrow and sickness and death than with wedding rejoicings; and there was one day when, amid the wildest saturnalia of the Carnival, he made his way with difficulty through the noisy buffoonery of the crowded streets, from one scene of heart-rending anguish and the bedside of one dying American traveler to that of another. There were five deaths among the Americans in Rome during the season of 1859-60, and three during the following.

As this second season drew near, a renewal of the lease of the apartment in the Palazzo Simonetti was refused to the legation, if heretic worship were to be held there. Mr. Stockton thought, at first, that he might avoid this difficulty by getting some large room elsewhere, and constituting it a part of the legation by placing the American arms over it. But Cardinal Antonelli told him categorically that we could not be permitted to hold our services under any other roof in Rome save that under which the minister resident himself

slept. Thus forced to the alternative of closing the chapel, or making another move, Mr. Stockton — who never spared himself either trouble or expense where the interest of his country folk, or what he held to be his duty to them, was involved — transferred the legation to the Palazzo Lozzano, immediately opposite the Church of San Carlo al Corso. Here, however, it was not the business offices, but the ball-room of the apartment, and therefore of the legation, which alone he had to place at our disposal for a chapel.

The appointments and decorations of this saloon were, as may well be imagined, anything but ecclesiastical. The walls between the marble pilasters were either covered with polished artificial marble, or occupied by large gilt-framed mirrors. Below, along three sides of the room, ran an almost continuous divan, upholstered in yellow damask. On the fourth side the windows looked down into the Corso. The ceiling was divided by the most graceful gilt arabesques into paneled compartments, filled with brilliantly frescoed mythological figures and subjects, of which the central group represented some revelry of the gods. There was around the room a broad frescoed frieze of dancing nymphs and graces. At the further end, between the windows, two carved and gilded tables, of elaborate design and with crimson velvet tops, did duty, the one for the desk and pulpit, the other for an altar; a movable chancel-rail standing in front. However incongruous, however strange a contrast, for instance, to the interior and chancel of the church on the Via Nazionale, yet all this was not without some interesting and primitive associations; for it was probably in just such places that many congregations of early Roman Christians worshiped, in that transition period when they were no longer forced to take refuge in the catacombs, but could not yet build churches, and when they there-

fore gathered, for all religious purposes, in the large halls and festive saloons of the richer members of their brotherhood.

Here no Romans, clerical or lay, dare enter to worship with us, or even to look on in respectful curiosity. On the occasion of our services, two papal gend'armes were stationed at the street *portone* to mark who came. On one occasion, indeed, a young lay attaché of the papal court was seen among us. He was recognized by several of us, who knew him at least by sight or name. His presence there at once excited anxious speculation. Could he be indeed interested to learn something of our worship, and of the religious faith of Protestants, that he should run such a risk of getting himself into serious trouble? How could he have escaped the watch of the police? Or could he, indeed, have come by permission and with due connivance, *as a spy*, to ascertain what we were doing, and what were our heretical ends and aims; or to see if perchance any Roman had been tempted to venture in? It was a grave matter, this young chamberlain's appearance at our service. It transpired, not long afterwards, that he had secured his entrance by the simple expedient of giving a few pauls each to the two Cerberi; and that his mysterious purpose was to gaze upon a fair American who had bewitched him at some late social gathering.

A great war has come and gone for us Americans since those days: the wondrous Italian revolution has at last reached Rome. The successor of Pius IX. regards himself as morally a prisoner in the Vatican; the successor of Victor Emmanuel reigns, the king of a united Italy, from the Quirinal. The

few American residents of Rome who once attended those early services, and who yet remain, and the children of those travelers who visited Rome then, now turn their steps on the Lord's day to very different courts; and many Italians, with none to arrest their purpose, meet with them in a noble temple, — Grace Church is now St. Paul's-within-the-walls, — conspicuous on a broad avenue, which had no existence twenty years ago.

When in 1873 the foundations of St. Paul's Church were about to be laid by the Rev. Dr. Nevin, the present rector, it was necessary, in one place, to dig down through forty feet of accumulated rubbish before the workmen could lay the first stones on solid ground. The strong tower rests on the massive masonry of Servius Tullius. But out of those depths rose the substructure on which the spacious chancel was built up, and the solemn apse. Upon that Servian wall the tower now stands firm, and from its fair open arches the sweet bells chime out on the clear air of Rome their call to prayer. From its lofty apex the cross is revealed against the pure blue sky. Within those courts thousands have worshiped where many thousands more, God willing, will yet follow them.

But whether Americans or Romans, whether from near or from across the seas, little or nothing will they think or know of the walls or of the substructures which lie hidden so far beneath; quite as little of the moral depths to which they had to go, the difficulties with which they had to contend, or the stones which they laid bare, who first began the work, ere anything permanent could be done towards gathering such a congregation of Americans in Rome.

William Chauncy Langdon.

VOLCANO STUDIES.

ON the line of the projected railroad from Guayaquil to Quito there is a little mountain, village which is destined to become the Chamouni of the American continent. Guanarete, or Santa Rita, as the Spaniards call it, forms the summit station of the Cerro de las Playas. For more than ninety miles the Cerro runs parallel to the range of the Central Andes, and opposite Quito, at an elevation of nine thousand feet above the level of the Pacific, the heights of the eastern slope afford a view of the grandest mountain panorama of the western hemisphere. In the east the main chain of the Andes is broken by two gaps that reveal the highlands of the Paramos, the central plateau of the South American Sierras; and the nineteen snow-capped peaks in the north, south, and southwest include the five highest active volcanoes on earth.

A life-insurance bureau might repudiate the policy of an Andes explorer. He may lose his way, and starve to death; he may reach his goal, and freeze to death: but among the volcanoes of Ecuador he will not die of *ennui*. A first-class man-hunter, like Suwaroff, may get expert enough to undertake a battle or a siege as a butcher would take a beef contract, and repeated attacks would case-harden even the garrison of a much-besieged town, but not the defenseless burghers. To passive participants danger can never become a routine business, and against the resistless power of a volcano experience has but rarely forearmed the forewarned.

Nor can scientists ever exhaust the problems of volcano study. The *primum mobile* of plutonic agencies is still a mystery, and the fluctuating theories hardly rival the fitfulness of the phenomena. Besides, every volcano has a system of its own. The Sangay, forty

leagues due east from Guayaquil, has never indulged in vehement eruptions, but has nevertheless afflicted the surrounding country with a greater amount of cinerous deposits than any active or extinct volcano of this continent; excepting, perhaps, that prehistoric monster crater that inundated Southern Oregon with twenty thousand square miles of lava streams. The Sangay works day and night, and with the steadiness of a self-regulating steam-mill. I ascended the peak in 1881, with a party of American engineers, and whenever we rested the dark gray ash-cloud which the north wind drifted toward Cuenca preserved the uniformity of its outline like the ridge of a sharply defined mountain range. As seen from the edge of the main crater, the eruptions seem to come by fits and starts, but the aggregate of the matter ejected in any given minute remains about the same from morning till night. Pauses there are none; a sougling draft, with a heavier puff at intervals of fifteen to twenty seconds. The furnace of the Sangay has three larger and about fifty smaller vents, that discharge an aggregate of at least forty pounds of ashes per second, or fifteen hundred tons on each day of the year.

With two short intermissions this drain upon the resources of Vulcan has continued year after year since the winter of 1728, before which time the mountain was supposed to be an extinct volcano. With two intermissions, I say, for the ash-rain almost ceased in 1812, on the day when the volcano of St. Vincent turned a fertile island into a cinder heap; and in 1842 ceased entirely for two weeks, distinguished only by the *bramidos de vera paz*, the subterranean thunders, which frightened rather than injured the natives of Northern Guatemala. But what changes in the inter-

nal economy of our Mother Earth can have increased her daily expenditure of fuel to the amount represented by those fifteen hundred tons of ashes? If the fuel is burned in a perpetual furnace, how did it dispose of its ashes before it opened the present vent? — for no other mountain ceased smoking when Sangay began. It is the only incessantly active volcano of South America, and perhaps of the whole western hemisphere, since Steller's arctic Stromboli has never been rediscovered. On the western slope of the mountain a few orange-gardeners eke out a living, for winds from the opposite direction are rare; but on the north, east, and south, drift-ashes about the consistency and color of coarse bran flour have covered an area of four hundred square miles; and if the restless mill should continue to grind, the whole valley of Cuenca will ultimately be ruined. In a high wind the ash-cloud above the crater flutters like a banner in a storm, often terminating in curious, ribbon-like shreds, that extend for miles along the horizon, like the smoke-trails in the wake of a Cunard steamer. Vultures sometimes hover at the edge of the cloud, or float along with it in a sort of lazy drift before the wind. "*Se quieren calentar*" (they want to warm themselves), said my Indian guide; but it is more probable that they utilize the ashes for disinfecting purposes, as our barnyard chickens often bespatter themselves with dust.

The Sangay is our Stromboli, and an indispensable complement to the wonders of the New World, though it is a pity that it should display its pyrotechnics in a fertile valley, instead of on a rocky island.

The peak of Pinchincha in the coast range is an intermittent volcano. Ten or twelve times in the course of this century huge fissures in the flank of the cone have opened and discharged torrents of lava; but the main crater emits only a thin smoke-cloud, and now and

then, after weeks of dire birth-throes, a shower of pumice-stones, mingled with a few larger rocks and jets of superheated steam. The crater is subject to chronic obstructions, and serves as an earthquake signal, for almost every seismic tremor is preceded by disturbances in the coast range, the opening of new fissures, and subterranean detonations; the volcano seems to form the top of a kettle that has to vent its steam by an occasional explosion. The vapor eruptions occur about once in five weeks, and when the oven is in full blast its hot breath can be distinctly felt on the Alturas of San Rafael, upon the ridge of the Eastern Andes. The flue must connect with a very deep-seated furnace. The snow on the slope of the peak often melts without any visible increase of the volcanic emanations, and the theory is that air currents of a truly infernal temperature force their way through clefts where the scoria cannot follow. The thermal springs at the foot of the mountain are too scalding hot for medical purposes, and evaporate almost on the spot where they exude from the rocks. But heat and force are convertible terms, and if the scientists of the future should devise means to tap that source of caloric, and store the dynamic elements, the Pinchincha could furnish motive power enough for all the railroads of South America. On the west side of the mountain one lava stream has run for a distance of fourteen English miles, and, judging from its naked surface, seems to be of rather recent origin, though since the arrival of the Spaniards violent eruptions have occurred only (once in eight or nine years) in the form of stone-showers.

The Cotopaxi (El Gran Cerro, "the great mountain," as the natives call it with a sort of devil-worshipping reverence) indulges in even larger pauses, but has the gift of making up for lost time. On the second and third day of June, 1803, the volcano ejected more

than a cubic mile of cinders and burning stones, and the roar accompanying the eruption was perhaps the loudest voice heard on earth since the "dreadful shouting of the gods," during the conflagration of Troy. The rumbling of an earthquake moves along with the cause of the disturbance, like the rush of a storm or the boom of a tidal wave; but the thunder of a volcano reverberates from a fixed centre, and has to transmit its peals by sound-waves, like the report of a cannon-shot. In that way the roars of Cotopaxi were carried to Guayaquil on the sea-coast, and the echo as far as San Juan de Llanos in New Grenada, a distance of *five hundred and sixty English miles*, — the distance from Boston to Petersburg, Va., or from Paris to Copenhagen! A Spanish officer who survived those two days at Paso del Toro, six miles east of the peak, describes the effect of the detonations as *stupefying*, mentally as well as physically. The Indians crouched in their cabins like cowed beasts, and the Creoles ran to and fro in a dazed way, or huddled together in the churches and shops. About four hundred yards below the top of the peak there is an ugly crevice, which in the course of the last century had been almost filled with cinders from the upper vent, though occasional smoke explosions still proved its connection with the subterranean furnace. But in 1803 that hell-gate burst, and the two craters poured forth a volume of flaming scoriæ, which must have amounted to an average of about eighty tons per minute; for on the plateau of Loreto, thirty miles west of the mountain, the ground was covered with a five-inch layer of volcanic ashes, and at the foot of the volcano that stratum varied from fourteen to twenty-eight inches. The lateral crevice has closed again, but the top crater cannot be trusted. It has a way of bursting forth at the most unexpected times, and on many a cloudless night the peasants

of the Quito valley have been awakened by the thunders of the Gran Cerro, or a sudden shower of bituminous stones.

The view from the ridge of Santa Rita comprises two other active volcanoes, the Tunguragua and the Imbabura, the latter (not the Cotopaxi, as some of our geologists have it) being the one that vomited the strange *mé-lange* that deluged the Val de Quito with mud-water and dead fish.

But besides these conspicuous volcanoes the Central Andes contain a large number of hidden craters, which now and then become vicarious to the obstructed vents of the regular chimneys. All Northern Ecuador seems, in fact, to rise from the workshops of Tartarus, and scarcely a day passes that the Titans do not assert their activity in some way or other. Every now and then the stillness of the upper Paramos is broken by the crash of a rock avalanche. The concussions, which, like fever tremors, vibrate through the bones of the mountains, shake down all loose rocks and loosen others, and the highland streams have to force their way through such mountainous heaps of gravel that the rain-floods scarcely suffice to keep their channels open, and many of them, like the Rio Esmeraldas, run for miles below piles of boulders that defy the dislodging ability of the current. These avalanches make the Paramos rather unsafe. The crash of their descent often startles the explorer of the highlands on slopes where neither trees nor cliffs afford a shelter, and where life or death may depend upon a single step. In such moments a herd of Andes cows would be a study for a painter. Swiss cattle would be sure to stampede, but in Ecuador experience has taught them a trick or two. Instead of running away, they stand stock still, and watch the slope with straining eyes. If the cannonade comes down a little to the left or right, they move slowly in the opposite direction; but if it comes

right towards them, they know better than to risk a broadside, and generally manage to save their lives by facing the volley, and trying to dodge the individual bombs. The herder looks out for a tree, and that failing flings himself flat upon the ground; as the larger rocks come down in wide bounds, the odds are that they will not touch him. It is the safest plan; but temerity is as capricious as the code of honor: there are men who would charge a battery rather than touch a snake, while others surround themselves with a whole menagerie of venomous pets, but blanch at the sight of a pocket pistol. Between Loxa and Quito I once followed the example of my traveling companions, two furloughed United States midshipmen, who had got off the stage-coach to help the mules across a steep bluff. We had hardly alighted when the driver had to ply his whip to dodge a stone volley that came crashing through the brambles of the upper slope. It was curious how, even in full trot, the mules pricked up their ears and watched the advent of the volley; but still more amusing was the behavior of the two cadets. They stood bolt upright, and cheered each bomb as if they were standing on the target-beach of Annapolis, while our equatorial fellow travelers were crouching down in the most deferential attitudes. Bodily prostration somehow suggests the idea of self-abasement, but it is all custom.

By the special mercy of Providence the perennial ash-rains of Mount Sangay are cold; but the northern volcanoes often heat the atmosphere with burning cinders, and if a strong wind blows those fire-flies against the plateau of the neighboring highlands the effect is apt to burn itself into the memory of the surprised traveler. It is like passing through the spray of a flaming coal-oil tank, or through a cloud of those tsé-tsé gnats that pierce shirt and jacket; for, like the steel chips of a Bessemer hammer-work, the sparks from the

smithy of Vulcan preserve their caloric for minutes together.

It is probable that volcanoes do not emit *flames*, in the ordinary sense of the word, but the larger specimens of their solid contents often emerge in a state of incandescence that would serve all the purposes of an orthodox Hades. During the eruption of Pinchincha in the winter of 1879, I saw a volcanic boulder go down the eastern slope in wide bounds, but in spite of its velocity setting the brush afire along the whole track of its descent; that is, not only where it struck the ground, but also wherever it dashed through, or over, a tuft of dry grass. A week after the last great outbreak of Imbabura, several fragments of volcanic rocks dug out of a vineyard near Rio Payra were still too hot to be handled with impunity. By a direct contact of a few seconds, a bomb of that sort would fire a Monitor through all its coats of iron.

The two most generally accepted theories about the origin of volcanic agencies are the infiltration and compression explanations. According to the former, sea-water or deep rock springs filter down to the furnace of the central fire, and thus generate rock-rending steam clouds; according to the latter, the gradual contraction of the earth's crust compresses the air of subterranean caves, and forces it up through craters and crevices. But the steam hypothesis is, on the whole, the more plausible one, for the propulsive force of volcanic eruption seems to imply the agency of an actual explosion, or a sudden rupture of a solid obstacle. In deep mines, the collapse of the roof rocks forces out the air in an irresistible, but still gradual, current, while a gas explosion shoots up bodies and truck-wheels, as if from the mouth of a cannon, and motors of that sort alone can account for the artillery feats of the active volcanoes. In 1868 the crater of Arequipa, in Peru, hurled one of its missiles as far as Cañadas,

twelve miles from the *foot* of the mountain ; and four miles nearer, the proprietor of a grain plantation found in his fields a volcanic block, eighteen feet in diameter, whose weight was estimated at eight hundred and fifty tons.

In the coast range, many springs have a way of becoming thermal at short notice, and the simultaneous calefaction of its affluents sometimes heats a whole creek to the steaming point. Eels manage to survive such decoctions, perhaps by the same trick that enables them to defy the droughts of the summer weeks ; but fishes that cannot burrow in the sand have to live above hot-water mark, and are rarely found below the mouth of the treacherous tributaries. Nearly all the creeks of the Rio Bamba district are more or less impregnated with bituminous solutions, besides being heated by intermittent *thermæ*, but the hot-spring region *par excellence*, both in degree and permanence of temperature, is the upper valley of the Rio Esmeraldas, a tropical Yellowstone River in a frame of cyclopean mountain walls, with a fringe of perennial verdure. The emerald mines have been abandoned, but the Val de Esmeraldas continues to deserve its name. It is one of the very few *unspoilable* parks of nature. The cloud-capped ridge of Antisana at once shelters it against the north wind and the cinder showers of the northern volcanoes, and supplies its springs with the drainage of its perpetual snow-fields. And though the crater of Antisana has ceased to excrete volcanic matter, the activity of its furnace asserts itself along the base of the mountain in a long series of geysers and *fumaroles*, or smoke fissures. With this permanent supply of heat and moisture the vegetation of the volcanic hot-house could defy climatic vicissitudes, and does defy the diurnal changes of its elevated habitat. At an altitude of eleven thousand feet, where the night-frosts limit the flora of other valleys to grasses and a few hardy va-

rieties of rhododendron, the soil of the Val de Esmeraldas produces oaks, myrtles, mountain cedars, vines, holly, tiger-lilies, rose bay and buckthorn, as well as a large number of deciduous flowers. All along the dolomite cliffs of the upper valley there are *temblorones*, or tremble rocks, that vibrate under each hammer-stroke of the volcanic Titans ; steam forces its way through the fissures of the cliffs, like a mystery struggling for expression ; the smoke crevices, the hollow sound of each footfall, everything, suggests the idea of a soil where a little digging would reveal strange secrets of the nether world. Between the mouth of the Rio Palomas and the upper limit of arboreal vegetation, the valley is intersected by fourteen or fifteen fumaroles, of which the least would make a New England village the goal of a perennial pilgrimage. The genesis of these clefts resembles the formation of crevices in the ice-bridge of a rising river. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, an earthquake exhibits the phenomena of a lateral concussion ; but whenever it is accompanied by a direct *upheaval*, the result is a rent through the mass of the superincumbent rocks, the permanence of such clefts depending upon the nature of the surface strata. In Lisbon, the gulf that swallowed the Cayo Real, with its six thousand refugees, closed in the next minute by the collapse of its gravelly edges ; while at Messina and in the Val de Esmeraldas, the solid rock testifies to the achievements of a force which, according to Professor McKinney's estimate, has in one instance done the work of three million tons of gunpowder. Miners know that an insufficient charge of blasting-powder often consolidates the surface rocks by wedging them closer together, and that in other cases the explosion expels the tenuous gases through a hardly visible fissure. But in the *barranca* of Peder-nal, at the foot of Antisana, a chasm sixty-five feet wide and four thousand

feet long has been torn through at least three miles of massive rocks, to which depth the walls of the barranca have been fathomed and have sounded solid. Clouds of duu smoke rise in whirls from that hatchway of Tartarus, and the actual depth of the chasm has been estimated at from ten to fifteen miles. Rocks which five men had to move with the aid of leverage have been tumbled over the brink of the abyss, but no human ear has ever heard the termination of their descent. For the upper fifty feet the walls of the gorge are clothed with a mantle of dingy vegetation, a matted tangle of vines, brambles, and pendent mosses. Further down, the naked rocks project in rough cliffs, and in the fissures of these cliffs cluster the only inhabitants of the barranca, drowsy bats, awaiting the fading of their luminous sky-light, and squeaking their protest against untimely interruptions of their slumber. If a stone or a pistol ball dislodges them from their hiding-place, they plunge out of sight, or flutter to and fro along the twilight edge of the nether darkness, while their screams echo up like the cries of the Stympalides from the shores of Orcus. Their dismal dormitory is at least well warmed; besides the smoke clouds, occasional jets of steaming water squirt through the fissures of the barranca, with a hissing noise, as if the safety-valves of the subterranean furnace had opened, or the old Midgard Serpent were tightening her coils. At the head of the gorge, on the north side of the valley, a little mountain brook trickles down over a terrace of moderate steepness, which in the hot season becomes a sort of dry stairway, though Theseus and Pirithous might have declined to enter the nether world by that gate. The river road bridges the successive barrancas at their upper ends, where their width varies from five to fifteen feet. Some of the smaller ones are almost hidden by a cover of tangle-vines, though they all

emit smoke, and most of them a pungent smell of hydrochloric acid. It is a curious fact that people can become habituated to this smell—that is, not only inured to its influence, but fond of it—and use it as a medium of stimulation. In the Rio Bamba district there are caves where the Indians get gas-tipsy, like children in the fumes of a wine-cellar. To non-habituated this smell is as uninviting as coal-gas. Its physiological action resembles that of nitrous oxide in its immediate effect upon the brain and the nerves and the fitful acceleration of the pulse. The after-effect of the wretched tippie is a two days' headache, although its devotees claim that it makes them *previsionado*, "fore-sighted," as my landlord in Las Payras termed it. After a gas spree, one of his Indians dreamed that he saw a boy in the *serape*, or traveling-shawl, of a neighbor's son, but as thin as a shadow. The next week the neighbor's boy failed to return from a hunting-trip, and two months after they found his body, wrapped up in an old shawl, on the Plateau of Dos Peñas, where he had lost his way and starved to death.

The mining hamlet eight miles above the mouth of the Palomas was abandoned during the war of independence, but a trip to the head of the valley is well worth the risk of a night's camp in the ruined *casuchas*. Visitors may try their luck at the old placer diggings, where here and there emeralds are still found in paying quantities, together with agates and obsidian pebbles, ground dingy by friction, but breaking into glass-like pieces of marvelous dark blue, sky-blue, and iridescent hues. Gold, too, was formerly dug from the river-sand; but the mines of Western Brazil have sapped that industry, as the Eldorado of Northern Georgia was blighted by the Californian treasure-troves. Two miles above the ruins the valley narrows into a cañon, where one of the intermittent geysers hisses and bubbles

in the rocks above, and now and then, overboiling its cauldron, splashes down into the river with a peculiar jingling noise, that rings through the basalt cliffs like peals of merry laughter.

Naturalists may study the vegetation of the upper valley and the curious modifications of a tropical flora in the rarefied air of this volcanic conservatory; for instance, the bright colors but diminished size of the bromelia flowers and ground orchids. The cold winds that stunt the vegetation of the eastern slope do not affect the river thickets of the Esmeraldas, though a protracted drought now and then blotches the verdure of the foliage. Under the equator the warm season lasts from March to July, and, *à priori*, the weather should be expected to be as uniform as the length of the days and nights; but after the summer solstice the rain-clouds of the northern woodlands prevail against the siroccos of the southern pampas, and during the following three months often mingle their thunder-showers with the ash-rains of the volcanoes.

Sportsmen may devote a day to the fère of the higher ridges, where ocelots, hill-foxes, and wild dogs find a safe retreat in the rock-chaos of the Paramo. Vicuñas, too, can be stalked on their highland pastures, though they take an amazing deal of killing. Near Salto Yegua the Quito sportsmen once bagged an old buck that bore the marks of five rifle-balls, besides a patchwork of fighting and scraping scars about his neck. The Creoles hunt them the year round, but some of their haunts in the summit of the Andes are so inaccessible that they will never be wholly exterminated.

In a lateral valley of the Esmeraldas is a famous cavern, the *cueva de rugidos*, or murmuring cave, an open grotto with a crevice, where the approach of an earthquake can be heard, or rather felt, like the rumbling of a distant explosion, and, as the natives assert, for hours in advance of the catastrophe. But the

frequency of these murmurings makes their predictive values somewhat doubtful, and for actual eruptions there is a far surer augurium, — the rule of alternation of the different craters. The volcanoes hardly ever work together, but explode by turns; and if the smoke clouds in the west presage wrath to the coast range, the neighbors of Cotopaxi know that their own monster can be relied upon to keep the peace. The two mountain ranges seem, in fact, to form the double roof of an interconnected system of subterranean cauldrons, which can use only one flue at a time; and only during the most violent volcanic paroxysms is the shock of the eruption transmitted across the central valley. At such moments, indeed, the idolaters of elemental force cannot worship their deity at a grander shrine than on the summit ridges in the snow world of the Eastern Andes, where now and then the highlanders have seen the explosions of distant Pinchincha hurling their fire-storm against the western sky, while at the same moment an earth wave shook the solid rocks under their feet.

During the last week of August, 1842, the Rumbling Valley of Northern Guatemala depopulated several villages by its continuous uproars. The noise was frightful and incessant, but, strange to say, the phenomenon seems to have limited itself to an acoustic demonstration. There was no earthquake, nor even an earth tremor, and when the villagers found that the cause of their panic was a *vox, et preterea nihil*, they ventured to return to their homes. The "roars" lasted till September 6th, and ceased as abruptly as they had begun.

Above the head-waters of the Esmeraldas lovers of the sublime may ascend the Paramos by the old Antisana Farmhouse road, and visit the Cerro del Padre, where a sheer precipice of eighty-five hundred feet overhangs the valley of Aguas Negras. Or he may visit the farmhouse itself, the highest human hab-

itation on the globe, eighteen hundred feet above the source of the Esmeraldas, and *thirteen thousand* feet above the level of the Pacific. *Jamotes* (a kind of sweet potatoes), onions, cabbages, apple-trees and currants are cultivated in the stone-walled garden behind the hacienda. The pastures, further up, abound with whortleberries, and in March with a species of larkspur, with buck beans and crocus. Wild-growing bushes of various kinds furnish fuel for culinary purposes, for white frosts are limited to the five hours from one to six A. M. The neighborhood of the equator alone cannot account for this combination of creature comforts with an enormous altitude: it must be the influence of the ever-burning fire underneath, the volcanic furnace radiating its heat through every vein of the great mountain system; for even up here there are several hot springs and one fumarole—a hot-air flue rather than a smoke-vent—in a ravine where the shepherds often pass the night in the open air.

The peak of the volcano rises still six thousand feet higher, and can be ascended when the abnormal freshness of the air is tempered by the rays of the noontide sun; but even from the farmhouse the view transcends the grandest panoramas of the European Alps. That from the top of Mont Blanc, for instance, is but a flat map of the dwarfed surrounding mountain systems, while the bird's-eye view from Antisana is com-

bined with *excelsior* prospects of the still higher summits of the Eastern Andes,—besides the smoke-wreathed dome of Cotopaxi and the apex of the equatorial highlands, the unscaled and unscalable snow-peak of Chimborazo.

From the tavern of Santa Rita the Val de Esmeraldas can be reached in a single day; Sangay and Antisana in two days; in four days the Ophir of the Rio Napo mines, and with a good guide in about the same time the summit of Cotopaxi and the Paramos of the Central Andes. Due west, it is only forty miles to the sea, from where the coast plain stretches in an unbroken line to the north end of the continent, and around to the foot of the isthmus.

That line will be the route of the predicted intercontinental railroad, and if General Eads's broad gauges should prove a success, the tourists of the next century (and, for all we know, of the next decade) will leave Boston on the morning after Christmas, and eat their New Year's dinner where the tree shade shelters them from the rays of a vertical sun, or on the piazza of an international hotel. Even now our winter tourists visit the Eden of the equator in numbers that task the resources of the old Spanish mountain taverns.

The Savoyards, too, may have improved their hotels by that time, but the landlords of Chamouni must spice their pastry well if they would compete with the caterers of Santa Rita.

Horace D. Warner.

KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE—who hath it? Nay, not thou,
Pale student, pondering thy futile lore!
A little space it shall be thine, as now
'Tis his whose funeral passes at thy door:
Last night a clown that scarcely knew to spell—
Now he knows all. O wondrous miracle!

THE MUTILATION OF ANCIENT TEXTS.

MANY a lover of the classics, who has toiled long over a hopelessly corrupt passage of his favorite author, must have found himself extremely perplexed if he attempted to render to his own mind a satisfactory account of the processes by which the depravation of the ancient texts took place. These processes, from the multiplicity of influences which worked together to produce the final result, were so numerous that the task is by no means an easy one.

The first step in departure from accuracy lay in the errors which inevitably attended the transcription of books by hand. That this was the case even in antiquity we have the direct testimony of the ancient authors themselves. Cicero, in two letters to his brother Quintus, speaks of certain works which, he says, are so full of errors that he knows not which way to turn. Aulus Gellius declares the manuscripts of Virgil to have been in a state of confusion in the time of Hadrian; and Strabo, alluding to Aristotle's writings, says that the same fate befell all authors in the hands of scribes who copied them merely for sale. Booksellers, indeed, did not always hold themselves responsible for the accuracy of the works which they furnished, even when they were copied in their own shops, and authors sometimes revised and corrected these as a favor to friends who had purchased them.

Another source of corruption lay in the readiness of pretentious scholars to emend the text, who quite as often, perhaps, emended passages which had come direct from the author's hands. Gellius again speaks of the false and audacious emendators, — *falsi et audaces emendatores*, — and there can be little doubt that the evil was wide-spread. When we remember the treatment that

Paradise Lost received at the hands of Bentley, and recall the way in which Lessing ventured to tinker the text of Pliny in order to prove that Pythagoras Leontinus had left a statue of Philoctetes, we can easily comprehend the ground of Gellius' complaint. It is quite probable, too, that many passages commonly considered spurious or corrupt are merely early draughts, which the author would have revised and polished had he been permitted to carry out his design. This is preëminently true of certain of the works of Aristotle, which are regarded as the roughly sketched plan of treatises that were never elaborated. These rude outlines of the great Stagirite were subsequently filled up by the unscrupulous Apellicon of Teos, and after his death fell into the hands of the Romans, to be copied and sold in the book-stalls of the imperial city. Ovid, it is well known, committed the unfinished manuscript of his *Metamorphoses* to the flames, and the work was preserved only through copies that chanced to be in the hands of his friends. Every school-boy is familiar with the story that Virgil destined his *Æneid* to a similar fate, because he had not time to correct and polish it, *decies ad unguem*. Had he lived to complete the task, it is probable that the blemishes which now mark the work, consisting of "incongruities, gaps, contradictions, errors of memory and calculation," and imperfect lines, — the latter amounting in all to fifty-eight, — would in great part have disappeared. One need only examine fac-similes of manuscripts showing the poems of Milton, Byron, and other great modern writers at various stages of completion, to be convinced how much less perfect their works would have been had they died before their task was done. Double readings

and marginal suggestions would have crept into the text, instances of inferior diction would have abounded, and chaos would have prevailed where now we have some of the most admired passages of English literature. The desire of the two great classical writers mentioned above to burn their unfinished works affords a striking illustration of the fallibility of individuals in judging of the value of their own productions. In the case of each of these authors the poem which by so narrow a chance escaped destruction has proved to be not only the most popular, but in spite of all defects the best and greatest, offspring of his genius that has come down to modern times. How different would be the estimate now formed of them if judged by their other writings alone, there is no need of argument to prove.

It is not surprising that the evils already existing among those who used the classical languages as their mother tongue should have greatly increased in the centuries succeeding antiquity. This was less the case, perhaps, in the Eastern empire, where the love of literature never ceased, and where zeal for the masterpieces of ancient composition never died out. There scholars constantly devoted themselves to the great works of the past, and cultivated persons of all ranks, including even the nobility, frequently employed their time in copying. In the West, however, during almost the entire period of the Middle Ages, the transcription of books was largely in the hands of monks, who used only a corrupt and degraded Latin, and were incapable of appreciating the beauties and requirements of the classical style. By such scholars, old and pure although unfamiliar idioms were probably often rejected as errors, in a blind attempt to emend the ancient language to the corrupt style of later times. This result is well seen in those manuscripts of Herodotus which have passed through many transcriptions, copyists

substituting the common forms of the dialect with which they were familiar for those of Ionic orthography and obsolete words.

In some cases mistakes grew out of the positive ignorance of scribes who did not understand the sense of what they were copying, and therefore had nothing to guide them in making out indistinct chirography. Errors of this kind abound in the manuscripts of Persius, but of course are not limited to him. In other cases, as in the tragedies of Seneca, they arose in the hands of more competent transcribers, who found difficulty in deciphering older codices, and were satisfied if they regained something like the original sense and metre. The difficulty was greatly increased by the numerous abbreviations then in use, those of earlier times being misunderstood and wrongly expanded by subsequent writers.

During the Middle Ages, till nearly the end of the thirteenth century, every period had its own spelling and graphic devices, and even its own Latin grammar, and later copyists frequently found it no easy task to interpret correctly the writing of their predecessors. These abbreviations and ligatures the curious reader will find collected and discussed in the third volume of Tassin's *Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique*. So numerous were the mistakes arising from them that the French government at length passed a decree forbidding their employment in all public documents.

Added to these sources of error was the contempt which large numbers of the secular clergy and religious orders felt for the works of classical literature. The authors were godless heathens, who were already suffering in hell, and therefore could hardly be fit teachers or companions for the saints on earth. But taste for the classics never quite died out. Many minds still rose above the superstition of the age, and listened to the song, the narrative, the wisdom,

of the great poets, historians, and philosophers of Greece and Rome. The kind and amount of labor performed in the cloister depended entirely on the individual tastes and temper of the abbot. If he loved learning he endeavored to awaken the same feeling in his monks, and exacted from them a certain amount of literary work. Most frequently this was limited to religious subjects; yet the classics were not wholly neglected, and the copies which were made and preserved during seven centuries after the fall of the Western empire came in great part from the monasteries. That such labor was often of a merely perfunctory character there can be no doubt, the lack of interest of course increasing the liability to error.

Another source of corruption in the hands of monkish transcribers was the attempt to form expurgated editions of the classical poets by omitting or altering objectionable passages, — a process which is made intelligible when we remember that the same fate has befallen Shakespeare, the prince of poets, in our own day.

The learned Mabillon, in his work on Diplomats, has written at some length to prove that the ancient authors did not suffer in transcriptions made by monks; but it may be said in reply that Tiraboschi, himself a monk, admits such corruption to have taken place, remarking, however, that the historian Sarti rather ungallantly charged it to the copying of manuscripts by the nuns, who, he said, did not possess proper qualifications for the work. Du Cange, under the word *Scriptores*, in his great Glossarium, — a work, it should be remembered, which has been greatly extended and improved by the monks of St. Maur, — expressly says that boys and novices were employed in the important labor of copying, and that a certain amount of work was exacted of them daily. He also quotes Ordericus Vitalis in a precept exhorting the monks not to per-

mit manuscripts to be corrupted by boys, thus showing the evil to have become so common that it required some authoritative utterance on the subject. He cites an old capitulary, which provided that in the transcription of ecclesiastical works only persons of mature age should be employed, — a fact from which we may infer the laxity that prevailed in the case of secular authors. We know, indeed, that all precautions did not preserve even the Scriptures from numerous errors. Origen, Eusebius, Jerome, and, later on, Cassiodorus and Lanfranc, were compelled to collect and compare as many codices as possible, in order to arrive at anything like the correct readings. Classical works surely can have been in no better condition. As early as the sixth century their antiquity and rarity in Italy, the increase of barbarism, and the incompetence of the copyists led the learned to the task of collating and emending texts.

The universality of the evil compels us to believe that the monkish copyists were not exempt. Those corruptions, indeed, which affected the teachings of secular authors are to be traced directly to them. Thus the Sentences of Quintus Sestius Niger, in the hands of the monk Rufinus, received a distinctly Christian coloring. Similarly in the excerpts from Tibullus, which were made from the ninth to the thirteenth century, the text is altered to suit the excerptor. Changes in the diction and amplification of the contents of Solinus are conjectured to have been due to the Scotch monks of Lake Constance. Works which were used as text-books in the mediæval schools suffered severely: owing, in part, to the degradation of style then prevalent; in part, it is probable, to attempts to bring them into harmony with the ethical and religious opinions of the day.

To deny the vast services rendered to literature by the monks and ecclesi-

astics of the Middle Ages would be both foolish and unjust; but while according to them the praise which is their due, the classical scholar cannot fail to see that they were often guilty of great negligence, and of the prejudices natural to their order. The censure commonly heaped upon them because they were not better patrons of secular learning is, however, hardly well considered. The monasteries were only religious houses, and were no more designed to cultivate or perpetuate polite literature than are the churches and charitable institutions of to-day. What the monasteries did in this direction was wholly gratuitous, and for it the world has reason to be thankful. The real ground of complaint against them is that they were not always honest in leaving the works of classical authors as they found them; but this grew out of the different literary ideal of the times, or from a conscientious desire to do for them what we moderns have done in the case of many of our most familiar hymns, which have been altered to suit the doctrines of any sect that chooses to use them. Still it would be wrong to suppose that all the corruptions made during the Middle Ages were due to monastic scholars alone. Secular grammarians existed in Italy till at least the seventh century, and in the East during the entire mediæval period. These, no doubt, exercised the assumed prerogative of their art in working over passages which failed to harmonize with their personal views. Copyists who wrought for hire were also well known, and in their ignorance and incompetency often confused both the words and the sense of the authors that fell into their hands. One person frequently dictated to several such writers at a time, — a fact which would greatly increase the liability to error. This custom is believed not to have prevailed to any great extent in the cloisters, where the rule of silence seems generally to have been observed.

No century, moreover, was free from impostors like the unscrupulous Andreas Darmarius, who corrupted orthography, gave false titles to works, and struck out or inserted passages to suit his pleasure. Notwithstanding this, his transcriptions sold at a high price, and are found in almost all the large libraries of Europe.

The secularization of learning and the almost entire cessation of literary activity in the monasteries during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries placed the copying and care of manuscripts chiefly in the hands of lay scholars. In this movement the initial impulse came from the universities. Although the branches pursued in these institutions were chiefly canon and civil law, medicine and theology, — the study of the classics not having taken deep root till the latter part of the fourteenth century, — the need of trustworthy texts for the thousands of students who congregated there led to the employment of considerable numbers of copyists. These were under the direction of the rectors, or of special censors called *peciarii*; they furnished books at prices fixed by the latter, and were responsible to them for the accuracy of their work. But in spite of all precautions errors were frequent, especially when the copyist left the routine with which he was familiar. The fact that the universities found such a course necessary in order to obtain transcriptions which they would be willing to recommend to their students implies that incompetent persons were already supplying the market with their own inaccurate texts. Over these neither the universities nor any other power exercised the slightest control.

Thus a new industry had sprung into existence, or rather an old industry had undergone a wonderful expansion to meet a new demand. On the revival of humanistic learning, beginning with Petrarch, the study of rhetoric, poetry, philosophy, history, and oratory gradu-

ally came to occupy the attention of Italian scholars, until the enthusiasm for *belles lettres* engaged all the finer intellects of the times. Competent masters of the classics found lucrative positions open to them in the palaces of wealthy citizens, the courts of princes, the offices of chancellors of the republic and secretary of the Roman curia, and also in the capacity of orators, ambassadors, readers, court-poets, and historians. The immense demand thus stimulated for the works of polite literature, as distinguished from law, medicine, and theology, furnished a new field for the activity of transcribers, who of course multiplied rapidly to supply the need. Not only were there local copyists in the various towns, but writers who prided themselves on their elegance and skill went around from city to city and from state to state, copying in the houses of wealthy individuals, and being entertained as guests during their stay. As this movement was to a great extent outside of the universities, the restraints applicable to transcriptions made under their control were no longer available. Thus the last means of maintaining accuracy was swept away, and this important branch of work was left largely in the hands of incompetent and even ignorant persons. Petrarch bitterly lamented the low taste of an age which placed the arts of the kitchen above the culture of the intellect; regretting that no law like that of Constantine now prevailed, which forbade the copying of books except by experienced and skillful writers. Cooks, blacksmiths, farm laborers, weavers, and other artisans, he argued, would not be employed without some test of their capability, but copyists were neither examined nor subjected to any restraint. Whoever could paint on parchment, or form characters with a pen, straightway was accepted as a reputable writer, though devoid of artistic ability, learning, or even intelligence. Correct spelling had long been

lost, but of this he would not complain, if the copyists would write at all what was put into their hands. Their own ignorance might in that case be no less apparent, but the substance at least of the original would be preserved. Cicero, Livy, and especially Pliny, if they could return to earth, would no longer recognize their own works, and the modern author who had entrusted a book to these catch-penny bunglers would not himself know it when it was done. Indeed, after trying more than ten times to have his *De Vita Solitaria* transcribed, he complained in a letter to Boccaccio that he had not been able to obtain in many years a copy of a work which he had written in a few months. Yet for all such wretched work, adds the historian, the copyists were sure of a liberal reward.

From these facts it will readily be seen why, at the time of the Renaissance, calligraphy was so highly prized, and why, as in the case of Niccolo Niccoli, a biographer should deem it no slight praise to say of a scholar that he wrote a beautiful hand. Mercenary copyists, who, it is stated, often did not understand a word of what they wrote, thought only of rapidity, and cared no more for beauty or distinctness than for correctness. The most skillful handwriting, however, tended quite as little to secure trustworthiness of text, the rage for elegance overshadowing all else. Connoisseurs prided themselves on their libraries of ornately written books, and often paid but slight attention to accuracy, if they could only secure beauty. This was the case with the well-known collection made for King Matthias Corvinus at Florence in the latter half of the fifteenth century, the real value of which was by no means commensurate with the money expended in securing it.

The readiness to emend the texts of ancient authors seems never to have ceased from the times of the Greeks and Romans onward. St. Jerome la-

ments the incompetence of the notaries and the carelessness of the copyists, who write not what they find, but what they understand; and while they seek to correct the errors of others succeed only in making greater of their own. "It surpasses all understanding," says Ebert, "how arbitrary a license was exercised in the Middle Ages in changing, augmenting, and at times completely transforming the ancient writers, especially the historians." Criticism, as now understood, was unknown, and the most puerile judgments passed for profound scholarship. The plain meaning of authors was often not so much as suspected, and, in order to make their language conform to the interpretations of bungling commentators, it was changed to forms which the original writers would scarcely have comprehended.

Coluccio Salutato speaks of the extent to which, at the end of the fourteenth century, codices were corrupted and spoiled through ignorance and carelessness, through the presumption of those who were eager to better that which they themselves did not understand, through the unscrupulousness of others who purposely altered the text to introduce into it their own opinions, and through the caprice of certain teachers who would have the ancient authors speak in any way that best suited their whims. In many cases changes started merely as suggested readings. These were sometimes written in the margin, but frequently, in the case of both poetry and prose, as interlinear notes. In subsequent transcriptions by less competent or less principled copyists, such annotations were often incorporated in the text, or were accepted as the correct readings, lines or sentences of the original being stricken out, and these being substituted instead. Sometimes the scribe even carried his ignoble task so far as to cast these glosses into metre, in order to make them fit the text of poems.

The imperfect state of many manuscripts when discovered increased this unfortunate tendency. After the lapse of centuries the ancient codices were in many cases worm-eaten or defective, parts having been torn out or defaced, and rendered illegible by dust and neglect. These gaps or *lacunæ* in the text were often filled up by scholars eager to show their familiarity with the subject of which the author wrote, or their skill in catching his spirit and imitating his style.

In this way Lionardo Bruni undertook to restore the second Decade of Livy in a compilation entitled *De Primo Bello Punico*. Similarly, Gasparino da Barzizza attempted to supply the deficiencies of Cicero's *De Oratore*, which up to that time had existed only in a mutilated condition; but although the work is said to have been well done, it was rendered superfluous by the discovery of the entire treatise at Lodi about 1425. A similar attempt, in the case of Quintilian's *Institutions*, came to naught from the finding of a complete manuscript of that author at St. Gall. At the present day such efforts would be regarded only as the dilettante trifling of a man of elegant leisure, but then they were eagerly caught up by copyists and booksellers, who, unwilling to issue defective editions, were not scrupulous about the means employed to fill out the text. A still more culpable course was pursued by unprincipled rhetoricians, who are said to have introduced whole passages into the works of the ancient orators, in order to secure stronger declamatory effects.

It is probably true, as Heeren and Ebert have stated, that the corruption of ancient literature took place chiefly in the latter half of the century preceding the discovery of printing. We have seen, however, that the process began among the ancients themselves, and did not cease during the entire period of the Middle Ages. These facts must be

borne in mind to prevent their statement from being understood in too sweeping a sense. The establishment of the printing-press about the middle

of the fifteenth century at length gave to literature a fixed and permanent form, and with this great event the work of corruption ceased.

William S. Liscomb.

AMIABILITY: A PHILOSOPHICAL TRAGEDY.

SCENE: *The morning-room at Miss MAYBERY'S. That young lady is seated in an arm-chair R. manipulating a large fan. Opposite to her, with his eyes fixed indolently upon the vista of the garden seen through the open windows, is sitting MR. NORMAN RUTGERS. A pause in the conversation has somehow occurred.*

Miss M. (*looking up smilingly*). Well?

Mr. R. (*starting and returning the smile*). I beg your pardon! You see that is the worst of feeling one's self so confirmedly at ease with an old friend, Emily. When a man is wooed by a meditative moment he succumbs to it without a struggle.

Miss M. No, not the *worst* of — shall I call it our predicament? A good many men, not invariably sensitive, have thought that the privilege of listening to wholesome truths about themselves from the old friend's lips was a severe handicap on the relationship. But don't look about for your hat, Norman. I don't see you often enough nowadays not to forget your faults when I do. (I wonder if it is n't a pity that I ever saw them so distinctly.) Come, tell me what Roman thought was wrinkling your forehead so speculatively just now. Your brow looked like a bar of music, — the minor chord of a weighty cogitation sprawled all over it.

Mr. R. Thanks: your simile flatters. As it happens, however, I was only recollecting that Jack Flagler promised to ride with me after luncheon, but sent me word that his wife was in her room with such a preciously severe specimen of those periodical headaches of hers

that he thought that he must stay at home — for once. And then I went on to remember, for the five hundredth time, what an unsymmetrical pair those two are, Emily, — how contrasted. I never see Jack but that I fume.

Miss M. (*dryly*). It's very good of you to take the trouble. Why, please?

Mr. R. Why? Think of Jack — handsome, clever, attractive fellow, a man liked by every woman or other man directly he is met — mated for life to a girl like Janet Rainsworth. (*He rises and stands on the rug, leaning upon the chimney-piece.*)

Miss M. (*regarding him, not without admiration, as the attitude is one which becomes him capitally*). You are very fond of your friends, Norman, are you not? In fact, it's an idiosyncrasy which ought to be numbered among the best. But let me tell you that Janet, whom I have always known better and more fairly judged than you, may possibly be denied her share of compassion, on account of this marriage. In fact, I am sure she is. Oh, no; don't look at me in that bewildered fashion. You are prejudiced; but reasonable in most arguments.

Mr. R. Heavens, Emily! Janet Flagler denied her share of compassion! And wherefore due her? She is one of the luckiest women who ever breathed! Think of it! Once a beauty, but faded by the time she reached four and twenty; wearied of society because she had ever lacked the charm to win her success in it; increasingly an invalid, so much so that her great wealth brought

no enjoyment with it, she loved and (dare we suggest anything else, since he has married her?) was loved by the most popular and charming fellow of our set. Himself vigorous and full of life; possessed of that perfect tact which enabled him to adapt himself admirably to any social surroundings; above all, endowed with the sunniest and most unfailing amiability — why, Emily, the fact that Jack Flagler is to-day what he was before he married that serious schoolmate of yours is enough to make his character “stick fiery off” forever. There! I’m out of breath! (*Subsides into his seat, rather ashamed of his own warmth.*)

MISS M. “The sunniest and most unfailing amiability.” Ah, my good Norman, finish that sentence. Finish it with “and therefore, one of the most completely and delightfully selfish of men with whom it is a wife’s lot to be brought into daily contact.” Poor Janet! Small wonder that she has grown languid, and jaded, and faded!

MR. R. (*indignantly*). Upon my word, Emily, one would fancy that amiability were tantamount to selfishness; that, arguing from Jack, the more a mortal is distinguished for the first quality, the more inevitably the second marks him for its own.

MISS M. Precisely. My dear Norman, selfishness is not necessarily aggressive. The worst phase of it, to my mind, is the passive, the nearly passive. Just this phase is it that stamps your “unfailingly amiable” men indelibly. It is quite as masterful in its way as that manifestation of it which prompts one child to snatch a toy from another, or to refuse to surrender it. Amiability refuses to surrender itself — to any unpleasant emotion. Your Jack Flaglers never stint their wives’ pockets, nor scant their wardrobes, that my lord may have more money for cigars or cordials. Not at all. They content themselves with slipping beyond the little range of

all which daily wearies, perplexes, ruffles, the Janet Rainsworths. They smilingly decline to be troubled with these things. A good deal of the time they are unconscious of their effort to maintain such a course. Their amiability is become overwrapping, habitual, an armament *cap-a-pié*, which, finally, little can pierce! (*Miss M., who has been speaking very fast, and as if from some internal grievance, here stops, with a meaning look into Mr. Rutger’s slightly annoyed countenance, bites her lips, and taps her wrist with her fan.*)

MR. R. Really, Emily, you are still as casuistic as ever, — as you used to be on one or two other questions (*looking intelligently at her*) which I have had the honor to discuss with you. You know that I have always said that you missed your vocation. You should have been the great American female lawyer. You should have written A System of Social Philosophy, by Miss Emily Arnold Mayberry, instead of —

MISS M. Instead of — (Yes, I have piqued him. I may draw this other portrait for the Flagler gallery still more recognizably before our talk is over, — a portrait with every lineament of which my eyes have so long been familiar. How handsome he always looks when he is really interested over anything!)

MR. R. (*laughing*). — Instead of simply existing as altogether too wise, too charming a woman for your old friends’ peace of heart.

MISS M. (*with slightly satirical accent*). For the pieces of heart of one of my old friends, you mean? Ah! But no diverging. We enter upon a whole avenue of difference, I see. I feel an unmistakable belligerence. (He always provokes it in me, nowadays. It all rises from this tedious, this childish protest of heart against judgment, — the old battle. Pshaw!) I repeat it, Norman. Your Jack Flaglers are apt to reach a kind of dead-centre of good-

nature, from which delightful equipoise it is hard to throw them off. The man or woman, standing beside them, who is pricked by the thousand pins and needles of life's every four and twenty hours, is forced at last to admit with a sigh that to turn in their direction for sympathy is a waste. Their nearness aggravates this fact. If the process of perfecting the amiability be not complete, if there be merely more or less admirable capital in hand for it to increase from, why, then there is a gentle act of repulsion on the amiable person's part toward the comer. If the process be complete, there is next to none. Ah, Norman, a curious life, a sad life, must the woman lead who is supposed to be happy in the possession of not a comparatively, but a perfectly amiable man for her liege lord!

MR. R. (*uneasily*). Ha, ha, Emily! Really, you amuse me. According to you, there ought to be no effort to acquire smoothness and sweetness and suavity of temper in this irritable and fussy world. It is a moral descent, a peril to be shunned. Surely, you will not urge that amiability is *always* associated in individuals with the most disagreeable characteristic of all. I really don't know what you will be laying down next, though!

MISS M. Ah, my friend Norman, it is the exception which proves the rule. Exceptions there are, indeed, praise be thanked! but we seem to find them white-haired, — our mothers and fathers, our grandmothers and grandfathers. Is not that deep-rooted peace, that tranquil spirit, of old age usually united with a great indifference to exactly those trifles which so stimulate, so exhaust, our younger mental energies? Age is rarely stirred by preferences. It has a single great thought upon which to reflect. Life has become a *diminuendo*.

MR. R. (I shall probably receive a charge upon my right wing, direct; but here goes!) Look here, Emily. I

know a man, let us suppose. Let us also suppose him young, with zest for life, with few responsibilities of it to hamper him and plenty of advantages for enjoying it. He makes friends with ease, especially friends of his own sex. (*Here Miss Mayberry's face exhibits a faint smile, as if perceiving the speaker's aim.*) Furthermore, he likes a somewhat plentiful assortment of the latter about him as he journeys through this vale of perplexities. But — mark me! — while he chooses this man's companionship for, in a minor degree, this virtue, and that man's for that, one thing he exacts from each of them, primarily and positively, as the passport to his regard and his intimacy. The possession of wit, social rank, wealth, reputation, generosity, truth, matters not, unless this one thing be of their very essence. This one thing is an amiable, companionable disposition.

MISS M. Excuse me, Norman, but I really think you'd better talk about yourself, without bothering over a disguise. Continue.

MR. R. (*reddening perceptibly, but going on hurriedly*). All right; only wait till I have finished. Where was I? Oh, well, I — this fellow, that is — we get this sort of set around us. The dozen or so included within it see one another daily. Wherever I look I see the reflection of one general and attractive type of mankind varied only by minor expressions of individuality. Now surely you see that being thus alongside each other so constantly, making test of our personalities by the hundred petty accidents of intimacy, it is simply impossible that we should be what your view of our distinguishing characteristic declares us, — the most completely selfish coterie of human beings imaginable. Our clique could not hold together a day. To oblige, to help in any emergency, small or great —

MISS M. Stop! I anticipate your argument. You are about to say that

you know each other too thoroughly not to have continually encountered mutual selfishness, did it so pervade your clique. The answer is easy. You all instinctively — not by any deliberate or rapid process of reasoning, but instinctively — avoid, in your daily intercourse, friction upon just those sensitive points of your respective characters which would at once reveal to you each other's actual personality — selfishness. Without realizing it, you intuitively slip past, you recoil, you glide, — often by a narrow escape, — from what would suddenly develop the exercise of your pleasant friends' latent disagreeableness. I describe the act as intuitive, yet in some part it is the result of that insight and education which your friendship has given you. Nevertheless, you do not realize that you avoid; and thus is perpetuated the amiability of this precious galaxy of good tempers, *in sæcula seculorum*. Amen.

MR. R. (*laughing*). Very nicely managed, Emily, very, upon my word! — for a woman.

MISS M. (*with a little burst of indignation which hints that her interest in the topic has now ceased to be purely pro argumento*). For a woman! Norman! I'm ashamed of you! (*The fan begins to oscillate actively again. Pause.*)

MR. R. (How she always drives me up into a corner, does n't she! To't again.) Well, I won't deny that I could n't have done half so well myself. But look here, for another view of the question from a fresh stand-point. Do you remember — nonsense, of course you do! — those pleasant five years which preceded the marriage of Chauncey your brother? Very well. During each of those five years, Emily, Chauncey Mayberry and I were together, day and night. I sometimes think that we two were as ideally intimate a pair of men as have ever drawn breath. We walked, we traveled, we ate, we drank, we lived and slept, to-

gether three fourths of our time. If Chauncey was called out of town, I shut my own rooms and went somewhere myself. You and he always came down to the Bay in June, and I spent the other half of the summer with your people. (*Miss M. sighs rather profoundly.*) It is impossible that any mortal except one who had entered into existence in the same hour with Chauncey, or shared his home with him, could know him more *au fond*, see him in more varied lights, than I do — or did. Now, Emily, I chose and strove to keep Chauncey for my friend, and liked him primarily because of the true answer which his nature rang to this watchword of mine, — amiability. I never saw Chauncey irritated at trifles. I never found it possible to wrangle with him. We never had a difference. If the subject for one cropped up, Chauncey was, I am sure, more prompt than I to give way, to compromise. Emily, do you mean to tell me that throughout all those years of association I never discovered Chauncey's real nature? Measured by his most ample endowment of disposition, that nature must have been a consummate selfishness toward others, at times when I was not at his side. Be careful, Emily; and (*laughing*) remember that Chauncey is married and lives in Brooklyn. *De mortuis nil!* (*Another short silence ensues.*)

MISS M. (*who, while Mr. R. has been speaking, has been lost in retrospect*). I will be cautious, Norman, and honest as well. I can only reply to you by again asserting what I have called the theory of "intuitive avoidance," betwixt amiable friends; by reminding you that there can be between man and man, as well as between man and woman, a regard so great that, as if by a miraculous blindness, the most glaring fault is not perceived; and last, by calling your attention to your leaving a much larger loophole than you may think, when you admit in this proposition that you did

not, during any stage of your remarkable intimacy with my brother, actually live a single year uninterruptedly with him to note how he experienced just those trivial or graver accidents which are inseparable from family life. These, more than a decade of dining and supping and boating and hours at the Club, make the sister know the brother, the parent the child. Let me tell you, Norman, — and I need not say it with a grain of unkindness — Chauncey was a man who at home was marvelously pleased in having his own way; and he commonly succeeded in having it.

MR. R. (*a trifle slyly*). In spite of the — proportionate amiability of his — sister?

MISS M. Certainly. She has a dim recollection of sundry struggles, none the less keen because mouth and eyes smiled quite uncloudedly all through. I cannot but remember that Chauncey it was, Norman, who on such occasions triumphed gloriously, albeit without a sharp word or an after-boast. There was a certain gentle insistence, a certain sportive compulsion — (*She stops thoughtfully*.)

MR. R. (*not without a trace of annoyance*). Well, I compliment you on your confidence in familiarizing yourself with character. To be sure, it is rather extraordinary that, after chumming as we did forever and a day, I should be coolly informed that I have had so imperfect a cognizance of my best friend's heart; but that is neither here nor there, I suppose. I used to regret that I was not cast more in Chauncey's mould. Perhaps I should have been only more grateful that I was so far behind him in finding life's ways those of pleasantness, and the paths which Chauncey and I trod with our light-hearted company those of peace.

MISS M. To my mind, a friendship founded upon mutual amiability is the one great refutation of — (Some wicked spirit seems positively to goad me

on this morning! He will never forgive me, and I ought not to care if he does n't!) — of the doctrine that opposite natures attract.

MR. R. The presence of the one characteristic arguing a *pro rata* degree of the other? Ah, I see. Thank you. (*Looks Miss M. in the face with entire good humor, and as she bows her head a little maliciously he laughs. Miss M. does likewise. After which brief refreshment they return to the more abstract discussion of the subject.*)

MISS M. One question more. Granting that you, for example, are the proud gem, the lieutenant, of exactly so charming a congeries of unruffled, unwilling-to-be-ruffled souls as you described a few moments ago. Some of them you must count as more nearly attached to you than the rest, I dare say; but nevertheless the predominating degree of fellowship among so considerable a group must be merely pleasant and intimate acquaintanceship. You would not be likely to grapple so many to your soul with hooks of steel! I should hope not. You follow me?

MR. R. Yes, go on; I am interested.

MISS M. Let us then imagine that you all at once find yourself in a position where you suddenly glance about for some one's arm to lean upon. You need help. I don't necessarily mean by that help mere money; in fact, I will say I don't mean it at all. Let it be merely that some one should stand the brunt of strong, unjust social disapproval with you, for his sympathy's sake. On your word as an intelligent man, Norman, and a remarkably candid one, would you turn to any of these adult and gilded cherubs, fully, unhesitatingly reckoning upon the support of one of them through your adversity? Remember it is not of your larger, general social world of which I speak. That would make my proposition a very, very stale one; for that "all society is selfish" has been admitted since the

days of Greek and Roman philosophy. These are your chosen few, whom you at least call friends. Answer me. Would you, or would you not?

MR. R. (*after a considerable hesitation*). Yes — no. The fact is I can hardly tell how to treat them and your interrogatory with perfect justice. Yet I do not believe I can do so unless I answer no. And furthermore, Emily (*with increasing animation*), I should turn myself, at once, picking him out from all the rest, absolutely depending upon him to go with me to any length, were the cause for which I stood right or wrong, toward the one man with whom not one of what you call our “coterie of cherubs” save myself has ever been able to keep up an intimacy, a man whom we all have respected, but whose hard, steel-like nature has ever prevented his more than impinging upon our little clique. Of this one man’s support, generosity and stick-fastness in any hour, under any contingencies, I am more certain than I am that the sun shines this moment over yonder lawn! Ay, upon W—— I could hang all my faith, no matter if mountains were crumbling about me. (*With a sudden thrill of enthusiasm.*) See, see, Emily, how I surrender at the thought of him, — surrender to the truth of your whole proposition! The coincidence overpowers my defense.

MISS M. Bravo, bravo! Ah, truly one example is worth a million precepts; especially when it contrives to thrill these sluggish mortal hearts of ours, Norman. (And how much of a heart you have, after all!) Nevertheless do not fancy that I would build upon your coincidence a theory that the majority of disagreeable people in this world — the man with the nasty temper, the woman with the peevish spirit — are sure to be generous and self-sacrificing in a stated emergency. I wish I could. But I do maintain that the proportion of disinterestedness in such as a class

(largely through an overplus in particular individuals) aggregates more than in the smiling-eyed, smooth-browed fraternity — and sorosis, if you prefer to particularize.

MR. R. Yes, I was going to say that I hoped you used the word “men” inclusively. It has been said that women as a species are more amiable, —

MISS M. And, as a species, men more selfish: so I believe. You see how admirably I make the faults homogeneous. (*She pauses: then adds slowly.*) I have heard of women marrying drunkards, hoping, expecting, to reform them after marriage. I have heard of women who, knowing that their lovers might some day throw down upon the gaming-table the wedding-rings they had just bought, yet walked with such men up to the altar and were married to them, reliant on the exorcism of wifely love and domestic calm. Ah, I deem her not less a fool, a fool of the first water, who, knowing the man whom she loves to be thoroughly and irremediably selfish, gives her hand to him and links her life to his, expecting happiness!

MR. R. (*deliberately*). It strikes me you — exaggerate — you are misled most oddly by your imagination, Emily.

MISS M. I? (*Smiling bitterly, and looking directly at Mr. R.*) Not so, Norman. And all the worse, the more heinous her sin, if she knows that she herself is an amiable and a selfish woman.

(*Mr. R. leans his head between his palms and looks at the rug. Evidently he is growing a wiser man than he was an hour earlier. He scarcely knows how to break the silence, yet he would do so. Miss M. also is studying the carpet in momentary abstraction.*)

MR. R. (*hesitatingly*). It strikes me, Emily — that you speak — as if a case of this peculiar character — (*He looks up with a frown.*)

MISS M. (*meeting his eyes courageously*). I have known such. I once

knew a woman who cared for a man, and whose conviction of the truth of this very argument of mine was so strong that it stood between herself and him forever. As I think of her now, I can see that she must have been a strange girl; but then she could not help that, and she luckily never appeared so odd to others as to her secret self. A little morbid? Yes, and doubtless increasingly so as she grew older. He attracted her. He had many good traits; but she had grown up with him, and she knew him to be a (*with a forced laugh*) — well, a kind of charming sublimation of selfishness. He always fancied her; and she — she fought him, quietly, determinedly, year by year, from her. She knew that she would have hard work to answer him point-blank; she feared her own strength to do so. So she battled unceasingly, and the point never came bluntly to issue. And all the time she had her doubts; her spirit was weary and longing, and cried out against her unwomanly course. But she held to her philosophy, and in the desperate and cruel struggle of her theory and her reason against the passion of her youth she won (*here Miss Mayberry's voice, which has been low and yet unflinching during the whole of this confession, sinks still lower as she adds*) — won, perhaps at the price of her happiness, for which she believed it must be maintained.

(*Here a complete pause naturally ensues. Finally, with an effort at sarcastic raillery, Mr. Rutgers raises his head and says.*) It is unfortunate that any girl should be cursed with a mind of so morbid and generally obnoxious a sort. (Ah, I see this morning what I never have understood before, — never. She has held the mirror up to nature with a vengeance! Confound it all! What an ass I have been!)

Miss M. (*recovering her self-control and speaking flippantly*). Yes, a shockingly unfortunate thing. But come;

how hideously solemn we have both grown! One might really suppose we had known two such people. I dare say that you are horrified to hear me lecture so unequivocally. It's a talent. Why, Norman, you're not angry at anything I've said, are you? (*Miss M. realizes just here that she had best be cautious, since she herself is in a rather dangerously hysterical condition.*)

MR. R. Angry? No, of course I'm not. (Yes, yes, I understand. She has managed it wonderfully well, too. It would have been a blunt thing to hear, and I should have bored her to death with fighting such a point; at least, I would have, two years ago. But now — well, now it's different, I suppose.) You argue as well as ever, Emily. In fact (*looking gravely at her*), — in fact you've afforded me such considerable food for meditation that I believe I'll go off and think about it. (*He shoves his chair back, rises, and goes for the hat and stick which are reposing on the sofa.*)

Miss M. (Think about it! — as I have all these years. But I see he understands. Ah, why could I not have said less! This unlucky morning! No — no — it's much better so. It had better have been this way than the other.) Well, good-by, then, Norman. I won't keep you, for Andrew will be chafing already at my not getting down to the green-house. (*She puts out her hand with charming frankness, and says, smiling, having by the time quite recovered herself.*) Good-by, — Norman, most amiable of my friends.

MR. R. (*bitterly*). Thank you. The same to you. Good-morning.

[*Miss Mayberry turns away with a deep sigh, and dropping his hand passes out of the door. Mr. R. stops before making his exit by the open French-window, looks at her retreating back with a melancholy air, — and then gives a short, hard laugh and disappears on the piazza.*]

Edward Irenæus Stevenson.

HISTORIC NOTES OF LIFE AND LETTERS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE ancient manners were giving way. There grew a certain tenderness on the people, not before remarked. Children had been repressed and kept in the background; now they were considered, cosseted and pampered. I recall the remark of a witty physician who remembered the hardships of his own youth; he said, "It was a misfortune to have been born when children were nothing, and to live till men were nothing."

There are always two parties, the party of the Past and the party of the Future; the Establishment and the Movement. At times, the resistance is reanimated; the schism runs under the world, and appears in Literature, Philosophy, Church, State, and social customs. It is not easy to date these eras of activity with any precision, but in this region one made itself remarked, say, in 1820 and the twenty years following.

It seemed a war between intellect and affection; a crack in nature, which split every church in Christendom into Papal and Protestant, Calvinism into Old and New schools, Quakerism into Old and New; brought new divisions in politics, as the new conscience touching temperance and slavery. The key to the period appeared to be that the mind had become aware of itself. Men grew reflective and intellectual. There was a new consciousness. The former generations acted under the belief that a shining social prosperity was the beatitude of man, and sacrificed uniformly the citizen to the State. The modern mind believed that the nation existed for the individual, for the guardianship and education of every man. This idea, roughly written in revolutions and national movements, in the mind of the

philosopher had far more precision; the individual is the world.

This perception is a sword such as was never drawn before. It divides and detaches bone and marrow, soul and body; yea, almost the man from himself. It is the age of severance, of dissociation, of freedom, of analysis, of detachment. Every man for himself. The public speaker disclaims speaking for any other; he answers only for himself. The social sentiments are weak; the sentiment of patriotism is weak; veneration is low; the natural affections feebler than they were. People grow philosophical about native land and parents and relations. There is an universal resistance to ties and ligaments once supposed essential to civil society. The new race is stiff, heady and rebellious; they are fanatics in freedom; they hate tolls, taxes, turnpikes, banks, hierarchies, governors; almost the laws. They have a neck of unspeakable tenderness; it winces at a hair. They rebel against theological as against political dogmas; against mediation, or saints, or any nobility in the unseen.

The age tends to solitude. The association of the time is accidental and momentary and hypocritical, the detachment intrinsic and progressive. The association is for power, merely, — for means; the end being the enlargement and independency of the individual. Anciently, society was in the course of things. There was a Sacred Band, a Theban Phalanx. There can be none now. College classes, military corps, or trades-unions may fancy themselves indissoluble for a moment, over their wine; but it is a painted hoop, and has no girth. The age of arithmetic and of criticism has set in. The structures of old faith in every department of society

a few centuries have sufficed to destroy. Astrology, magic, palmistry, are long gone. The very last ghost is laid. Demonology is on its last legs. Prerogative, government, goes to pieces day by day. Europe is strewn with wrecks; a constitution once a week. In social manners and morals the revolution is just as evident. In the law courts, crimes of fraud have taken the place of crimes of force. The stockholder has stepped into the place of the warlike baron. The nobles shall not any longer, as feudal lords, have power of life and death over the churls, but now, in another shape, as capitalists, shall in all love and peace eat them up as before. Nay, government itself becomes the resort of those whom government was invented to restrain. "Are there any brigands on the road?" inquired the traveler in France. "Oh, no; set your heart at rest on that point," said the landlord; "what should these fellows keep the highway for, when they can rob just as effectually, and much more at their ease, in the bureaus of office?"

In literature the effect has appeared in the decided tendency of criticism. The most remarkable literary work of the age has for its hero and subject precisely this introversion: I mean the poem of Faust. In philosophy, Immanuel Kant has made the best catalogue of the human faculties and the best analysis of the mind. In science the French *savant*, exact, pitiless, with barometer, crucible, chemic test, and calculus in hand, travels into all nooks and islands, to weigh, to analyze, and report. And chemistry, which is the analysis of matter, has taught us that we eat gas, drink gas, tread on gas, and are gas. The same decomposition has changed the whole face of physics; the like in all arts, modes. Authority falls in Church, College, Courts of law, Faculties, Medicine. Experiment is credible; antiquity is grown ridiculous.

It marked itself by a certain predom-

inance of the intellect in the balance of powers. The warm swart Earth-spirit which made the strength of past ages, mightier than it knew, with instincts instead of science, like a mother yielding food from her own breast instead of preparing it through chemic and culinary skill,—warm negro ages of sentiment and vegetation,—all gone; another hour had struck and other forms arose. Instead of the social existence which all shared, was now separation. Every one for himself; driven to find all his resources, hopes, rewards, society and deity within himself.

The young men were born with knives in their brain; a tendency to introversion, self-dissection, anatomizing of motives. The popular religion of our fathers had received many severe shocks from the new times: from the Arminians, which was the current name of the backsliders from Calvinism, sixty years ago; then from the English philosophic theologians, Hartley and Priestley and Belsham, the followers of Locke; and then, I should say, much later, from the slow but extraordinary influence of Swedenborg,—a man of prodigious mind, though, as I think, tainted with a certain suspicion of insanity, and therefore generally disowned, but exerting a singular power over an important intellectual class; then the powerful influence of the genius and character of Dr. Channing.

Germany had created criticism in vain for us until 1820, when Edward Everett returned from his five years in Europe, and brought to Cambridge his rich results, which no one was so fitted by natural grace and the splendor of his rhetoric to introduce and recommend. He made us for the first time acquainted with Wolff's theory of the Homeric writings, with the criticism of Heyne. The novelty of the learning lost nothing in the skill and genius of his relation, and the rudest undergraduate found a new morning opened to

him in the lecture-room of Harvard Hall.

There was an influence on the young people from the genius of Everett which was almost comparable to that of Pericles in Athens. He had an inspiration which did not go beyond his head, but which made him the master of elegance. If any of my readers were at that period in Boston or Cambridge, they will easily remember his radiant beauty of person of a classic style: his heavy large eye, marble lids, which gave the impression of mass which the slightness of his form needed; sculptured lips; a voice of such rich tones, such precise and perfect utterance, that, although slightly nasal, it was the most mellow and beautiful and correct of all the instruments of the time. The word that he spoke, in the manner in which he spoke it, became current and classical in New England. He had a great talent for collecting facts, and for bringing those he had to bear with ingenious felicity on the topic of the moment. Let him rise to speak on what occasion soever, a fact had always just transpired which composed, with some other fact well known to the audience, the most pregnant and happy coincidence. It was remarked that for a man who threw out so many facts he was seldom convicted of a blunder. He had a good deal of special learning, and all was available for purposes of the hour. It was all new learning, that wonderfully took and stimulated the young men. It was so coldly and weightily communicated from so commanding a platform, — as if in the consciousness and consideration of all history and all learning, — adorned with so many simple and austere beauties of expression, and enriched with so many excellent digressions and significant quotations that, though nothing could be conceived beforehand less attractive or indeed less fit for green boys from Connecticut, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, with their unripe

Latin and Greek reading, than exegetical discourses in the style of Voss and Wolff and Ruhnken, on the Orphic and ante-Homeric remains, yet this learning instantly took the highest place to our imagination in our unoccupied American Parnassus. All his auditors felt the extreme beauty and dignity of the manner, and even the coarsest were contented to go punctually to listen for the manner, when they had found out that the subject matter was not for them. In the lecture-room he abstained from all ornament, and pleased himself with the play of detailing erudition in a style of perfect simplicity. In the pulpit (for he was then a clergyman) he made amends to himself and his auditor for the self-denial of the professor's chair, and, still with an infantine simplicity of manner, he gave the reins to his florid, quaint and affluent fancy.

Then was exhibited all the richness of a rhetoric which we have never seen rivaled in this country. Wonderful how memorable were words made which were only pleasing pictures, and covered no new or valid thoughts! He abounded in sentences, in wit, in satire, in splendid allusion, in quotation impossible to forget, in daring imagery, in parable, and even in a sort of defying experiment of his own wit and skill in giving an oracular weight to Hebrew or Rabbinical words, — feats which no man could better accomplish, such was his self-command and the security of his manner. All his speech was music, and with such variety and invention that the ear was never tired. Especially beautiful were his poetic quotations. He delighted in quoting Milton, and with such sweet modulation that he seemed to give as much beauty as he borrowed; and whatever he has quoted will be remembered by any who heard him with inseparable association with his voice and genius. He had nothing in common with vulgarity and

infirmity, but, speaking, walking, sitting, was as much aloof and uncommon as a star. The smallest anecdote of his behavior or conversation was eagerly caught and repeated, and every young scholar could recite brilliant sentences from his sermons, with mimicry, good or bad, of his voice. This influence went much farther, for he who was heard with such throbbing hearts and sparkling eyes in the lighted and crowded churches did not let go his hearers when the church was dismissed, but the bright image of that eloquent form followed the boy home to his bed-chamber; and not a sentence was written in academic exercises, not a declamation attempted in the college chapel, but showed the omnipresence of his genius to youthful heads. This made every youth his defender, and boys filled their mouths with arguments to prove that the orator had a heart. This was a triumph of rhetoric. It was not the intellectual or the moral principles which he had to teach. It was not thoughts. When Massachusetts was full of his fame it was not contended that he had thrown any truths into circulation. But his power lay in the magic of form; it was in the graces of manner, in a new perception of Grecian beauty, to which he had opened our eyes. There was that finish about this person which is about women, and which distinguishes every piece of genius from the works of talent: these last are more or less matured in every degree of completeness according to the time bestowed on them, but works of genius in their first and slightest form are still wholes. In every public discourse there was nothing left for the indulgence of his hearer, no marks of late hours and anxious, unfinished study; but the goddess of grace had breathed on the work a last fragrantcy and glitter.

By a series of lectures, largely and fashionably attended for two winters in Boston, he made a beginning of popular

literary and miscellaneous lectures, which in that region, at least, had important results. These are acquiring greater importance every day, and becoming a national institution. I am quite certain that this purely literary influence was of the first importance to the American mind.

In the pulpit, Dr. Frothingham, an excellent classical and German scholar, had already made us acquainted, if prudently, with the genius of Eichhorn's theological criticism. And Professor Norton, a little later, gave form and method to the like studies in the then infant Divinity School. But I think the paramount source of the religious revolution was Modern Science; beginning with Copernicus, who destroyed the pagan fictions of the Church by showing mankind that the earth on which we live was not the centre of the universe, around which the sun and stars revolved every day, and thus fitted to be the platform on which the Drama of the Divine Judgment was played before the assembled angels of Heaven, — "the scaffold of the divine vengeance," Saurin called it, — but a little scrap of a planet, rushing round the sun in our system, which in turn was too minute to be seen at the distance of many stars which we behold. Astronomy taught us our insignificance in Nature; showed that our sacred as our profane history had been written in gross ignorance of the laws, which were far grander than we knew; and compelled a certain extension and uplifting of our views of the Deity and his Providence. This correction of our superstitions was confirmed by the new science of geology, and the whole train of discoveries in every department. But we presently saw also that the religious nature in man was not affected by these errors in his understanding. The religious sentiment made nothing of bulk or size, or far or near; triumphed over time as well as space; and every lesson of humility, or justice, or charity, which

the old ignorant saints had taught him was still forever true.

Whether from these influences, or whether by a reaction of the general mind against the too formal science, religion, and social life of the earlier period, there was, in the first quarter of our nineteenth century, a certain sharpness of criticism, an eagerness for reform, which showed itself in every quarter. It appeared in the popularity of Lavater's *Physiognomy*, now almost forgotten. Gall and Spurzheim's phrenology laid a rough hand on the mysteries of animal and spiritual nature, dragging down every sacred secret to a street show. The attempt was coarse and odious to scientific men, but had a certain truth in it; it felt connection where the professors denied it, and was a leaning to a truth which had not yet been announced. On the heels of this intruder came Mesmerism, which broke into the inmost shrines; attempted the explanation of miracle and prophecy as well as of creation. What could be more revolting to the contemplative philosopher! But a certain success attended it, against all expectation. It was human, it was genial, it affirmed unity and connection between remote points, and, as such, was excellent criticism on the narrow and dead classification of what passed for science; and the joy with which it was greeted was an instinct of the people which no true philosopher would fail to profit by. But while society remained in doubt between the indignation of the old school and the audacity of the new, a higher note sounded. Unexpected aid from high quarters came to iconoclasts. The German poet Goethe revolted against the science of the day, — against French and English science, — declared war against the great name of Newton; proposed his own new and simpler optics; in botany, his simple theory of metamorphosis, — the eye of a leaf is all; every part of the plant from root to fruit is only a

modified leaf; the branch of a tree is nothing but a leaf whose serratures have become twigs. He extended this into anatomy and animal life, and his views were accepted. The revolt became a revolution. Schelling and Oken introduced their ideal natural philosophy; Hegel, his metaphysics, and extended it to Civil History.

The result in literature and the general mind was a return to law, in science, in politics, in social life, as distinguished from the profligate manners and politics of earlier times. The age was moral. Every immorality is a departure from nature, and is punished by natural loss and deformity. The popularity of Combe's *Constitution of Man*, the humanity which was the aim of all the multitudinous works of Dickens, the tendency even of Punch's caricature, was all on the side of the people. There was a breath of new air, much vague expectation; a consciousness of power not yet finding its determinate aim.

I attribute much importance to two papers of Dr. Channing, one on Milton and one on Napoleon, which were the first specimens in this country of that large criticism which in England had given power and fame to the *Edinburgh Review*. They were widely read, and of course immediately fruitful in provoking emulation which lifted the style of journalism. Dr. Channing, whilst he lived, was the star of the American Church, and we then thought, if we do not still think, that he left no successor in the pulpit. He could never be reported, for his eye and voice could not be printed, and his discourses lose their best in losing them. He was made for the public; his cold temperament made him the most unprofitable private companion; but all America would have been impoverished in wanting him. We could not then spare a single word he uttered in public, not so much as the reading a lesson in Scripture, or a hymn; and it is curious that his printed writ-

ings are almost a history of the times, as there was no great public interest, political, literary, or even economical (for he wrote on the Tariff), on which he did not leave some printed record of his brave and thoughtful opinion. A poor little invalid all his life, he is yet one of those men who vindicate the power of the American race to produce greatness.

Dr. Channing took counsel in 1840 with George Ripley to the point whether it were possible to bring cultivated, thoughtful people together, and make society that deserved the name. He had earlier talked with Dr. John Collins Warren on the like purpose, who admitted the wisdom of the design, and undertook to aid him in making the experiment. Dr. Channing repaired to Dr. Warren's house on the appointed evening, with large thoughts which he wished to open. He found a well-chosen assembly of gentlemen variously distinguished; there was mutual greeting and introduction, and they were chatting agreeably on indifferent matters, and drawing gently towards their great expectation, when a side-door opened, the whole company streamed in to an oyster-supper, crowned by excellent wines: and so ended the first attempt to establish æsthetic society in Boston.

Some time afterwards Dr. Channing opened his mind to Mr. and Mrs. Ripley, and with some care they invited a limited party of ladies and gentlemen. I had the honor to be present. Though I recall the fact, I do not retain any instant consequence of this attempt, or any connection between it and the new zeal of the friends who at that time began to be drawn together by sympathy of studies and of aspiration. Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, Dr. Convers Francis, Theodore Parker, Dr. Hedge, Mr. Brownson, James Freeman Clarke, William H. Channing, and many others gradually drew together, and from time to time spent an afternoon at each oth-

er's houses in a serious conversation. With them was always one well-known form, a pure idealist; not at all a man of letters, nor of any practical talent, nor a writer of books; a man quite too cold and contemplative for the alliances of friendship, with rare simplicity and grandeur of perception, who read Plato as an equal, and inspired his companions only in proportion as they were intellectual, whilst the men of talent complained of the want of point and precision in this abstract and religious thinker. These fine conversations, of course, were incomprehensible to some in the company, and they had their revenge in their little joke. One declared that "it seemed to him like going to Heaven in a swing;" another reported that, at a knotty point in the discourse, a sympathizing Englishman with a squeaking voice interrupted with the question, "Mr. Alcott, a lady near me desires to inquire whether omnipotence abnegates attribute?"

I think there prevailed at that time a general belief in Boston that there was some concert of *doctrinaires* to establish certain opinions, and inaugurate some movement in literature, philosophy and religion, of which design the supposed conspirators were quite innocent; for there was no concert, and only here and there two or three men or women who read and wrote, each alone, with unusual vivacity. Perhaps they only agreed in having fallen upon Coleridge and Wordsworth and Goethe, then on Carlyle, with pleasure and sympathy. Otherwise, their education and reading were not marked, but had the American superficialness, and their studies were solitary. I suppose all of them were surprised at this rumor of a school or sect, and certainly at the name of Transcendentalism, given nobody knows by whom, or when it was first applied. As these persons became, in the common chances of society, acquainted with each other, there resulted certainly strong friend-

ships, which of course were exclusive in proportion to their heat; and perhaps those persons who were mutually the best friends were the most private, and had no ambition of publishing their letters, diaries, or conversation.

From that time meetings were held for conversation, with very little form, from house to house, of people engaged in studies, fond of books, and watchful of all the intellectual light, from whatever quarter it flowed. Nothing could be less formal, yet the intelligence and character and varied ability of the company gave it some notoriety, and perhaps awakened curiosity as to its aims and results.

Nothing more serious came of it than the modest quarterly journal called *The Dial*, which, under the editorship of Margaret Fuller, and later of some other, enjoyed its obscurity for four years. All its papers were unpaid contributions, and it was rather a work of friendship among the narrow circle of students than the organ of any party. Perhaps its writers were its chief readers; yet it contained some noble papers by Margaret Fuller, and some numbers had an instant exhausting sale, because of papers by Theodore Parker.

Theodore Parker was our Savonarola, an excellent scholar, in frank and affectionate communication with the best minds of his day, yet the tribune of the people, and the stout reformer to urge and defend every cause of humanity with and for the humblest of mankind. He was no artist. Highly refined persons might easily miss in him the element of beauty. What he said was mere fact, almost offended you, so bald and detached was it; little cared he. He stood altogether for practical truth; and so to the last. He used every day and hour of his short life, and his character appeared in the last moments with the same firm control as in the midday of strength. I habitually apply to him the words of a French philosopher who

speaks of "the man of nature, who abominates the steam-engine and the factory. His vast lungs breathe independence with the air of the mountains and the woods."

The vulgar politician disposed of this circle cheaply as "the sentimental class." State Street had an instinct that they invalidated contracts, and threatened the stability of stocks; and it did not fancy brusque manners. Society always values, even in its teachers, inoffensive people, susceptible of conventional polish. The clergyman who would live in the city *may* have piety, but *must* have taste, whilst there was often coming, among these, some John the Baptist, wild from the woods, rude, hairy, careless of dress, and quite scornful of the etiquette of cities. There was a pilgrim, in those days, walking in the country, who stopped at every door where he hoped to find hearing for his doctrine, which was, Never to give or receive money. He was a poor printer, and explained with simple warmth the belief of himself and five or six young men, with whom he agreed in opinion, of the vast mischief of our insidious coin. He thought every one should labor at some necessary product, and as soon as he had made more than enough for himself, were it corn, or paper, or cloth, or boot-jacks, he should give of the commodity to any applicant, and in turn go to his neighbor for any article which he had to spare. Of course we were curious to know how he sped in his experiments on the neighbor, and his anecdotes were interesting, and often highly creditable. But he had the courage which so stern a return to Arcadian manners required, and had learned to sleep, in cold nights, when the farmer at whose door he knocked declined to give him a bed, on a wagon covered with the buffalo-robe, under the shed, — or under the stars, when the farmer denied the shed and the buffalo-robe. I think he persisted for two years in his

brave practice, but did not enlarge his church of believers.

These reformers were a new class. Instead of the fiery souls of the Puritans, bent on hanging the Quaker, burning the witch, and banishing the Romanist, these were gentle souls, with peace and even with genial dispositions, casting sheep's-eyes even on Fourier and his houris. It was a time when the air was full of reform. Robert Owen, of Lanark, came hither from England in 1845, and read lectures or held conversations wherever he found listeners, — the most amiable, sanguine and caudid of men. He had not the least doubt that he had hit on a right and perfect socialism, or that all mankind would adopt it. He was then seventy years old, and being asked, "Well, Mr. Owen, who is your disciple? How many men are there possessed of your views who will remain, after you are gone, to put them in practice?" "Not one," was his reply. Robert Owen knew Fourier in his old age. He said that Fourier learned of him all the truth he had; the rest of his system was imagination, and the imagination of a banker. Owen made the best impression by his rare benevolence. His love of men made us forget his Three Errors. His charitable construction of men and their actions was invariable. He was the better Christian in his controversy with Christians, and he interpreted with great generosity the acts of the Holy Alliance and Prince Metternich, with whom the persevering doctrinaire had obtained interviews. "Ah," he said, "you may depend on it, there are as tender hearts and as much good will to serve men in palaces as in colleges."

And truly, I honor the generous ideas of the socialists, the magnificence of their theories, and the enthusiasm with which they have been urged. They appeared the inspired men of their time. Mr. Owen preached his doctrine of labor and reward to the slow ears of his

generation, with the fidelity and devotion of a saint. Fourier, almost as wonderful an example of the mathematical mind of France as La Place or Napoleon, turned a truly vast arithmetic to the question of social misery, and has put men under the obligation, which a generous mind always confers, of conceiving magnificent hopes, and making great demands as the right of man. He took his measure of that which all should and might enjoy from no soup society or charity concert, but from the refinements of palaces, the wealth of universities, and the triumphs of artists. He thought nobly. A man is entitled to pure air and to the air of good conversation in his bringing up, and not, as we, or so many of us, to the poor-smell and musty chambers, cats and fools. Fourier carried a whole French revolution in his head, and much more. Here was arithmetic on a huge scale. His ciphering goes where ciphering never went before, namely, into stars, atmospheres and animals and men and women, and classes of every character. It was the most entertaining of French romances, and could not but suggest vast possibilities of reform to the coldest and least sanguine.

We had an opportunity of learning something of these socialists and their theory from the indefatigable apostle of the sect in New York, Albert Brisbane. Mr. Brisbane pushed his doctrine with all the force of memory, talent, honest faith and importunacy. As we listened to his exposition, it appeared to us the sublime of mechanical philosophy; for the system was the perfection of arrangement and contrivance. The force of arrangement could no farther go. The merit of the plan was that it was a system; that it had not the partiality and hint-and-fragment character of most popular schemes, but was coherent and comprehensive of facts to a wonderful degree. It was not daunted by distance, or magnitude, or remoteness of any sort,

but strode about nature with a giant's step, and skipped no fact, but wove its large Ptolemaic web of cycle and epicyle, of phalanx and phalanstery, with laudable assiduity. Mechanics were pushed so far as fairly to meet spiritualism. One could not but be struck with strange coincidences betwixt Fourier and Swendenborg. Genius hitherto has been shamefully misapplied, a mere trifler. It must now set itself to raise the social condition of man, and to redress the disorders of the planet he inhabits. The Desert of Sahara, the Campagna di Roma, the frozen polar circles, which by their pestilential or hot or cold airs poison the temperate regions, accuse man. Society, concert, coöperation, is the secret of the coming Paradise. By reason of the isolation of men at the present day, all work is drudgery. By concert and the allowing each laborer to choose his own work, it becomes pleasure. "Attractive Industry" would speedily subdue, by adventurous, scientific and persistent tillage, the pestilential tracts; would equalize temperature, give health to the globe, and cause the earth to yield "healthy, imponderable fluids" to the solar system, as now it yields noxious fluids. The hyena, the jackal, the gnat, the bug, the flea, were all beneficent parts of the system; the good Fourier knew what those creatures should have been, had not the mould slipped, through the bad state of the atmosphere; caused, no doubt, by the same vicious, imponderable fluids. All these shall be redressed by human culture, and the useful goat and dog and innocent poetical moth, or the wood-tick to consume decomposing wood, shall take their place. It takes sixteen hundred and eighty men to make one man, complete in all the faculties; that is, to be sure that you have got a good joiner, a good cook, a barber, a poet, a judge, an umbrella-maker, a mayor and alderman, and so on. Your community should consist of two thousand per-

sons to prevent accidents of omission; and each community should take up six thousand acres of land. Now fancy the earth planted with fifties and hundreds of these phalanxes side by side: what tillage, what architecture, what refectories, what dormitories, what reading-rooms, what concerts, what lectures, what gardens, what baths! What is not in one will be in another, and many will be within easy distance. Then know you and all that Constantinople is the natural capital of the globe. There, in the Golden Horn, will the Arch-Phalanx be established; there will the Omniarch reside. Aladdin and his magician, or the beautiful Scheherezade, can alone, in these prosaic times before the sight, describe the material splendors collected there. Poverty shall be abolished; deformity, stupidity and crime shall be no more. Genius, grace, art, shall abound, and it is not to be doubted but that in the reign of "Attractive Industry" all men will speak in blank verse.

Certainly we listened with great pleasure to such gay and magnificent pictures. The ability and earnestness of the advocate and his friends, the comprehensiveness of their theory, its apparent directness of proceeding to the end they would secure, the indignation they felt and uttered in the presence of so much social misery, commanded our attention and respect. It contained so much truth, and promised in the attempts that shall be made to realize it so much valuable instruction, that we are engaged to observe every step of its progress. Yet in spite of the assurances of its friends that it was new and widely discriminated from all other plans for the regeneration of society, we could not exempt it from the criticism which we apply to so many projects for reform with which the brain of the age teems. Our feeling was that Fourier had skipped no fact but one, namely, life. He treats man as a plastic thing, — something that

may be put up or down, ripened or retarded, moulded, polished, made into solid, or fluid, or gas, at the will of the leader; or perhaps as a vegetable, from which, though now a poor crab, a very good peach can, by manure and exposure, be in time produced, but skips the faculty of life, which spawns and scorns system and system-makers, which eludes all conditions, which makes or supplants a thousand phalanxes and new harmonies with each pulsation. There is an order in which in a sound mind the faculties always appear, and which, according to the strength of the individual, they seek to realize in the surrounding world. The value of Fourier's system is that it is a statement of such an order externalized, or carried outward into its correspondence in facts. The mistake is that this particular order and series is to be imposed, by force or preaching and votes, on all men, and carried into rigid execution. But what is true and good must not only be begun by life, but must be conducted to its issues by life. Could not the conceiver of this design have also believed that a similar model lay in every mind, and that the method of each associate might be trusted, as well as that of his particular Committee and General Office, No. 200 Broadway? Nay, that it would be better to say, Let us be lovers and servants of that which is just, and straightway every man becomes a centre of a holy and beneficent republic, which he sees to include all men in its law, like that of Plato and of Christ? Before such a man the whole world becomes Fourierized, or Christized, or humanized, and in obedience to his most private being he finds himself, according to his presentiment, though against all sensuous probability, acting in strict concert with all others who followed their private light.

Yet in a day of small, sour and fierce schemes, one is admonished and cheered by a project of such friendly aims and

of such bold and generous proportion; there is an intellectual courage and strength in it, which is superior and commanding; it certifies the presence of so much truth in the theory, and in so far is destined to be fact.

It argued singular courage, the adoption of Fourier's system, to even a limited extent, with his books lying before the world only defended by the thin veil of the French language. The Stoic said, Forbear; Fourier said, Indulge. Fourier was of the opinion of St. Evremont; abstinence from pleasure appeared to him a great sin. Fourier was very French indeed. He labored under a misapprehension of the nature of women. The Fourier marriage was a calculation how to secure the greatest amount of kissing that the infirmity of human constitution admitted. It was false and prurient; full of absurd French superstitions about women; ignorant how serious and how moral their nature always is, how chaste is their organization, how lawful a class.

It is the worst of community that it must inevitably transform into charlatans the leaders, by the endeavor continually to meet the expectation and admiration of this eager crowd of men and women, seeking they know not what. Unless he have a Cossack roughness of clearing himself of what belongs not, charlatan he must be.

It was easy to foresee the fate of this fine system in any serious and comprehensive attempt to set it on foot in this country. As soon as our people got wind of the doctrine of marriage held by this master, it would fall at once into the hands of a lawless crew, who would flock in troops to so fair a game, and like the dreams of poetic people on the first outbreak of the old French Revolution, so theirs would disappear in a slime of mire and blood.

There is, of course, to every theory a tendency to run to an extreme, and forget the limitations. In our free in-

stitutions, where every man is at liberty to choose his home and his trade, and all possible modes of working and gaining are open to him, fortunes are easily made by thousands, as in no other country. Then property proves too much for the man, and the men of science, art, intellect, are pretty sure to degenerate into selfish housekeepers, dependent on wine, coffee, furnace heat, gas-light and fine furniture. Then instantly things swing the other way, and we suddenly find that civilization crowded too soon; that what we bragged as triumphs were treacheries; that we have opened the wrong door, and let the enemy into the castle; that civilization was a mistake; that nothing is so vulgar as a great warehouse of rooms full of furniture and trumpery; that, in the circumstances, the best wisdom were an auction or a fire. Since the foxes and the birds have the right of it with a warm hole to keep out the weather, and no more, a pent-house to fend the sun and rain is the house which lays no tax on the owner's time and thoughts, and which he can leave, when the sun is warm, and defy the robber. This was Thoreau's doctrine, who said that the Fourierists had a sense of duty which led them to devote themselves to their second-best. And Thoreau gave in flesh and blood and pertinacious Saxon belief the purest ethics. He was more real and practically believing in them than any of his company, and fortified you at all times with an affirmative experience which refused to be set aside. Thoreau was in his own person a practical answer, almost a refutation, to the theories of the socialists. He required no phalanx, no government, no society, almost no memory. He lived extempore from hour to hour, like the birds and the angels; brought every day a new proposition, as revolutionary as that of yesterday, but different: the only man of leisure in his town; and his independence made all others look like

slaves. He was a good Abbot Sampson, and carried a counsel in his breast. "Again and again I congratulate myself on my so-called poverty. I could not overstate this advantage." "What you call bareness and poverty is to me simplicity. God could not be unkind to me if he should try. I love best to have each thing in its season only, and enjoy doing without it at all other times. It is the greatest of all advantages to enjoy no advantage at all. I have never got over my surprise that I should have been born into the most estimable place in all the world, and in the very nick of time, too." There's an optimist for you!

I regard these philanthropists as themselves the effects of the age in which we live, and, in common with so many other good facts, the efflorescence of the period, and predicting a good fruit that ripens. They were not the creators they believed themselves, but they were unconscious prophets of a true state of society; one which the tendencies of nature lead unto,—one which always establishes itself for the same soul, though not in that manner in which they paint it; but they were describers of that which is really being done. The large cities are phalansteries; and the theorists drew all their argument from facts already taking place in our experience. The cheap way is to make every man do what he was born for. One merchant, to whom I described the Fourier project, thought it must not only succeed, but that agricultural association must presently fix the price of bread, and drive single farmers into association in self-defense, as the great commercial and manufacturing companies had done. Society in England and in America is trying the experiment again in small pieces, in coöperative associations, in cheap eating-houses, as well as in the economies of club-houses and in cheap reading-rooms.

It chanced that here in one family

were two brothers; one a brilliant and fertile inventor, and close by him his own brother, a man of business, who knew how to direct the inventor's faculty, and make it instantly and permanently lucrative. Why could not the like partnership be formed between the inventor and the man of executive talent everywhere? Each man of thought is surrounded by wiser men than he, if they cannot write as well. Cannot he and they combine? Talents supplement each other. Beaumont and Fletcher and many French novelists have known how to utilize such partnerships. Why not have a larger one, and with more various members?

"Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough;
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff."

Housekeepers say, "There are a thousand things to everything," and if one must study all the strokes to be laid, all the faults to be shunned in a building or work of art, of its keeping, its composition, its site, its color, there would be no end. But the architect, acting under a necessity to build the house for its purpose, finds himself helped, he knows not how, into all these merits of detail, and steering clear, though in the dark, of those dangers which might have shipwrecked him.

BROOK FARM.

The West Roxbury association was formed in 1841, by a society of members, men and women, who bought a farm in West Roxbury, of about two hundred acres, and took possession of the place in April. Mr. George Ripley was the president, and I think Mr. Charles Dana (afterwards well known as one of the editors of the New York Tribune) was the secretary. Many members took shares by paying money; others held shares by their labors. An old house on the place was enlarged, and three new houses built. William

Allen was at first and for some time the head farmer, and the work was distributed in orderly committees to men and women. There were many employments, more or less lucrative, found for, or brought hither by, these members, — shoemakers, joiners, sempstresses. They had good scholars among them, and so received pupils for their education. The parents of the children in some instances wished to live there, and were received as boarders. Many persons, attracted by the beauty of the place and the culture and ambition of the community, joined them as boarders, and lived there for years. I think the numbers of this mixed community soon reached eighty or ninety souls.

It was a noble and generous movement in the projectors to try an experiment of better living. They had the feeling that our ways of living were too conventional and expensive, not allowing each to do what he had a talent for, and not permitting men to combine cultivation of mind and heart with a reasonable amount of daily labor. At the same time, it was an attempt to lift others with themselves, and to share the advantages they should attain with others now deprived of them.

There was, no doubt, great variety of character and purpose in the members of the community. It consisted in the main of young people; few of middle age, and none old. Those who inspired and organized it were persons impatient of the routine, the uniformity, perhaps they would say the squalid contentment, of society around them, which was so timid and skeptical of any progress. One would say then that impulse was the rule in the society, without centripetal balance; perhaps it would not be severe to say, intellectual sans-culottism, an impatience of the formal, routinary character of our educational, religious, social and economical life in Massachusetts. Yet there was immense hope in these young people. There was noble-

ness ; there were self-sacrificing victims who compensated for the levity and rashness of their companions. The young people lived a great deal in a short time, and came forth, some of them, perhaps, with shattered constitutions. And a few grave sanitary influences of character were happily there, which, I was assured, were always felt.

George W. Curtis, of New York, and his brother, of English Oxford, were members of the family from the first. Theodore Parker, the near neighbor of the farm and the most intimate friend of Mr. Ripley, was a frequent visitor. Mr. Ichabod Morton of Plymouth, a plain man, formerly engaged through many years in the fisheries with success, — eccentric, with a persevering interest in education, and of a very democratic religion, — came and built a house on the farm, and he, or members of his family, continued there to the end. Margaret Fuller, with her joyful conversation and large sympathy, was often a guest, and always in correspondence with her friends. Many ladies, whom to name were to praise, gave character and varied attraction to the place.

In and around Brook Farm, whether as members, boarders, or visitors, were many remarkable persons, for character, intellect, or accomplishments. I recall one youth of the subtlest mind, — I believe I must say the subtlest observer and diviner of character I ever met, living, reading, writing, talking, there, perhaps, as long as the colony held together ; his mind fed and overfed by whatever is exalted in genius, whether in poetry or art, in drama or music, or in social accomplishment and elegance ; a man of no employment or practical aims ; a student and philosopher, who found his daily enjoyment not with the elders or his exact contemporaries so much as with the fine boys who were skating and playing ball or bird-hunting ; forming the closest friendships with such, and finding his delight in the pet-

ulant heroisms of boys : yet was he the chosen counselor to whom the guardians would repair on any hitch or difficulty that occurred, and drew from him a wise counsel, — a fine, subtle, inward genius, puny in body and habit as a girl, yet with an *aplomb* like a general, never disconcerted. He lived and thought in 1842, such worlds of life ; all hinging on the thought of being or reality as opposed to consciousness ; hating intellect with the ferocity of a Swedenborg. He was the *abbé* or spiritual father, from his religious bias. His reading lay in Æschylus, Plato, Dante, Calderon, Shakespeare, and in modern novels and romances of merit. There too was Hawthorne, with his cold yet gentle genius, if he failed to do justice to this temporary home. There was the accomplished Doctor of Music, who has presided over its literature ever since in our metropolis. Rev. William Henry Channing, now of London, was from the first a student of Socialism in France and England, and in perfect sympathy with this experiment. An English baronet, Sir John Caldwell, was a frequent visitor, and more or less directly interested in the leaders and the success.

Hawthorne drew some sketches, not happily, as I think ; I should rather say, quite unworthy of his genius. No friend who knew Margaret Fuller could recognize her rich and brilliant genius under the dismal mask which the public fancied was meant for her in that disagreeable story.

The founders of Brook Farm should have this praise : that they made what all people try to make, an agreeable place to live in. All comers, even the most fastidious, found it the pleasantest of residences. It is certain that freedom from household routine, variety of character and talent, variety of work, variety of means, of thought and instruction, art, music, poetry, reading, masquerade, did not permit sluggishness or despondency ; broke up routine.

There is agreement in the testimony that it was, to most of the associates, education; to many, the most important period of their life, the birth of valued friendships, their first acquaintance with the riches of conversation, their training in behavior. The art of letter-writing, it is said, was immensely cultivated. Letters were always flying not only from house to house, but from room to room. It was a perpetual picnic, a French Revolution in small, an age of reason in a patty-pan.

In the American social communities, the gossip found such vent and sway as to become despotic. The institutions were whispering-galleries, in which the adored Saxon privacy was lost. Married women, I believe, uniformly decided against the community. It was to them like the brassy and lacquered life in hotels. The common school was well enough, but to the common nursery they had grave objections. Eggs might be hatched in ovens, but the hen on her own account much preferred the old way. A hen without her chickens was but half a hen.

It was a curious experience of the patrons and leaders of this noted community, — in which the agreement with many parties was that they should give so many hours of instruction in mathematics, in music, in moral and intellectual philosophy, and so forth, — that in every instance the new-comers showed themselves keenly alive to the advantages of the society, and were sure to avail themselves of every means of instruction; their knowledge was increased, their manners refined, but they became in that proportion averse to labor, and were charged by the heads of the departments with a certain indolence and selfishness.

In practice it is always found that virtue is occasional, spotty, and not linear or cubic. Good people are as bad as rogues, if steady performance is claimed; the conscience of the conscien-

tious runs in veins, and the most punctilious in some particulars are latitudinarian in others. It was very gently said that people on whom beforehand all persons would put the utmost reliance were not responsible. They saw the necessity that the work must be done, and did it not, and it of course fell to be done by the few religious workers. No doubt there was in many a certain strength drawn from the fury of dissent. Thus Mr. Ripley told Theodore Parker, "There is your accomplished friend: he would hoe corn all Sunday, if I would let him, but all Massachusetts could not make him do it on Monday."

Of course every visitor found that there was a comic side to this Paradise of shepherds and shepherdesses. There was a stove in every chamber, and every one might burn as much wood as he or she would saw. The ladies took cold on washing-day; so it was ordained that the gentlemen shepherds should wring and hang out clothes, which they punctually did. And it would sometimes occur that when they danced in the evening, clothes-pins dropped plentifully from their pockets. The country members naturally were surprised to observe that one man plowed all day, and one looked out of the window all day, and perhaps drew his picture, and both received at night the same wages. One would meet also some modest pride in their advanced condition, signified by a frequent phrase: "Before we came out of civilization." The question which occurs to you had occurred much earlier to Fourier: "How, in this charming Elysium, is the dirty work to be done?" And long ago Fourier had exclaimed, "Ah, I have it!" and jumped with joy. "Don't you see," he cried, "that nothing so delights the young Caucasian child as dirt? See the mud-pies that all children will make, if you will let them. See how much more joy they find in pouring their pudding on the

table-cloth than into their beautiful mouths. The children from six to eight, organized into companies, with flags and uniforms, shall do this last function of civilization."

In Brook Farm was this peculiarity, that there was no head. In every family is the father; in every factory, a foreman; in a shop, a master; in a boat, the skipper: but in this Farm, no authority; each was master or mistress of their own actions; happy, hapless anarchists. They expressed, after much perilous experience, the conviction that plain dealing was the best defense of manners and morals between the sexes. People cannot live together in any but necessary ways. The only candidates who will present themselves will be those who have tried the experiment of independence and ambition, and have failed; and none others will barter for the most comfortable equality the chance of superiority. Then all communities have quarreled. Few people can live together on their merits. There must be kindred, or mutual economy, or a common interest in their business, or other external tie.

The society at Brook Farm existed, I think, about six or seven years, and then broke up; the Farm was sold, and I believe all the partners came out with pecuniary loss. Some of them had spent on it the accumulations of years. I suppose they all, at the moment, regarded it as a failure. I do not think they can so regard it now, but probably as an important chapter in their experience which has been of lifelong value. What knowledge of themselves and of

each other, what various practical wisdom, what personal power, what studies of character, what accumulated culture, many of the members owed to it! What mutual measure they took of each other! It was a close union, like that in a ship's cabin, of clergymen, young collegians, merchants, mechanics, farmers' sons and daughters, with men and women of rare opportunities and delicate culture, yet assembled there by a sentiment which all shared, some of them hotly shared, of the honesty of a life of labor and of the beauty of a life of humanity. The yeoman saw refined manners in persons who were his friends; and the lady or the romantic scholar saw the continuous strength and faculty in people who would have disgusted them but that these powers were now spent in the direction of their own theory of life.

I recall these few selected facts, none of them of much independent interest, but symptomatic of the times and country. I please myself with the thought that our American mind is not now eccentric or rude in its strength, but is beginning to show a quiet power, drawn from wide and abundant sources, proper to a continent and to an educated people. If I have owed much to the special influences I have indicated, I am not less aware of that excellent and increasing circle of masters in arts and in song and in science, who cheer the intellect of our cities and this country to-day; whose genius is not a lucky accident, but normal, and with broad foundation of culture, and so inspires the hope of steady strength advancing on itself, and a day without night.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A-PLAYIN' OF OLD SLEDGE AT THE SETTLEMINT.

"I hev hearn tell ez how them thar boys rides thar horses over hyar ter the Settlemint nigh on ter every night in the week ter play kyerds, — 'Old Sledge' they calls it; an' thar goin's-on air jes' scandalous, — jes' a-drinkin' of apple-jack, an' a-bettin' of thar money."

It was a lonely place: a sheer precipice on one side of the road that curved to its verge; on the other, an ascent so abrupt that the tall stems of the pines seemed laid upon the ground as they were marshaled in serried columns up the hillside. No broad landscape was to be seen from this great projecting ledge of the mountain; the valley was merely a little basin, walled in on every side by the meeting ranges that rose so high as to intercept all distant prospect, and narrow the world to the contracted area bounded by the sharp lines of their wooded summits, cut hard and clear against the blue sky. But for the road it would have seemed impossible that these wild steeps should be the chosen haunt of aught save deer, or bear, or fox; and certainly the instinct of the eagle built that eyrie called the Settlemint, still higher, far above the towering pine forest. It might be accounted a tribute to the enterprise of Old Sledge that mountain barriers proved neither let nor hindrance, and here in the fastnesses was held that vivacious sway, potent alike to fascinate and to scandalize.

In the middle of the stony road stood a group of roughly clad mountaineers, each in an attitude of sluggish disinclination to the allotted task of mending the highway, leaning lazily upon a grubbing-hoe or sorry spade, — except, indeed, the overseer, who was upheld by the single crowbar furnished by the county, the only sound implement in use among the party. The provident

dispensation of the law, leaving the care of the road to the tender mercies of its able-bodied neighbors over eighteen and under forty-five years of age, was a god-send to the Settlement and to the inhabitants of the tributary region, in that even if it failed of the immediate design of securing a tolerable passway through the woods, it served the far more important purpose of drawing together the diversely scattered settlers, and affording them unwonted conversational facilities. These meetings were well attended, although their results were often sadly inadequate. To-day the usual complement of laborers was on hand, except the three boys whose scandalous susceptibility to the mingled charms of Old Sledge and apple-jack had occasioned comment.

"They 'll hev ter be fined, ef they don't take keer an' come an' work," remarked the overseer of the road, one Tobe Rains, who reveled in a little brief authority.

"From what I hev hearn tell 'bout thar goin's-on, none of 'em is a-goin' ter hev nothin' ter pay fines with, when they gits done with thar foolin' an' sech," said Abner Blake, a man of weight and importance, and the eldest of the party.

It did not seem to occur to any of the group that the losses among the three card-players served to enrich one of the number, and that the deplorable wholesale insolvency shadowed forth was not likely to ensue in substance. Perhaps their fatuity in this regard arose from the circumstance that fining the derelict was not an actuality, although sometimes of avail as a threat.

"An' we hev ter leave everythink whar it fell down, an' come hyar ter do thar work fur 'em, — a-fixin' up of this hyar road fur them ter travel," exclaimed Tobe Rains, in an attempt to chafe

himself into a rage. "It's got ter quit, — that's what I say; this hyar way of doin' hev got ter quit." By way of lending verisimilitude to the industrial figure of rhetoric, he lifted his hammer and dealt an ineffectual blow at a large boulder. Then he picked up his crowbar, and, leaning heavily on the implement, resigned himself to the piquant interest of gossip. "An' thar's that Josiah Tait," he continued, "a settled married man, a-behavin' no better 'n them fool boys. He hain't struck a lick of work fur nigh on ter a month, — 'ceptin' a-goin' huntin' with the t'others, every wunst in a while. He hev jes' pulled through at the little eend of the horn. I never sot much store by him, nohow, though when he war married ter Melindy Price, nigh 'bout a year ago, the folks all 'lowed ez she war a-doin' mighty well ter git him, ez he war toler'ble well off through his folks all bein' dead but him, an' he hed what he hed his own self."

"I wouldn't let *my* darter marry no man ez plays kyerds," said a very young fellow, with great decision of manner, "no matter what he hed, nor how he hed it."

As the lady referred to was only two weeks old, and this solicitude concerning her matrimonial disposition was somewhat premature, there was a good-natured guffaw at the young fellow's expense.

"An' now," Tobe Rains resumed, "ef Josiah keeps on the way ez he hev started, he hain't a-goin' ter hev no more 'n the t'other boys round the mounting, — mebbe not ez much, — an' Melindy Price hed better hev a-taken somebody what owned less but hed a harder grip."

A long silence fell upon the party. Three of the twenty men assembled, in dearth of anything else to do, took heart of grace and fell to work; fifteen leaned upon their hoes in a variety of postures, all equally expressive of sloth, and with slow eyes followed the graceful sweep

of a hawk, drifting on the wind, without a motion of its wings, across the blue sky to the opposite range. Two, one of whom was the overseer, searched their pockets for a plug of tobacco, and when it was found its possessor gave to him that lacked. At length Abner Blake, who furnished all the items of news, and led the conversation, removed his eyes from the flight of the hawk, as the bird was absorbed in the variegated October foliage of the opposite mountain, and reopened the discussion. At the first word the three who were working paused in attentive quietude; the fifteen changed their position to one still more restful; the overseer sat down on a boulder by the roadside, and placed his contemplative elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands.

"I hev hearn tell," said Abner Blake, with the pleasing consciousness of absorbing the attention of the company, and being able to meet high expectations, "ez how Josiah hev los' that thar brindled heifer ter Budd Wray, an' the main heft of his crap of corn. But mebbe he 'll take a turn now an' win 'em back agin."

"'T ain't likely," remarked Tobe Rains.

"No, 't ain't," coincided the virtuous fifteen.

The industrious three, who might have done better in better company, went to work again for the space of a few minutes; but the next inarticulate gurgle, preliminary always to Blake's speech, — a sort of rising-bell to ring up somnolent attention, — brought them once more to a stand-still.

"An' cornsiderin' ez how Budd Wray, — he it war ez won 'em; I seen the heifer along o' the cow ter his house yestiddy evenin', ez I war a-comin' from a-huntin' yander ter the sulphur spring, — an' cornsiderin' ez he is nothin' but a single man, an' hain't got no wife, it do look mighty graspin' ter be a-takin' from a man ez hev got a wife an' a

houseful of his wife's kinsfolks ter look arter. Mighty graspin', it 'pears like ter me."

"I s'pose," said one of the three workers suggestively, — "I s'pose ez how Budd won it fair. 'T warn't no onderhand job, war it?"

There was a portentous silence. The flight of the hawk, again floating above the mountains, now in the shadow of the resting clouds, now in the still sunshine, was the only motion in the landscape. The sudden bark of a fox in the woods near at hand smote the air shrilly.

"That thar ain't fur me ter say," Blake replied at last, with significant emphasis.

The suspicion fell upon the party like a revelation, with an auxiliary sense of surprise that it had not been earlier presented, so patent was the possibility.

Still that instinct of justice latent in the human heart kept the pause unbroken for a while. Then Blake, whose information on most points at issue entitled him to special consideration, proceeded to give his opinion on the subject: "I'm a perfessin' member of the church, an' I dunno one o' them thar kyerds from the t'other; an' what is more, I ain't a-wantin' ter know. I hev seen 'em a-playin' wunst, an' I hearn 'em a-talkin' that thar foolishness 'bout 'n 'high' an' 'low,' an' sech, — they 'll all be low enough 'fore long. But what I say is, I dunno how come Josiah Tait, what's always been a peart, smart boy, an' his father afore him always war a thrivin' man, an' Budd Wray war never nobody nor nothin', — he war always mighty no-count, him an' all his folks, — an' what I dunno is, how come he kin git the upper hand of Josiah Tait at these hyar kyerds, an' can't git it no other way. Ef he keeps on a-playin' of Old Sledge hyar at the Settlemint, he 'll be wuth ez much ez anybody on the mounting what's done been a-workin' all thar days, an' hed a toler'ble start

ter begin with. It don't look fair an' sensible ter me."

"'Pears like ter me," said the very young fellow, father of the very young daughter, "ef a man is old enough ter git married, he is old enough ter take keer of hisself. I kin make out no good reason why Josiah Tait oughter be pertected agin Budd Wray. 'Pears ter me ef one of 'em kin larn ter play Old Sledge, the t'other kin. An' Josiah hev got toler'ble good sense."

"That's how come all ye young muskrats dunno nothin'," retorted Blake in some heat. "Jes' let one of yer git turned twenty year old, an' yer think ye air ez wise an' ez settled ez ef ye war sixty, an' ye can't larn nothin' more."

"All the same, I don't see ez Josiah Tait needs a dry-nuss ter keep off Wray an' sech critters," was the response. And here this controversy ended.

"Somehow," said Tobe Rains, reflectively, "it don't look likely ter me ez he an' Josiah Tait hev any call ter be sech frien'ly folks. I hev hearn ez how Budd Wray war a-follerin' round Melindy Price afore she war married, an' she liked him frustate till Josiah tuk ter comin' 'bout'n the Scrub-Oak Ridge, whar she lived in them days. That thar ain't the stuff ter make frien's out'n. Thar is some sort'n cur'ous doin's a-goin' on 'bout'n these hyar frien'ly kyerds."

"I knowed that thar 'bout 'n his a-follerin' round Melindy afore she war married. I 'lowed one time ez Melindy hed a mind ter marry Wray stiddier Josiah," said the young father, shaken in his partisanship. "An' it always 'peared like ter me ez it war mighty comical ez he an' Josiah tuk ter playin' of Old Sledge an' sech tergither."

These questions were not easy of solution. Many speculations were preferred concerning the suspicious circumstance of Budd Wray's singular proficiency in the black art of playing Old Sledge; but beyond disparaging innuendo and covert insinuation conjecture

could not go. Everything was left doubtful, and so was the road.

It was hardly four o'clock, but the languid work had ceased and the little band was dispersing. Some had far to go through the deep woods to their homes, and those who lived closer at hand were not disposed to atone for their comrades' defection by prolonging their stay. The echoes for a long time vibrated amid the lonely heights with the metallic sound of their horses' hoofs, every moment becoming fainter, until at last all was hushed. Dusky shadows, which seemed to be exhaled from the ground, rose higher and higher up the mountain side from the reservoir of gloom that lay in the valley. The sky was a lustrous contrast to the darkling earth. The sun still lingered, large and red, above the western hills; the clouds about it were gorgeous in borrowed color; even those hovering in the east had caught the reflection of the sunset splendor, and among their gold and crimson flakes swung the silver globe of the hunter's moon. Now and then, at long intervals, the bark of the fox quivered on the air; once the laurel stirred with a faint rustle, and a deer stood in the midst of the ill-mended road, catching upon his spreading antlers the mingled light of sun and moon. For a moment he was motionless, his hoof uplifted; the next, with an elastic spring, as of a creature without weight, he was flying up the steep hillside and disappearing amid the slumberous shades of the dark pines. A sudden sound comes from far along the curves of the road, — a sound foreign to woods and stream and sky; again, and yet again, growing constantly more distinct, the striking of iron against stone, the quick, regular beat of a horse's tread, and an equestrian figure, facing the moon and with the sun at his back, rides between the steep ascent and the precipice, on his way to the Settlement and the encitements of Old Sledge.

He was not the conventional type of the roistering blade. There was an expression of settled melancholy on his face very usual with these mountaineers, reflected, perhaps, from the indefinable tinge of sadness that rests upon the Alleghany wilds, that hovers about the purpling mountain-tops, that broods over the silent woods, that sounds in the voice of the singing waters. Nor was he like the prosperous "perfessin' member" of the card-playing *culte*. His listless manner was that of stolidity, not of a studied calm; his brown jeans suit was old and worn and patched; his hat, which had seen many a drenching winter rain and scorching summer sun, had acquired sundry drooping curves undreamed of in its maker's philosophy. He rode a wiry gray mare without a saddle, and carried a heavy rifle. He was perhaps twenty-three years of age, a man of great strength and stature, and there were lines about his lips and chin which indicated a corresponding development of a firm will and tenacity of purpose. His slow brown eyes were fixed upon the horizon as he went around the ledge, and notwithstanding the languid monotony of the expression of his face he seemed absorbed in some definite train of thought, rather than lost in the vague, hazy reverie which is the habitual mental atmosphere of the quiescent mountaineer. The mare, left to herself, traveled along the rocky way in a debonaire fashion implying a familiarity with worse roads, and soon was around the curve and beginning the sharp ascent which led to the Settlement. There was a rickety bridge to cross, that spanned a deep, narrow stream, which caught among its dark pools now a long, slender, polished lance of sunlight, and now a dart from the moon. As the rider went on upward the woods were dense as ever; no glimpse yet of the signet of civilization set upon the wilderness and called the Settlement. By the time he had reached the summit the

last red rays of the day were fading from the tops of the trees, but the moon, full and high in the eastern heavens, shed so refulgent a light that it might be questioned whether the sun rose on a brighter world than that which he had left. A short distance along level ground, a turn to the right, and here, on the highest elevation of the range, was perched the little town. There was a clearing of ten acres, a blacksmith's shop, four log huts facing indiscriminately in any direction, a small store of one story and one room, and a new frame court-house, whitewashed and inclosed by a plank fence. In the last session of the legislature, the Settlement had been made the county-seat of a new county; the additional honor of a name had been conferred upon it, but as yet it was known among the population of the mountain by its time-honored and accustomed title.

Wray dismounted in front of the store, hitched the mare to a laurel bush, and, entering, discovered his two boon companions drearily waiting, and shuffling the cards again and again to while away the time. An inverted split-basket served as table; a tallow dip, a great extravagance in these parts, blinked on the head of a barrel near by, and gave a most flickering and ineffectual light, but the steady radiance of the moon poured in a wide white flood through the open door, and kindly supplied all deficiencies. The two young mountaineers were of the usual sad-eyed type, and the impending festivities might have seemed to those of a wider range of experience than the Settlement could furnish to be clouded with a funereal aspect. Before the fire, burning low and sullenly in the deep chimney, were sitting two elderly men, who looked with disfavor upon Wray as he came in and placed his gun with a clatter in the corner.

"Ye war a long time a-gittin' hyar, Budd," said one of the card-shufflers in

a gentle voice, with curiously low-spirited cadences. He spoke slowly, too, and with a slight difficulty, as if he seldom had occasion to express himself in words and his organs were out of practice. He was the proprietor of the store, one Tom Scruggs, and this speech was by way of doing the honors. The other looked up with recognizing eyes, but said nothing.

"I war hendered some," replied Wray, seating himself in a rush-bottomed chair, and drawing close to the inverted basket. "Ez I war a-comin' along, 'bout haffen mile an' better from my house, — 't war nigh on ter three o'clock, I reckon, — I seen the biggest, fattest buck I hev seen this year a-bouncin' through the laurel, an' I shot him. An' I hed ter kerry him 'long home, 'kase suthin' mought hev got him ef I hed a-left him thar. An' it hendered me some."

"An' we hev ter sit hyar a-wastin' away an' a-waitin' while ye goes a-huntin' of deer," said Josiah Tait, angrily, and speaking for the first time. "I could hev gone an' shot twenty deer ef I would hev tuk the time. Yer said ez how yer war a-goin' ter be hyar an hour by sun, an' jes' look a-yander," pointing to the lustrous disc of the moon.

"That thar moon war high enough fore the sun war a-settin'," returned Wray. "Ef yer air in sech a hurry, why'n't yer cut them thar kyerds fur deal, an' stop that thar jowin' o' yourn. I hev hed ez much of that ez I am a-goin' ter swallow."

"I'll put it down yer with the ramrod o' that thar gun o' mine, ef ye don't take keer how ye talk," retorted the choleric Tait; "an' ef that don't set easy on yer stomach, I'll see how yer'll digest a bullet."

"I'm a-waitin' fur yer ramrod," said Wray, calmly. "Jes' try that fust, an' see how it works."

The melancholy-voiced store-keeper interrupted these amenities, not for the

sake of peace, — white-winged angel, — but in the interests of Old Sledge. “Ef I hed a-knowed ez how yer two boys war a-goin’ ter take ter quarrelin’ an’ a-fightin’ round hyar, a stiddier playin’ of kyerds sensible-like, I would n’t hev shet up shop so quick. I hed a good many little turns of work ter do what I hev lef’ ter play kyerds. An’ yer two mought jow tergether some other day, it ’pears like ter me. Yer air a-wastin’ more time a-jowin’, Josiah, than Budd tuk up in comin’ an’ deer-huntin’ ter-gether. Yer hev cut the lowest in the pack, so deal the kyerds, or give ’em ter them ez will.”

The suggestion to resign the deal touched Josiah in a tender spot. He protested that he was only too willing to play, — that was all he wanted. “But ter be kep’ a-waitin’ hyar while Budd comes a-snakin’ through the woods, an’ a-stoppin’ ter shoot wild varmints an’ sech, an’ then a-goin’ home ter kerri ’em, an’ then a-snakin’ agin through the woods, an’ a-gittin’ hyar nigh on ter night-time, — that’s what riles me.”

“Waal, go ’long now!” exclaimed Wray, fairly roused out of his imperturbability. “Deal them kyerds, an’ stop a-talkin’. That thar tongue o’ yourn will git cut out some o’ these hyar days. It jes’ goes like a grist-mill, an’ it’s enough ter make a man deaf fur life.”

Thus exhorted, Josiah dealt. In receiving their hands the players looked searchingly at every card, as if in doubtful recognition of an old acquaintance; but before the game was fairly begun another interruption occurred. One of the elderly men beside the fire rose and advanced upon the party.

“Thar is a word ez we hev laid off ter ax yer, Budd Wray, which will be axed twict, — wunst right hyar, an’ wunst at the Judgmint Day. War it yer ez interjuiced this hyar coal o’ fire from hell that ye call Old Sledge up hyar ter the Settlemint?”

The querist was a gaunt, forlorn-looking man, stoop-shouldered, and slow in his movements. There was, however, a distinct intimation of power in his lean, sinewy figure, and his face bore the scarlet scar of a wound torn by a furious fang, which, though healed long ago, was an ever-present reminder of a fierce encounter with a wild beast, in which he had come off victorious. The tones of his voice and the drift and rhetoric of his speech bespoke the loan of the circuit-rider.

The card-players looked up less in surprise than exasperation, and Josiah Tait, fretfully anticipating Wray, spoke in reply: “No, he never. I fatched this hyar coal o’ fire myself, an’ ef yer don’t look out an’ stand back out’n the way it ’ll flare up an’ singe yer. I larnt how ter play when I went down yander ter the Cross-Roads, an’ I brung it ter the Settlemint myself.”

There was a mingled glow of the pride of the innovator and the disdainful superiority of the iconoclast kindling within Josiah Tait as he claimed the patent for Old Sledge. The catechistic terrors of the Last Day had less reality for him than the present honor and glory appertaining to the traveled importer of a new game. The Judgment Day seemed imminent over his dodging head only when beholding the masterly scene-painting of the circuit-rider, and the fire and brimstone out of sight were out of mind.

“But ef yer air a-thinkin’ of callin’ me ter ’count fur sech,” said Wray, nodding at the cards, “I’ll hev yer ter know ez I kin stand up ter anything I does. I have got no call ter be ashamed of myself, an’ I ain’t afeard o’ nothin’ an’ nobody.”

“Ye give me ter onderstand, then, ez Josiah larned yer ter play?” asked the self-constituted grand inquisitor. “How come, then, Budd Wray, ez yer wins all the truck from Josiah, ef ye air jes’ a-larnin’?”

There was an angry exclamation from Josiah, and Wray laughed out triumphantly. The walls caught the infrequent mirthful sound, and reverberated with a hollow repetition. From the dark forest just beyond the moon-flooded clearing the echo rang out. There was a subtle, weird influence in those exultant tones, rising and falling by fitful starts in that tangled, wooded desert; now loud and close at hand, now the faintest whisper of a sound. The men all turned their slow eyes toward the sombre shadows, so black beneath the silver moon, and then looked at each other.

"It 's 'bout time fur me ter be a-startin'," said the bear-hunter. "Whenever I hear them critters a-laughin' that thar way in them woods I puts out fur home an' bars up the door, fur I hev hearn tell ez how the sperits air a-prowlin' round then, an' some mischief is a-happenin'."

"'T ain't nothin' but Budd Wray a-laughin'," said the store-keeper reassuringly. "I hev hearn them thar rocks an' things a-answerin' back every minute in the day, when anybody hollers right loud."

"They don't laugh, though, like they war a-laughin' jes' a while ago."

"No, they don't," admitted the store-keeper reluctantly; "but mebbe it air 'kase there is nobody round hyar ez hev got much call ter laugh."

He was unaware of the lurking melancholy in this speech, and it passed unnoticed by the others.

"It 's this hyar a-foolin' along of Old Sledge an' sech ez calls the sperits up," said the old man. "An' ef ye knows what air good fur ye, ye'll light out from hyar an' go home. They air a-laughin' yit" — He interrupted himself, and glanced out of the door.

The faintest staccato laugh thrilled from among the leaves. And then all was silent, — not even the bark of a dog nor a tremulous whisper of the night-wind.

The other elderly man, who had not

yet spoken, rose from his seat by the fire. "I 'm a-goin', too," he said. "I kem hyar ter the Settlemint," he added, turning upon the gamblers, "'kase I hev been called ter warn ye o' the wickedness o' yer ways, ez Jonah afore me war tole ter go up ter Nineveh ter warn the folks thar."

"Things turns out powerful curious wunst in a while," retorted Wray. "He war swallowed by a whale arterward."

"'Kase he would n't do ez he war tole; but even thar Providence perfected him. He come out'n the whale agin, what nobody kin do ez gits swallowed in the pit. They hev ter stay."

"It hain't me ez keeps up this hyar game," said Wray sullenly, but stung to a slight repentance by this allusion to the pit. "It air Josiah hyar ez is a-aimin' ter win back the truck he hev los'; an' so air Tom, hyar. I hev hed toler'ble luck along o' this Old Sledge, but they know, an' they hev got ter stand up ter it, ez I never axed none of 'em ter play. Ef they scorches themselves with this hyar coal o' fire from hell, ez yer calls it, Josiah brung it, an' it air Tom an' him a-blowin' on it ez hev kep' it a-light."

"I ain't a-goin' ter quit," said Josiah Tait angrily, the loser's desperate eagerness pulsing hot and quick through his veins, — "I ain't a-goin' ter quit till I gits back that thar brindled heifer an' that thar gray mare out yander, what Budd air a-ridin', an' them thar two wagon-loads o' corn."

"We hev said our say, an' we air a-goin'," remarked one of the unheeded counselors.

"An' play on of yer kyerds!" cried Josiah to the others, in a louder, shriller voice than was his wont, as the two old men stepped out of the door. The woods caught the sound and gave it back in a higher key.

"S'pose we stops fur ter-night," suggested the store-keeper; "them thar rocks do sound sort 'n curious now."

"I ain't a-goin' ter stop fur nothin' an' nobody!" exclaimed Josiah, in a tremor of keen anxiety to be at the sport. "Dad-burn the sperits! Let 'em come in, an' I'll deal 'em a hand. Thar! that trick is mine. Play ter this hyar queen o' trumps."

The royal lady was recklessly thrown upon the basket, with all her foes in ambush. Somehow, they did not present themselves. Tom was destitute, and Budd followed with the seven. Josiah again pocketed the trick with unction. This trifling success went disproportionately far in calming his agitation, and for a time he played more heedfully. Tom Scruggs's caution made ample amends for his lack of experience. So slow was he, and so much time did he require for consideration, that more than once he roused his companions to wrath. The anxieties with which he was beset preponderated over the pleasure afforded by the sport, and the winning back of a half-bushel measure, which he had placed in jeopardy and lost, so satisfied this prudent soul that he announced at the end of the game that he would play no more for this evening. The others were welcome, though, to continue if they liked, and he would sit by and look on. He snuffed the blinking tallow dip, and resealed himself, an eager spectator of the play that followed.

Wray was a cool hand. Despite the awkward, unaccustomed clutch upon the cards and the doubtful recognition he bestowed on each as it fell upon the basket, he displayed an imperturbability and nerve that usually comes only of long practice, and a singular pertinacity in pursuing the line of tactics he had marked out, — lying in wait and pouncing unerringly upon his prey in the nick of time. The brindled heifer's mother followed her offspring into his ownership; a yoke of oxen, a clay-bank filly, ten hogs, — every moment he was growing richer. But his success did not for

an instant shake a stolid calm, quicken his blood, nor relax his vigilant attention; his exultation was held well in hand under the domination of a strong will and a settled purpose. Josiah Tait became almost maddened by these heavy losses; his hands trembled, his eager exclamations were incoherent, his dull eyes blazed at fever heat, and ever and anon the echo of his shrill, raised voice rang back from the untiring rocks.

The single spectator of the game now and then, in the intervals of shuffling and dealing the cards, glanced over his shoulder at the dark trees whence the hidden mimic of the woods, with some strong suggestion of sinister intent, repeated the agitated tones. There was a silver line all along the summit of the foliage, along the roofs of the houses and the topmost rails of the fences; a sense of freshness and dew pervaded the air, and the grass was all asparkle. The shadows of the laurel about the door were beginning to fall on the step, every leaf distinctly defined in the moon's magical tracery. He knew without looking up that she had passed the meridian, and was swinging down the western sky.

"Boys," he said, in a husky undertone, — he dared not speak aloud, for the mocker in the woods, — "boys, I reckon it's 'bout time we war a-quittin' o' this hyar a-playin' of Old Sledge; it's midnight an' past, an' Budd hev toler'ble fur ter go."

The tallow dip, that had long been flickering near its end, suddenly went out, and the party suffered a partial eclipse. Josiah Tait dragged the inverted basket closer to the door and into the full brilliance of the moon, declaring that neither Wray nor he should leave the house till he had retrieved his misfortunes or lost everything in the effort. The host, feeling that even hospitality has its limits, did not offer to light another expensive candle, but threw a quantity of pine-knots on the smoulder-

ing coals; presently a white blaze was streaming up the chimney, and in the mingled light of fire and moon the game went on.

"Ye oughter take keer, Josiah," remonstrated the sad-voiced store-keeper, as a deep groan and a deep curse emphasized the result of high, jack, and game for Wray, and low alone for Tait. "An' it's 'bout time ter quit."

"Dad burn the luck!" exclaimed Josiah, in a hard, strained voice, "I ain't a-goin' ter leave this hyar spot till I hev won back them thar critters o' mine what he hev tuk. An' I kin do it, — I kin do it in one more game. I'll bet — I'll bet" — He paused in bewildered excitement; he had already lost to Wray everything available as a stake. There was a sudden unaccountable gleam of malice on the lucky winner's face; the quick glance flashed in the moonlight into the distended hot eyes of his antagonist. Wray laughed silently, and began to push his chair away from the basket.

"Stop! stop!" cried Josiah, hoarsely. "I hev got a house, — a house an' fifty acres, nigh about. I'll bet the house an' land agin what ye hev won from me, — them two cows, an' the brindled heifer, an' the gray mare, an' the clay-bank filly, an' them ten hogs, an' the yoke-o' steers, an' the wagon, an' the corn, — them two loads o' corn: that will 'bout make it even, won't it?" He leaned forward eagerly as he asked the question.

"Look a-hyar, Josiah," exclaimed the store-keeper, aghast, "this hyar is a-goin' too fur! Hain't ye los' enough a'ready but yer must be a-puttin' up the house what shelters yer? Look at me, now: I ain't done los' nothin' but the half-bushel measure, an' I hev got it back agin. An' it air a blessin' that I *hev* got it agin, for 't would hev been mighty ill convenient round hyar 'thout it."

"Will yer take it?" said Josiah, almost pleadingly, persistently addressing himself to Wray, regardless of the re-

monstrant host. "Will yer put up the critters agin the house an' land?"

Wray made a feint of hesitating. Then he signified his willingness by seating himself and beginning to deal the cards, saying before he looked at his hand, "That thar house an' land o' yourn agin the truck ez I hev won from yer?"

"Oh, Lord, boys, this *must* be sinful!" remonstrated the proprietor of the cherished half-bushel measure, appalled by the magnitude of the interests involved.

"Hold yer jaw! hold yer jaw!" said Josiah Tait. "I kin hardly make out one kyerd from another while ye're a-preachin' away, same ez the rider! I done tole yer, Budd," turning again to Wray, "I'll put up the house an' land agin the truck. I'll git a deed writ fur ye in the mornin', ef ye win it," he added, hastily, thinking he detected uncertainty still lurking in the expression of Wray's face. "The court air a-goin' ter sit hyar ter-morrer, an' the lawyers from yander ter Smyrny will be hyar toler'ble soon, I reckon. An' I'll git ye a deed writ fust thing in the mornin'."

"Yer hearn him say it?" said Wray, turning to Tom Scruggs.

"I hearn him," was the reply.

And the game went on.

"I beg," said Josiah, piteously, after carefully surveying his hand.

"I ain't a-goin' ter deal ye nare 'nother kyerd," said Wray. "Yer kin take a pint fust."

The point was scored by the faithful looker-on in Josiah's favor. High, low, and game were made by Wray, jack being in the pack. Thus the score was three to one. In the next deal, the trump, a spade, was allowed by Wray to stand. He led the king. "I'm low, anyhow," said Josiah, in momentary exultation, as he played the deuce to it. Wray next led the ace whisking for the jack, and caught it.

"Dad-burn the rotten luck!" quavered Josiah.

With the advantage of high and jack a foregone conclusion, Wray began to play warily for game. But despite his caution he lost the next trick. Josiah was in doubt how to follow up this advantage; after an anxious interval of cogitation he said, "I believe I'll throw away fur a while," and laid that safe card, the five of diamonds, upon the basket. "Tom," he added, "put on some more o' them knots. I kin hardly tell what I'm a-doin' of. I hev got the shakes, an' somehow 'nother my eyes is cranky, and wobble so ez I can't see."

The white sheets of flame went whizzing merrily up the chimney, and the clear light fell full upon the basket as Wray laid upon the five the ten of diamonds.

"Lord! Josiah!" exclaimed Tom Scruggs, becoming wild, and even more ill judged than usual, beginning to feel as if he were assisting at his friend's obsequies, and to have a more decided conviction that this way of coming by house and land and cattle and goods was sinful. "Lord! Josiah! that thar kyerd he's done saved 'll count him ten fur game. Ye had better hev played that thar queen o' di'monds, an' dragged it out'n him."

"Good Lord in heaven!" shrieked Josiah, in a frenzy of rage at this unwarrantable disclosure.

"Lord in heaven!" rang loud from the depths of the dark woods. "Heaven!" softly vibrated the distant heights. The crags close at hand clanged back the sound, and the air was filled with repetitions of the word, growing fainter and fainter, till they might have seemed the echo of a whisper.

The men neither heard nor heeded. Tom Scruggs, although appreciating the depth of the infamy into which he had unwittingly plunged, was fully resolved to stand stoutly upon the defensive, — he even extended his hand to take down

his gun, which was laid across a couple of nails on the wall.

"Hold on, Josiah, — hold on!" cried Wray, as Tait drew his knife. "Tom never went fur ter tell, an' I'll give yer a ten ter make it fair. Thar's the ten o' hearts; an' a ten is the mos' ez that thar critter of a queen could hev made out ter hev tuk, anyhow."

Josiah hesitated.

"That thar is the mos' ez she could hev done," said the store-keeper, smoothing over the results of his carelessness. "The jacks don't count but fur one apiece, so that thar ten is the mos' ez she could hev made out ter git, even ef I hed n't a-forgot an' tole Budd she war in yer hand."

Josiah was mollified by this very equitable proposal, and resuming his chair he went on with the play. The ten of hearts which he had thus secured was, however, of no great avail in counting for game. Wray had already high and jack, and game was added to these. The score therefore stood six to two in his favor.

The perennial faith of the gambler in the next turn of the wheel was strong in Josiah Tait. Despite his long run of bad luck, he was still animated by the feverish delusion that the gracious moment was surely close at hand when success would smile upon him. Wray, it was true, needed to score only one point to turn him out of house and land, homeless and penniless. He was confident it would never be scored. If he could make the four chances he would be even with his antagonist, and then he could win back in a single point all that he had lost. His face wore a haggard, eager expectation, and the agitation of the moment thrilled through every nerve. He watched with fiery eyes the dealing of the cards, and after hastily scrutinizing his hand he glanced with keen interest to see the trump turned. It was a knave, counting one for the dealer. There was a moment

of intense silence; he seemed petrified as his eyes met the triumphant gaze of his opponent. The next instant he was at Wray's throat.

The shadows of the two swaying figures reeled across the floor, marring the exquisite arabesque of moonshine and laurel leaves, — quick, hard panting, a deep oath, spasmodic efforts on the part of each to draw a sharp knife, prevented by the strong intertwining arms of the other.

The store-keeper, at a safe distance, remonstrated with both, to no purpose, and as the struggle could end only in freeing a murderous hand he rushed into the clearing, shouting the magical word "Fight!" with all the strength of his lungs. There was no immediate response, save that the affrighted rocks rang with the frenzied cry, and the motionless woods and the white moonlight seemed pervaded with myriads of strange, uncanny voices. Then a cautious shutter of a glassless window was opened, and through the narrow chink there fell a bar of red light, on which was clearly defined an inquiring head, like an inquisitively expressive silhouette. "They air a-fightin' yander ter the store, whar they air a-playin' of Old Sledge," said the master of the shanty, for the enlightenment of the curious within. And then he closed the shutter, and like the law-abiding citizen that he was betook himself to his broken rest. This was the only expression of interest elicited.

A dreadful anxiety was astir in the store-keeper's thoughts. One of the men would certainly be killed; but he cared not so much for the shedding of blood in the abstract as that the deed should be committed on his premises at the dead of night; and there might be such a concatenation of circumstances, through the malefactor's willful perversion of the facts, that suspicion would fall upon him. The first circuit court ever held in the new county would be in session to-morrow; and the terrors

of the law, deadly to an unaccustomed mind, were close upon him. Finding no help from without, he rushed back into the store, determined to make one more appeal to the belligerents. "Budd," he cried, "I'll help yer ter hold Josiah, ef ye'll promise yer won't tech him ter hurt. He air crazed through a-losin' of his truck. Say ye won't tech him ter hurt, an' I'll help yer ter hold him."

Josiah succumbed to their united efforts, and presently made no further show of resistance, but sank, still panting, into one of the chairs beside the inverted basket, and gazed blankly, with the eyes of a despairing, hunted creature, out at the sheen of the moonlight.

"I ain't a-wantin' ter hurt nobody," said Wray, in a surly tone. "I never axed him ter play kyerds, nor ter bet, nor nothin'. He larned me hisself, an' ef I hed los' stiddier of him he would be a-thinkin' now ez it's all right."

"I'm a-goin' ter stand up ter what I done said, though," Josiah declared brokenly. "Yer need n't be afeard ez how I ain't a-goin' ter make my words true. Ef yer comes hyar at noon to-morrer, ye'll git that thar deed, an' ye kin take the house an' land ez I an' my folks hev hed nigh on ter a hundred year. I ain't a-goin' ter fail o' my word, though."

He rose suddenly, and stepped out of the door. His footfalls sounded with a sullen thud in the utter quietude of the place; a long shadow thrown by the sinking moon dogged him noiselessly as he went, until he plunged into the depths of the woods, and their gloom absorbed both him and his silent pursuer.

A dank, sunless morning dawned upon the house in which Josiah Tait and his fathers had lived for nearly a hundred years: it was an humble log cabin nestled in the dense forest, about four miles from the Settlement. Fifty cleared acres, in an irregular shape, lay behind it; the cornstalks, sole remnant of the crop lost at Old Sledge, were still standing, their

sickly yellow tint blanched by the contrast with the dark brown of the tall weeds in a neighboring field, that had grown up after the harvested wheat, and flourished in the summer sun, and died under the first fall of the frost. A heavy moisture lay upon them at noon, this dreary autumnal day; a wet cloud hung in the tree-tops; here and there, amid its gray vapors, a scarlet bough flamed with a sharply accented intensity. There was no far-reaching perspective in the long aisles of the woods; the all-pervading mist had enwrapped the world, and here, close at hand, were bronze-green trees, and there spectre-like outlines of boles and branches, dimly seen in the haze, and beyond an opaque, colorless curtain. From the chimney of the house the smoke rose slowly; the doors were closed, and not a creature was visible save ten hogs prowling about in front of the dwelling among the fallen acorns, pausing and looking up with that odd, porcine expression of mingled impudence and malignity as Budd Wray appeared suddenly in the mist and made his way to the cabin.

He knocked; there was a low-toned response. After hesitating a moment, he lifted the latch and went in. He was evidently unexpected; the two occupants of the room looked at him with startled eyes, in which, however, the momentary surprise was presently merged in an expression of bitter dislike. The elder, a faded, careworn woman of fifty, turned back without a word to her employment of washing clothes. The younger, a pretty girl of eighteen, looked hard at him with fast-flicking blue eyes, and rising from her low chair beside the fire said, in a voice broken by grief and resentment, "Ef this hyar house air yourn, Budd Wray, I wants ter git out'n it."

"I hev come hyar ter tell ye a word," said Budd Wray, meeting her tearful glance with a stern stolidity. He flung himself into a chair, and fixing his moody eyes on the fire went on: "A word ez

I hev been a-aimin' an' a-contrivin' ter tell ye ever sence ye war married ter Josiah Tait, an' afore that, — ever sence ye tuk back the word ez yer hed gin me afore ye ever seen him, 'kase o' his hevin' a house, an' critters, an' sech like. He hain't got none now, — none of 'em. I hev been a-layin' off ter bring him ter this pass fur a long time, 'count of the scandalous way ye done treated me a year ago las' June. He hain't got no house, nor no critters, nor nothin'. I done it, an' I come hyar with the deed in my pocket ter tell ye what I done it fur."

Her tears flowed afresh, and she looked appealingly at him. He did not remove his angry, indignant eyes from the blaze, stealing timidly up the smoky chimney. "I never hed nothin' much," he continued, "an' I never said I hed nothin' much, like Josiah; but I thought ez how you an' me might make out toler'ble well, bein' ez we sot consider'ble store by each other in them days, afore he ever tuk ter comin' a-huntin' yander ter Scrub-Oak Ridge, whar ye war a-livin' then. I don't keer nothin' 'bout'n it now, 'ceptin' it riles me, an' I war bound ter spite yer fur it. I don't keer nothin' more 'bout *yer* now than fur one o' them thar dead leaves. I want ye ter know I jes' done it ter spite ye, — *ye* is the one. I hain't got no grudge agin Josiah ter talk about. He done like any other man would."

The color flared into the drooping face, and there was a flash in the weeping blue eyes.

"I s'pose I hed a right ter make a ch'ice," she said, angrily, stung by these taunts.

"Jes' so," responded Wray, coolly; "yer hed a right ter make a ch'ice atwixt two men, but no gal hev got a right ter put a man on one cend o' the beam, an' a lot o' senseless critters an' house an' land on the t'other. Ye never keered nethin' fur me nor Josiah nuther, ef the truth war knowed; ye war all tuk up with the house an' land an' crit-

ters. An' they hev done lef' ye, what nare one o' the men would hev done."

The girl burst into convulsive sobs, but the sight of her distress had no softening influence upon Wray. "I hev done it ter pay ye back fur what ye hev done ter me, an' I reckon ye'll 'low now ez we air toler'ble even. Ye tuk all I keered fur away from me, an' now I hev tuk all ye keer fur away from yer. An' I'm a-goin' now yander ter the Settlement ter hev this hyar deed recorded on the book ter the court-house, like Lawyer Green tole me ter do right straight. I laid off, though, ter come hyar fust, an' tell ye what I hev been aimin' ter be able ter tell ye fur a year an' better. An' now I am a-goin' ter git this hyar deed recorded."

He replaced the sheet of scrawled legal-cap in his pocket, and rose to go; then turned, and, leaning heavily on the back of his chair, looked at her with lowering eyes.

"Ye're a pore little cre'tur," he said, with scathing contempt. "I duuno what ails Josiah nor me nuther ter hev sot our hearts on sech a little stalk o' cheat."

He went out into the enveloping mountain mist with the sound of her weeping ringing in his ears. His eyes were hot, and his angry heart was heavy. He had schemed and waited for his revenge with persistent patience. Fortune had favored him, but now that it had fully come, strangely enough it fell short of satisfying him. The deed in his breast-pocket weighed like a stone, and as he rode on through the cloud that lay upon the mountain top the sense of its pressure became almost unendurable. And yet, with a perplexing contrariety of emotion, he felt more bitterly toward her than ever, and experienced a delight almost savage in holding the possessions for which she had been so willing to resign him. "Jes' kicked me out'n the way like I war nothin' more'n that thar branch o' pisen-oak fur a passel o' cattle an' sech like critters, an' a house an'

land,—'kase I don't count Josiah in. 'Twar the house an' land an' sech she war a-studyin' 'bout." And every moment the weight of the deed grew heavier. He took scant notice of external objects as he went, keeping mechanically along the path, closed in twenty yards ahead of him by the opaque curtain of mist. The trees at the greatest distance visible stood shadow-like and colorless in their curious, unreal atmosphere; but now and then the faintest flake of a pale rose tint would appear in the pearly haze, deepening and deepening, till at the vanishing point of the perspective a gorgeous scarlet-oak tree would rise, red enough to make a respectable appearance on the planet Mars. There was an audible stir breaking upon the silence of the solemn woods, the leaves were rustling together, and drops of moisture began to patter down upon the ground. The perspective grew gradually longer and longer, as the rising wind cleared the forest aisles; and when he reached the road that ran between the precipice and the steep hill above, the clouds were falling apart, the mist had broken into thousands of fleecy white wreaths, clinging to the fantastically tinted foliage, and the sunlight was striking deep into the valley. The woods about the Settlement were all aglow with color, and sparkling with the tremulous drops that shimmered in the sun.

There was an unwonted air of animation and activity pervading the place. To the court-house fence were hitched several lean, forlorn horses, with shabby old saddles, or sometimes merely blankets; two or three wagons were standing among the stumps in the clearing. The door of the store was occupied by a coterie of mountaineers, talking with unusual vivacity of the most startling event that had agitated the whole country-side for a score of years,—the winning of Josiah Tait's house and land at Old Sledge. The same subject was rife among the choice spirits congregated in

the court-house yard and about the portal of that temple of justice, and Wray's approach was watched with the keenest interest.

He dismounted, and walked slowly to the door, paused, and turning as with a sudden thought threw himself hastily upon his horse; he dashed across the clearing, galloped heedlessly down the long, steep hill, and the astounded loiterers heard the thunder of the hoofs as they beat at a break-neck speed upon the frail, rotten timbers of the bridge below.

Josiah Tait had put his troubles in to soak at the still-house, and this circumstance did not tend to improve the cheerfulness of his little home when he returned in the afternoon. The few necessities left to the victims of Old Sledge had been packed together, and were in readiness to be transported with him, his wife, and mother-in-law to Melinda's old home on Scrub-Oak Ridge, when her brother should drive his wagon over for them the next morning.

They never knew how to account for it. While the forlorn family were sitting before the smoking fire, as the day waned, the door was suddenly burst open, and Budd Wray strode in impetuously. A brilliant flame shot up the chimney, and the deed which Josiah Tait had that day executed was a cipher among the logs. He went as he came, and the mystery was never explained.

There was, however, "a sayin' goin' 'bout the mounting ez how Josiah an' Melindy jes' 'ticed him, somehow 'nother, ter thar house, an' held him, an' tuk the deed away from him tergeth'er. An' they made him send back the critters an' the corn what he done won away from 'em." This version came to his ears, and was never denied. He was more ashamed of relenting in his vengeance than of the wild legend that he had been worsted in a tussle with Melinda and Josiah.

And since the night of Budd Wray's barren success the playing of Old Sledge has become a lost art at the Settlement.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE VOYAGE OF THE JEANNETTE.

WHEN Captain De Long was struggling through the morass of the Lena Delta, one of his men urged him to abandon or to bury the papers which the party were carrying and thus lighten their loads, but he refused; the records of the voyage should go with him to the end, and to the end they did go. It was the instinctive resolution of a brave man that the story of his endeavor should not be lost, even though it was a story of disaster and defeat. It is no doubt with a similar sentiment that Mrs. De Long has given to the world

¹ *The Voyage of the Jeannette.* The Ship and Ice Journals of GEORGE W. DE LONG, Lieutenant-Commander U. S. N. and Commander of the Polar Expedition of 1879-1881. Edited by his

a full narrative of the expedition which her husband commanded.¹ She has made it so full and complete that one feels, in reading it, here is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is the truth about the Jeannette which people want, and it is this truth which will give to the expedition and its commander a fame unmeasured by success or failure. The most imperishable monument to a brave man is that knowledge of his life and character which becomes the property of the world, and so passes into human thought and aspiration; wife, EMMA DE LONG. With steel portraits, maps, and many illustrations on wood and stone. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1883.

whatever may be the fortune of future expeditions, no results of research can dim the fame of this venture, because its fame rests not on what it accomplished, but upon the witness which it bore to the temper of men.

The bulk of the work before us is occupied with a transcript of Captain De Long's journals, and it was fit, therefore, that the first chapter should be a sketch of De Long's life before he took command of the expedition. The book is so far a memorial to him that his early life is not treated as an introduction, but as a constituent part of the narrative. It is curious to find that as a boy he was carefully defended by an over-anxious mother from all perils of the water, and that the bent of his nature was for a life the very opposite of that to which his training was addressed. There is just enough hint of his family circumstances given to suggest to the reader an irksome repression, but one easily believes that the direction which De Long's life took was not in a reaction from home influence, but in the growth of a will which was a significant inheritance from his mother. The manliness, the openness, and the obedience of the boy were qualities which do not accord with mere restlessness of temper, and the strength of his will is seen in his final persuasion of his parents, and not in insubordination.

The training which he received, however, in the vain effort of his parents to make a professional man of him, was of great value, for the journals bear testimony to the skill which he acquired as a writer. We doubt if it was his education at the Naval Academy, so much as his public school and his private exercises when a boy, which gave him an ease in expression; and we venture the opinion that if Annapolis and West Point gave more special attention to literary training, many an officer in the navy and in the army would chafe less under the limitations of his life, and our

literature would show a more admirable shelf of books written by such officers than it now does. Be this as it may, there was, no doubt, in De Long's case a predisposition to literature. "His spirit and energy," we are told, "hemmed in upon the adventurous side, found exercise in an intellectual ardor, and he was a fiery little orator and writer."

The manner in which he won over his parents to consent to his applying for admission to the Naval Academy, and then badgered everybody, including Mr. Benjamin Wood, the Representative to Congress from his district, and Secretary Welles, until he carried his point, is a boyish exhibition of an indomitable energy and winning faculty, which his after experience repeated in a variety of ways. Just as he had apparently got what he was after, and had gone to Newport, — for it was in the early days of the war, when the Academy was established there, — the officers at the Academy received a dispatch from the Secretary of the Navy, instructing them not to accept Mr. Wood's young man, for De Long had received the appointment in consequence of the unexpected failure in health of a cadet from Mr. Wood's district.

"Back to New York rushed De Long, and demanded of Mr. Wood the reason for the dispatch. Mr. Wood showed him a letter from the Secretary, by which it appeared that the nomination of De Long had been delayed, and that the cadet whose place he was to fill had recovered his health and been reinstated. 'So that ends the matter,' said Mr. Wood; but it did not at all end it in De Long's mind. He burst into a vigorous invective against the Department. It was all wrong. Mr. Wood had been imposed upon. It was because he was a Democrat that this injustice had been done, and the Republican Secretary was depriving the Congressman of his rights. He ought not to stand such treatment an hour. Mr. Wood was amused and

moved by the zeal of the young advocate, and finally said:—

“Do you sit down, Mr. De Long, and write what you want to the Secretary. I will sign the letter, and you can take it to Washington yourself, if you like.”

“The letter was written, and De Long set off at once to Washington. It was in the fall of 1861, when the trains were packed with soldiers, and the boy had to stand all the way from Philadelphia to Washington. He reached the city at six in the morning, and as soon as he could get something to eat presented himself at the door of the Secretary’s office, and was ready when the hour came for business. He entered and handed Mr. Wood’s letter to the Secretary. Mr. De Long often enjoyed telling of that interview; how he watched the various expressions of Mr. Gideon Welles’s face as he read the tempestuous letter which the boy had written. When the Secretary finished, he pushed his spectacles up and looked at his visitor.

“And you are Mr. De Long, are you? Well, well, this is a very strange state of affairs. Mr. Wood seems very much excited; but he is laboring under a delusion. We have no intention of slighting him in any way. You can return to the Academy. I will give the necessary orders for your reception there, and please say to Mr. Wood that he shall not be deprived even of his imaginary right.”

De Long completed his term at the Naval Academy without further interruption, and entered active service. His high spirits, his curiosity, and his resolute will are sketched in a number of entertaining and suggestive incidents; but the event which most distinctly foretold his career was the boat-expedition which he made with a small party, when he was lieutenant on the *Juniata*, a steamer sent to the coast of Greenland to search for the missing *Polaris*. De

Long volunteered to take the steam-launch and explore Melville Bay, and the narrative of his daring adventure, told in his own words, gives one a keen sense of the courage and prudence which characterized him. He went to the full length of his powers, but there was an absence of mere recklessness, and that in such affairs counts for as much as courage.

The boat-journey gave him that taste of Arctic adventure which is sure to whet the appetite of a high-spirited man. To say that De Long caught the Arctic fever then, and was uneasy until he was again in high latitudes, would be true, but might give a false view of the controlling motive of his career. A craving for mere adventure, the love of excitement, the restless desire for peril, are after all rather physical than high mental or moral inspirations, and the natures which obey such impulses have not the stuff out of which real heroism is made. If there were no other evidence, the power of silent, cheerful endurance of disappointment which De Long and his party showed would intimate that they were sustained by some higher motive than a desire to achieve adventure. There is other evidence, for the whole tenor of De Long’s own words concerning the expedition and the comprehensiveness of his preparations indicate how completely he threw his whole life into the enterprise, and with what generous purpose he conceived the adventure.

The expedition was linked with the historical Arctic explorations of America in an interesting fashion.

“When the *Juniata* was ordered to the coast of Greenland, Lieutenant De Long called upon Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, to obtain from him any information which his long connection with Arctic explorations could afford. Mr. Grinnell offered the use of charts which had been employed on the several expeditions he had fitted out, and

upon the return of the Juniata Lieutenant De Long restored these charts to Mr. Grinnell, and acquainted him with his own experience. The two held a long talk upon Arctic subjects, and shortly after Lieutenant De Long dined at Mr. Grinnell's in company with Dr. Bessells and other Arctic voyagers. At this dinner Mr. De Long asked Mr. Grinnell : —

“ ‘Why do you not fit out an expedition to the North Pole? I should like much to take command of one and solve the problem. You have tried so often you ought to try again.’

“ ‘I am too old a man,’ replied Mr. Grinnell, ‘and I have done my share. Younger men must take the matter in hand. There is Mr. James Gordon Bennett. He is the man to undertake such an expedition. You should apply to him.’ ”

Mr. De Long did apply, and found Mr. Bennett already thinking of the scheme. Thus it was that the power which had essayed to solve the African problem and had achieved so much success was the one to attack the Polar problem. Nations and commerce have had their turn in discovery ; it remains for the fourth estate to organize further victories, with this advantage that, its power of making known its discoveries is as great as its power to endow research, and, moreover, that the very reason of its being leads to the fullest, most detailed report.

It was nearly six years before the plans then conceived were so far consummated that the *Jeannette* sailed out of San Francisco harbor on her voyage of discovery ; and though the time was not all expended in direct preparation, it may be said that De Long never lost sight of his great purpose. A naval officer in time of peace finds little in the service to call out his highest qualities, and De Long was not the man to be satisfied with a life of routine. He did good work meanwhile in connection with

the school-ship *St. Mary*, and he made acquisitions in science which qualified him for observation and speculation when he confronted the perplexing problems of the Arctic Ocean.

The actual preparation for the expedition was arduous, and De Long threw himself into the labor with all his impetuous and steady might. His oversight extended to the minutest particular, and backed as he was by a man who had great resources and a generous confidence in him, he spared no pains to make the best use of whatever was available. The combination of advantages was certainly very great. Mr. Bennett had money, influence, and a liberal zeal. Captain De Long had experience, enthusiasm, a cool head, and special training, while the United States lent the powerful aid of her naval organization and discipline. It seems pitiful that at the last moment, when every hour was precious, some inexplicable economy or churlishness upon the part of the government should have compelled Captain De Long to lose a fortnight at least, if not more, from the necessity of taking along to Alaska a schooner for consort, instead of a government steamer.

The whole story, indeed, is one of mournful might have beens. The delay at the start was lengthened by the errand in search of tidings of Norden-skjöld. That prosperous voyager was calmly making his way through summer seas, while De Long was anxiously exploring the coast about Behring Strait for tidings of him. Of course it was all right, and there was no help for it, and De Long only did a humane duty ; but the pity of it ! A month in the summer of 1879 spent in comparatively low latitudes contains all manner of possibilities in the way of progress northward. It is impossible to say what parallel he might have made if he had sighted Herald Island on August 4th instead of September 4th. He might sim-

ply have been a month longer in the ice, but the cruel truth is that he had scarcely weighed anchor for the great enterprise on which he was bound before he was closed in by the ice, which held him in a sullen grip for nearly two years.

Instead, therefore, of a voyage of interesting discovery and abundant incident, the *Jeannette* and her company were doomed to an Arctic prison, where the only change was that brought by the sun and moon in their rounds and the restless heaving of the ice. Land was seen from time to time, as the ship moved wherever the icy bed in which she lay was willed to go, drifting in currents, or impelled by winds. The aurora displayed its splendid colors, and the various phenomena of an Arctic sky passed before them by night and day. Bears, seals, walruses, foxes, and a few fowl visited the lonely ship, and once, near the end of their imprisonment, a party made a hazardous expedition to an island past which the ice was drifting, and took possession of it in the name of the United States.

Of what, then, does the record of these twenty-one months consist, and what interest has it for the reader? In the hands of many brave captains, the story would have been dry enough, but Captain De Long had resources rarely granted to Arctic explorers. He had a power of making the details of the daily life they led instinct with meaning and vividness. The bear hunts, the adventures of the different members of the party, the characteristics of the dogs, the routine of the ship, furnished him with material for his diary, which he wrought simply, naturally, and most effectively. He did not often indulge in rhapsodical descriptions of Arctic scenery, but his account of the most notable feature of their imprisonment, namely, the action of the ice in which they were held, is one of exceeding force. This movement of the ice made so large a part of their experience and gave rise

to such alternations of hope and discouragement that his record is frequent and detailed, but also singularly fresh and varied. Yet he despaired of giving any adequate conception of this pulsation of the Arctic Ocean, and seems to have laid aside his pen more than once with a sense of the futility of conveying through words a notion of the sights and sounds which impressed themselves so deeply on his own sensory.

"A day of great anxiety," is one of his entries. "At 6.10 A. M. I was awakened by the trembling and creaking of the ship, and almost immediately the man on watch came into my room to inform me that the ice was again in motion. Hastily tumbling out and dressing, I went out on the ice. The grinding and crushing flow of ice to the westward had again commenced, and the jamming of large pieces from time to time, splintering our floe, caused breaks and upheavals to within about seventy-five feet of the ship. The ship groaned and creaked at every pressure, until I thought the next would break her adrift. The pressure was tremendous, and the noise was not calculated to calm one's mind. I know of no sound on shore that can be compared to it. A rumble, a shriek, a groan, and a crash of a falling house all combined might serve to convey an idea of the noise with which this motion of ice-floes is accompanied. Great masses, from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height when up-ended, are sliding along at various angles of elevation and jam, and between and among them are large and confused masses of debris, like a marble yard adrift. Occasionally, a stoppage occurs; some piece has caught against or under our floe; then occurs a groaning and cracking; our floe bends and humps up in places like domes. Crash! the dome splits, another yard of floe edge breaks off, the pressure is relieved, and on goes again the flowing mass of rumbles, shrieks, groans, etc., for another spell."

The occupations of officers and crew during this enforced isolation were not especially different from those of other Arctic voyagers, but it gives one a strong impression of what Captain De Long and his associates would have done in the way of scientific observation, when one sees how indefatigably they worked within the narrow limits of their opportunity. Meteorological observations went on day after day, and, above all, experiments were made looking to the health and comfort of the crew which contain valuable results, positive as well as negative, which Captain De Long has recorded in his journal. His investigations into the presence of salt in potable water and his persistent attempts to secure conditions of dryness in the quarters plainly constitute valuable contributions to the practical science of Arctic exploration. The thoroughness with which the interior discipline of the ship was observed and the unfailing attention given to details of management bore fruit in the exceptional well-being of the party.

It is, however, as a record of human endurance and high courage that the ship journal has a special value. It is perhaps too much to expect that most readers will follow the narrative day by day through the dreary months of winter and the even more cheerless summer, and yet only by such faithful perusal can the whole force of the narrative be felt; for the imagination has to reconstruct a life which is not sharply to be conceived, but to be felt as a weight. That dull iteration of days, that appalling cold and darkness, that gloomy succession of monotonous incidents, come finally to lie upon the imagination and sink into the mind; and it is only when this has been done that the reader can rise to a conception of the undaunted faith and cheerful hope which pervade the book. It gives one a new intelligence of what man can do when nature plants herself with chin on hand to face him out of hope and belief.

Captain De Long was chary of his reflections, and yet, under the pressure of the life which he led, it is not strange that there escaped from him now and then a cry of pain and disappointment. The chapter headed *A Frozen Summer*, which records the experience of the summer of 1880, to which all had looked forward as the time of escape from the wintry fastness, has a number of passages which indicate how he was fretted and galled by his confinement; but scarcely has he given vent to his impatience before he rises to a new confidence in the coming of a brighter day. Entering the fact that they had reached the longest day of the year to some people, but not to them, he writes, "There can be no greater wear and tear on a man's mind and patience than this life in the pack. The absolute monotony; the unchanging rounds of hours; the awakening to the same things and the same conditions that one saw just before losing one's self in sleep; the same faces; the same dogs; the same ice; the same conviction that to-morrow will be exactly the same as to-day, if not more disagreeable; the absolute impotence to do anything, to go anywhere, or to change one's situation an iota; the realization that food is being consumed and fuel burned with no valuable result, beyond sustaining life; the knowledge that nothing has been accomplished thus far to save this expedition from being denominated an utter failure: all these things crowd in with irresistible force on my reasoning powers each night as I sit down to reflect upon the events of the day; and but for some still, small voice within me that tells me this can hardly be the ending of all my labor and zeal, I should be tempted to despair."

There was an end at length to this monotony. Early in the first winter the *Jeannette* had sprung a leak, and there is an interesting account from time to time of the efforts made to close the leak and to pump the ship without recourse to

wasting manual labor. The ingenious contrivances of the commander and of the engineer, Mr. Melville, to economize coal and utilize the steam power had culminated in the invention of a wind-mill apparatus; and by the way, we wish drawings of this appliance had been given. In June of the second year, however, the ship suffered a more serious accident from the pressure of the ice, and it was plain that she must be abandoned. So complete had been all the preparations for this emergency that when the event came there was no confusion or disorder, and no hasty loss of what was afterwards to be regretted. Captain De Long saw his ship sink, and had now before him the perilous transportation of men and stores across the frozen ocean to the nearest land.

At this point begins a narrative of extraordinary interest. Without flurry or discomposure the commander quietly perfected his plan of march, divided his company, distributed his stores, waited coolly till all was ready, and then set out with cautious, intelligent steps toward Siberia. The account of the six weeks occupied in the march till they made their first land, the hitherto unknown Bennett Island, is exceedingly spirited, and gives a hint of the manifold perils of the journey. Here, for instance, is one illustration of the difficulties which they encountered:—

“June 29th, Wednesday. At 1.30 turned to. Right at our feet we had some road-making to do, and then we came to some very old heavy ice, dirty and discolored with mud, with here and there a mussel shell, and with a piece of rock on it, which, as it was similar to that on Henrietta Island, I carried along. Going ahead with the dog sleds and Mr. Dunbar, we suddenly came to water, and peering into the fog it seemed as if we had some extensive lead before us. Going back hurriedly, I sent the dingy ahead for an exploration; but, alas! it was fruitless. The favorable

lead which we thought we had turned out to be another wretched opening seventy-five feet wide, which we had to bridge. By great good fortune a large piece was handy, and by hard hauling Dunbar, Sharvell, and I succeeded in getting it in place, and a fortunate closing of the lead a foot or two jammed it in as a solid bridge. Unfortunately openings were occurring in our rear, and we had more bridging to do there.

“Never was there such luck. No sooner do we get our advance across a lead than a new one opens behind it, and makes us hurry back lest our rear should be caught. By the time we have got a second sled ahead more openings have occurred, and we are in for a time. These openings are always east and west. By no means, seemingly, can we get one north and south, so that we might make something by them; and these east and west lanes meander away to narrow veins between piled up masses, over which there can no road be built, and between which no boat can be got. It is no uncommon thing for us to have four leads to bridge in half a mile, and when one remembers that Melville and his party have to make always six and sometimes seven trips, the amount of coming and going is fearful to contemplate. Add to this the flying trip of the dog-sleds, and the moving forward of the sick at a favorable moment, and it is not strange that we dread meeting an ice opening.”

In the midst of all this terrible experience Captain De Long found that the ice was moving more rapidly to the north than he was making to the south, and to his dismay they were getting farther and farther away from the continent. He kept his intelligence to himself, changed his course, and corrected the error. The result was the discovery of an island not before seen by Arctic explorers, and named by him Bennett Island. The landing upon the island from a surging mass of ice and

water is most graphically described, and one feels a sense of relief as these heroic travelers touch solid earth again, and at once go to work collecting specimens, making observations, and acting as if their journey had been for the express purpose of exploring Bennett Island.

It was after the island was left and they are able to make more use of the boats that the gloomiest portion of the journey was reached; for, with the hope of deliverance at hand, they were again doomed to imprisonment in the ice. Here was another of the fatal might have beens. A quarter of an hour's detention of one of the boats resulted in a ten days' confinement, and one's sympathy goes out to the captain as he records on what proved to be the last day of this detention: "I have concluded that there is very little use in calling all hands at five A. M. day after day, when we have no chance to move along, and God knows the hours of waiting pass drearily enough without unnecessarily lengthening the days. Accordingly, all hands this morning slept on until 6.30, and when up we found that the ice seemed more tightly closed than ever."

From this time onward the record is one of misfortune closing in, and unflinching will grappling with untoward events. In the cold, stormy September they made the New Siberian Islands and took a little breath; then pushed out for the Lena Delta, and, halting for a Sunday at Semanovski Island, made their last voyage to the coast. In a gale, September 12th, which struck them just after they had left shelter, the three boats in which the company was distributed were driven asunder. One, the second cutter, commanded by Lieutenant Chipp, was never again seen by mortal eye; another, the whale-boat, commanded by Mr. Melville, reached the east coast of the Delta where natives gave them needed assistance; and Captain De Long himself, with his party in

the first cutter, reached the northern shore.

A little less than two months later, Mr. Melville entered a hut where were two men, Nindemann and Noros. They were the sole survivors of the party under Captain De Long. That party, crippled by cold and hunger, had been making its way across the great morass, without guides, with imperfect maps, finding here and there a deserted hut, but no natives. The half-frozen streams could not be navigated by rafts, and the snow and swamp gave way beneath their weight, as they struggled on, bearing the dying Ericksen through that fearful wilderness. A month after the landing Captain De Long, facing death, sent these two men forward to seek relief, then dragged his little party a few miles further on, and sat down, unable to move, to wait for help.

The journal which began with so much life and fullness in San Francisco Bay, and was carried forward through the months of isolation in the Arctic Ocean, retaining whatever could be found of incident and observation, which recorded the terrible experience as the unbroken company toiled under their brave commander toward land and salvation, becomes nervously brief as the end draws near, until at length the daily record is only the short memorandum which sets down the fatal facts. Even here De Long's self-possession and officer-like deliberation do not fail him.

"October 23d, Sunday. One hundred and thirty-third day. Everybody pretty weak. Slept or rested all day, and then managed to get enough wood in before dark. Read part of divine service. Suffering in our feet. No foot gear.

"October 24th, Monday. One hundred and thirty-fourth day. A hard night.

"October 25th, Tuesday. One hundred and thirty-fifth day.

"October 26th, Wednesday. One hundred and thirty-sixth day.

"October 27th, Thursday. One hundred and thirty-seventh day. Iversen broken down.

"October 28th, Friday. One hundred and thirty-eighth day. Iversen died during early morning.

"October 29th, Saturday. One hundred and thirty-ninth day. Dressler died during the night.

"October 30th, Sunday. One hundred and fortieth day. Boyd and Görtz died during night. Mr. Collins dying."

There the pencil falls from his hands, and the record is closed. The last tally was kept by no mortal hand. The snow fell and covered the dead. There they lay until uncovered by their comrades searching for them months afterward.

The Voyage of the Jeannette is thus far the record of Captain De Long, but the editor has completed the narrative from authentic sources, and given in detail the marvelous journey of Nindemann and Noros, the adventurers of the whale-boat party, the efforts to find De Long, and the experiences of the company until the return of the last member to the United States. The public had already learned much in a fragmentary and detached way from the reports of the Court of Inquiry called to examine the evidence relating to the loss of the Jeannette, but this narrative furnishes an ordered and connected story which one is glad to get. The maps, moreover, and spirited illustrations put the reader in clearer possession of the facts as they appeal to his imagination.

The book altogether is a most impressive work. If the records of the Franklin Expedition could have been found in anything like the completeness of these journals of Captain De Long, the world might have had an equally

momentous history. As it is, there has been no book in the great list of Arctic explorations which can be compared with this, as a memorial to human endeavor. The very meagreness of the results attained lifts the humanity of the work into higher and bolder relief. The sentence with which the book closes contains the verdict which the reader may justly pronounce. That it should be the deliberate conclusion of the editor will convey to many a sense of the self-control and devotion of which steadfast human nature is capable.

"It is the record of an expedition which set out in high hope, and returned broken and covered with disaster. It is also the record of lives of men subjected to severer pressure than their ship met from the forces of nature. The ship gave way; the men surmounted the obstacles and kept their courage and faith to the end. It is, above all, the record of a leader of men who entered the service in which he fell with an honorable purpose and a lofty aim; who endured the disappointment of a noble nature with a patience which was the conquest of bitterness; who bore the lives of his comrades as a trust reposed in him; and who died at his post with an unfaltering faith in God whom he served and loved.

"The voyage of the Jeannette is ended. The scientific results obtained were far less than had been aimed at, but were not insignificant. Something was added to the stock of the world's knowledge; a slight gain was made in the solution of the Arctic problem. Is it said that too high a price in the lives of men was paid for this knowledge? Not by such cold calculation is human endeavor measured. Sacrifice is nobler than ease, unselfish life is consummated in lonely death, and the world is richer by this gift of suffering."

MR. WHITE ON SHAKESPEARE AND SHERIDAN.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE has lately finished two critical studies, which illustrate well two offices of the critic not often united in one person. He has reëdited Shakespeare,¹ with special reference to securing a sound text, and he has furnished an introduction to an edition of Sheridan,² in which he gathers into a comprehensive statement the judgments which are to be pronounced upon that author. Both works imply the notion of discrimination, which is at the basis of criticism: but in one case the discrimination is exercised upon words and is justified by minute learning; in the other it is applied to works and character, and is excellent according to the degree of insight and justice in the judge.

It should not be inferred that insight is of no account in an editor of the text of Shakespeare, or fine scholarship unnecessary in an estimate of Sheridan, but in the equipment of a critic it is rare to find the analytic and the generalizing powers equally well poised. The combination of the two adds to the strength of each. A life-time of devotion to a linguistic study of Shakespeare may qualify one to be a good judge of the evidence brought before him when he is to determine a disputed passage, but it will not necessarily give him that sudden clearness of vision by which the true reading flashes upon him with an invincible self-assertion. So a sympathetic power in the estimate of character and rank in literature is often made less conclusive by the lack of definite and accurate knowledge.

In undertaking a new Shakespeare Mr. White has shown the good sense

¹ *Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, and Poems.* The text newly edited, with glossarial, historical, and explanatory notes, by RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

which is an excellent substitute for genius, if indeed it may not be confounded with it, in divining the needs of the great body of readers of Shakespeare. If anybody should claim to know what these want, Mr. White might speak with just confidence, for he has been identified with Shakespearean criticism ever since he came before the public as a man of letters, even though the greater volume of his published work has been in other subjects. So when he announces in his preface the plan of his edition, our sense of its aptness is confirmed by our confidence in his experience.

"This edition," he says, "of the works of Shakespeare has been prepared with a single eye to the wants of his readers. Its purpose is not to furnish material for critical study either of the Elizabethan dramatists or of the English language. It seeks rather to enable the reader of general intelligence to understand, and therefore to enjoy, what Shakespeare wrote as nearly as possible in the very way in which he would have understood it and enjoyed it if he had lived in London in the reign of Elizabeth. That done, as well as the editor was able to do it under the limiting conditions of his work, he has regarded his task as ended."

With this intention, Mr. White has given scrupulous care to the accuracy and intelligibility of the text, and after that has appended at the foot of the page the briefest possible explanation of obscure words and phrases, not hesitating to repeat the explanation when the obscurity is repeated; for he considers, sensibly enough, that no one is going to read his Shakespeare through in course,

² *The Dramatic Works of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.* With an introduction by RICHARD GRANT WHITE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1883.

and remember, moreover, every note of explanation against future need. "What the reader of Shakespeare," he adds, "the reader of common sense, common intelligence, common information, and common capacity of poetical thought (and to all others Shakespeare or any other great poet is and must ever remain an oracle uttered in an unknown tongue), — what such a reader needs, and what, from observation, I am persuaded that he wishes, is to feel well assured that he has before him what Shakespeare wrote, as nearly as that may be ascertained, and to have the language and the construction of this text explained wherever the one is obsolete or the other obscure."

The interesting preface in which he lays down the several propositions of his work contains some suggestive illustrations of the special criticism which he has applied to the text, taken at hap-hazard. They might have been extended indefinitely, but they are enough to show the facility with which Mr. White handles his weapons of criticism. The truth is that Shakespearean criticism, at its best, is partly learning and partly worldly wisdom. It is not closet scholarship which is most effective, especially not that which has been confined to Shakespeare and cognate subjects, but a training in the schools which has been broadened by a more generous interest in affairs. Mr. White is all the better critic of Shakespeare for having written a Yankee's Letters to the London Spectator, and England Without and Within.

There is a contemptuous tone about his references to drier schools of criticism which is rather superfluous. The pedants awoken no enthusiasm, and readers of Shakespeare scarcely need to be set against them, while the painstaking if unimaginative commentators have other uses than to serve as butts for Mr. White's wit. His impatience carries him too far. It suits him to say that "com-

mentators at the best are rarely better than unnecessary nuisances," but an ingenious defense is requisite to excuse what follows: "They are so in this present case when they presume to do all the reader's thinking and appreciating for him, and thus deprive him of the highest pleasures and richest benefits that come of reading Shakespeare; and chiefly when in doing this they grope and fumble for a profound moral purpose in those plays, which is really to insist upon such a purpose in the Italian *novelli* and English chronicles which, always with the least possible trouble to himself, Shakespeare put into an actable shape." We are very ready to prefer Mr. White's edition, with its freedom from comment and its most reasonable presentation of the work of the great dramatist; but he must not ask us to believe in a Shakespeare who merely dramatized, with the least possible trouble to himself, for stage purposes, the material which he found at hand. If he means that Shakespeare did not write his plays in order to reform his countrymen and elevate the stage, we have no objection to agreeing with him; but if he means that the difference between the plays and the chronicles is only a matter of literary arrangement, he fails to account for the oblivion of the chronicles and novelli, and the immortality of the plays. It is precisely the moral content of the plays which constitutes the breath of life inspired by the poet. Otherwise they too would long ago have been carcasses.

Something of this reactionary regard of Shakespeare touches Mr. White's work elsewhere. He gives an admirably succinct and clear narrative of the facts of Shakespeare's life as they have come out from the crucible of historical criticism. He dismisses conjectures, and gives himself no trouble about internal evidences. There is no objection to that view. We are very glad to get so scientific a *résumé* of Shakespearean

biography. But Mr. White is less scientific when he proceeds to draw inferences affecting Shakespeare's character from this imperfect array of facts. Because, in the nature of things, more written evidence is found of his monetary transactions than of his relations with parents, wife, children, and friends, Mr. White wishes us to regard Shakespeare as a skinflint. We object to any verdict drawn from such insufficient testimony; and if we rule out his plays and poems when we are trying to construct a Shakespeare, the paucity of the material left forbids us to make anything better than a clay figure, which crumbles at the touch, without the aid of any such thrusts as Mr. White seems disposed to give. In our judgment Mr. White has been driven into a somewhat violent temper respecting Shakespeare's personality by the illogical and presumptuous attitude of other critics.

How reasonable and just he can be in a general survey of poor human nature appears in the portrait which he has drawn of Sheridan. The introduction which he prefixes to Sheridan's dramatic works is a model of its kind. Without waste of words, yet with an agreeable fluency, he tells in forty pages all that the reader needs to know about Sheridan and his literary career, and places the two dramas on which Sheridan's fame rests in their proper rank. There is a fine satisfaction in reading so complete a piece of literary workmanship. Mr. White's familiarity with his subject has not made him ambitious to find out something new, or say something before unsaid; but he has written out of a full mind, with a just sense of what an introduction should be, as distinct from a critical review or a biographical article in an encyclopædia.

Perhaps it was a reluctance to see great human nature accused of meanness which made us a little indignant at Mr. White's treatment of Shakespeare. Is it a cheerful alacrity to admit the

community of wit and wickedness which commends to us the easy grace with which Mr. White draws the lines in the portrait of the scampish Sheridan? He sketches the youthful follies of his hero with a quick sense of their prophetic value, and draws the last scene of his life with a power which is not marred by too much pity.

"From Harrow," he says of the young Sheridan, "he went to Bristol for a short time; and there his soul lusted for a pair of boots, articles of dress which in those days were expensive. He had neither money nor credit; but he resolved to get the boots. He therefore ordered from two boot-makers two pairs of the same pattern, which were to be delivered at different hours on the day of his departure. When the first pair was delivered he declared that the heel of one of them hurt him, and requested the boot-maker to stretch it and return it the next morning. The man departed, leaving the other boot with Sheridan. When the second pair appeared, the same fault was found with the boot for the opposite foot, and the same instructions were given and acquiesced in as a matter of course; and the ingenious young Jeremy Diddler, with a pair of boots thus obtained, mounted his horse and rode out of Bristol, leaving a pair of human victims to whistle for their money the next morning. This young scamp became the Right Honorable Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and in his maturer years he did not fail to fulfill the promise of his boyhood. Few men do disappoint reasonable expectation founded upon their youthful exhibition of morality." And here is the closing picture:—

"Sheridan's face had for a long time become an index of his mode of life and his character. Nature had given him a fine, mobile, expressive countenance, of which splendid dark eyes were a notable feature. These retained their light and their life; but the rest of his

face became gross, heavy, and discolored. In the contemporary caricatures of Gilray, Sheridan's is an oft-recurring figure; and there we see him with gaping, pendulous lips, and cheeks and nose bloated and pimpled. At last his stomach grew tired of performing its functions only in a waistcoat" (he had replied, when told that his excesses would destroy the coat of his stomach, "Well, then, my stomach must digest in its waistcoat"), "in fact, refused to perform them at all, and he lay stricken with disease and poverty. Friends helped him, although in a very moderate way; but he was past all help, and ere long he died. The consequences of his evil habits pursued him, even in his last extremity. A bailiff, by a trick worthy of his intended prisoner, obtained entrance into his sick-chamber, arrested him on his death-bed, and would have carried off the feeble, bloated body of the expiring wit and orator to a spunging-house, had not his physician declared that the removal would be immediately mortal, and threatened the officer with the consequences. To the boldness of his medical attendant Sheridan owed it that he died out of prison, and in a semblance of peace. But the sad melodrama was not to end even here, and his very funeral was distinguished by an incident of, let us hope, unique atrocity of retribution. As he lay in his coffin, at the house of a kinsman whither his remains had been removed, soon to be followed by a crowd of distinguished mourners, a stranger dressed in deep mourning entered the house, and requested to have a last look at his departed friend, to obtain which, he said, he had made a long journey. His respectable appearance, his mourning garments, and his apparent grief caused him to be led into the room where the closed coffin was lying. The lid was raised, and the stranger gazed for some moments upon the still, uncovered face; then fumbling in his pocket,

he produced a bailiff's wand, with which he touched the forehead, and announced that he arrested the corpse in the king's name for a debt of five hundred pounds. When this shocking event was announced to the elegant company assembled in another room, there was a hurried and horror-stricken consultation. Mr. Canning took Lord Sidmouth aside, and they, agreeing to discharge the debt, each gave to the officer a check for two hundred and fifty pounds, which he accepted and went off, leaving the bailiff-hunted corpse to be borne in pomp to Westminster Abbey; for in that grand, solemn mausoleum Sheridan at last found rest. Such an assembly of men of rank and mark as attended his funeral, and honored in death him whom they neither trusted nor respected living, is rarely seen."

In his estimate of Sheridan's literary genius, Mr. White notes the absence of sentiment and humor, and declares that the lack of these qualities condemns him to a secondary place. As a writer, no doubt he does fail of commanding the affection of readers; but we suspect that the genuine wit of his two plays — not the wit merely of dialogue, but the wit of situations — renders them more effective as stage performances than many which have a warmer current of human life and more pervasive humor. Yet the judgment which Mr. White pronounces, in an admirably comprehensive sentence, is just and final: —

"Sheridan's was a brilliant, shallow intellect, a shifty, selfish nature; his one great quality, his one great element of success as a dramatist, as an orator and as a man, was mastery of effect. His tact was exquisitely nice and fine. He knew how to say and how to do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way. This was the sum of him; there was no more. Without wisdom, without any real insight into the human heart, without imagination, with a flimsy semblance of fancy, entirely devoid of

true poetic feeling, even of the humblest order, incapable of philosophic reflection, never rising morally above the satirizing of the fashionable vices and follies of his day, to him the doors of the great theatre of human life were firmly closed. His mind fitted lightly over the surface of society, now casting a reflection of himself upon it, now making it sparkle and ripple with a touch of his flashing wing. He was a surface man, and the name of the two

chief agents in the plot of his principal comedy is so suitable to him as well as to their characters, that the choice of it would seem to have been instinctive and intuitive. He united the qualities of his Charles and Joseph Surface: having the wit, the charming manner, the careless good-nature of the one, with at least a capacity of the selfishness, the duplicity, and the crafty design, but without the mischief and the malice, of the other."

LODGE'S WEBSTER.¹

WHEN Mr. Lodge published his memoir of his great-grandfather, George Cabot, it was thought best by Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton) to write a great many columns in successive numbers of a New York newspaper, in order to point out that the book did not deserve a moment's attention. Many people, as she justly remarked, had already forgotten who George Cabot was. Miss Dodge undoubtedly knows her own circle better than we; and some of her friends may already have forgotten who Daniel Webster was. This is, however, an argument which works both ways. We once knew a young Irish damsel, who, on being urged to study arithmetic, declined the proposition, on the apparently irrelevant ground that arithmetic was a subject of which she knew nothing whatever. It is supposed to be one object of history to redeem eminent names from the risk of oblivion, and it is well worth while to do this in the case of Daniel Webster, although it cannot quite be said of the present work, as was said by Mr. George Bancroft in respect to the *Life of George Cabot*, that it is the most valuable contribution made to American history for many years.

The American Statesmen series considered as a whole might almost merit Mr. Bancroft's strong phrase of praise, if we include in historical art the quality of popularization as well as that of research. Taken together, they present the history of the United States in its clearest and simplest form, and are to Bancroft and Hildreth as Plutarch's *Lives* to Thucydides. They are fresh, lucid, accurate, judicial, condensed. Mr. Morse's John Quincy Adams still stands at the head of the series; it is the only one of which it can positively be said that it is difficult to lay it down; but the present volume is by no means the least good, and it is to be remembered that its theme offers greater difficulties, in some respects, than any other yet handled by Mr. Morse's authors. For one thing, it comes nearer to the present time and touches more living prejudices; and it is also a drawback that it has none of those episodes of foreign diplomatic life which impart some variety to the other volumes. Its value has to be secured by a more careful and continuous analysis of intellectual work; nevertheless the interest is sustained, and it is undoubtedly from this book that the rising generation will mainly

form its judgment of Webster. Mr. Curtis's more elaborate memoir, however painstaking and meritorious, is but one long course of adulation, without criticism, discrimination, or perspective.

Sharing the merits of the series to which it belongs, the present volume shares also their one chief defect, — the absence of what Mr. Lodge himself calls (page 241) "historical scenery." He attributes this want to the period treated, but we should charge it, in part, to a defect in the method of these books, or in their writers. Mr. Lodge truly says, "The political questions, the debates, the eloquence, of that day give us no idea of the city in which the history was made, or of the life led by the men who figured in that history" (page 241). These books, as it strikes us, do very little to remedy that defect. We are here introduced to a world where every man appears to spend his life either in talking law and politics, or in acting them out. But these same men existed in a private and domestic world likewise; they all had mothers; they generally had wives and children. The places where they lived had a social atmosphere, however crude: even Washington had a marked society of its own; it had dinner parties and levees; it had drinking-bouts, gambling, and duels; it was, like all spheres of social life, largely under the influence of women. But we seldom obtain a glimpse, in these books, of anything that is not grave, serious, and masculine. It is rarely that a woman's name appears in the index of subjects at the end of the volume; whereas a corresponding English book would be pretty sure to contain the names of twenty, and a French biography would probably offer more.

This may be partly due to the greater political seclusion of American women, but nobody can say that they are socially secluded, or that it is possible to depict society without the aid of their keen eyes. We know John Adams best

through his correspondence with two women, his wife and Mercy Warren. Mrs. Josiah Quincy paints the influences which surrounded her husband as the Federalist leader at Washington, and does it better than he could have done it for himself. When she describes to us the winning way in which she and Mr. Quincy were treated "in the enemy's camp," as she calls it, — Mrs. Madison's dinner-parties, where they were the only Federalists, — she opens to us what was a very potent influence in bringing on the era of good feeling. When she represents Mrs. Madison as saying to a party of ladies who had been covertly inspecting the White House, "Ladies, it is your house as much as it is mine," she illustrates, better than it was done by any speech in Congress, the democratic tendencies inaugurated by the policy of Jefferson; for neither Mrs. Washington nor Mrs. Adams would have been likely to say anything of the kind. Nor is the social bitterness between Federalist and Democrat to be as well discerned in any political debate as in Miss Sedgwick's description, in her *Reminiscence of Federalism*, of the old horse which used to wander peacefully up and down a certain village street in New England, his sides alternately plastered with handbills of opposite politics, according as he paced toward the upper or the lower end of the town. To write the biographies even of statesmen, and omit the world of women, is a serious fault; it is to leave out the part of Ophelia.

In Mr. Lodge's Webster,¹ there are more glimpses of historic scenery than in some of the other volumes of the series. He at least consents to give us a graphic picture of Mr. Webster's early life and love; and even hints, in one place, at his demeanor toward children. He perhaps analyzes too minutely the

¹ *Daniel Webster*. By HENRY CABOT LODGE. American Statesmen series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

successive speeches or arguments, yet he gives us effectively the gradual development of his hero's remarkable career, and presents a being far more alive and interesting than that portrayed by Mr. Curtis. We see first the tall and awkward country boy, with fiery eyes and hungry heart; we see him brought in contact with refinement and worldly experience as embodied in Christopher Gore; we follow his gradual march to the command of listening senates; we recognize his fall from his early apostleship of freedom; we trace his melancholy but still stately old age. Nothing is extenuated, nothing set down in malice; there is not even the commonest foible of the biographer, the crotchet of a new attitude or self-important discovery; the sad tale of a great, faulty, disappointed life is conscientiously and simply told.

Mr. Lodge's delineation of Mr. Webster's personal traits is not merely truthful; it is felicitous, and abounds in graphic and salient passages. It is possible that he sometimes lacks condensation, and that he sometimes repeats himself; but his own summings-up and *obiter dicta* are almost always admirable. When, for instance, he shows that Mr. Webster's triumph in the Dartmouth College case was not due, as has generally been supposed, to a great discovery in constitutional law, but to magnificent rhetoric based upon a brief which others had provided, he characterizes the great orator's method in a few admirable words, — "his indolent and royal temperament, which almost always relied on weight and force for victory" (page 98). And no one ever stated the extraordinary effect of Mr. Webster's personal presence better than when our author says (page 192), "There is no man in all history who came into the world so equipped physically for speech. In that direction nature could do no more." Nor has any man pointed out more clearly than Mr. Lodge the grad-

ual change in public opinion which transformed the Union from the recognized experiment of 1789 to the solid finality of 1833. "Whatever the people of the United States understood the constitution to mean in 1789, there can be no question that a majority in 1833 regarded it as a fundamental law, and not as a compact, — an opinion which has now become universal. But it was quite another thing to argue that what the constitution had come to mean was what it meant when it was adopted" (page 217; compare pages 176-7).

In a few cases, as it seems to us, Mr. Lodge has not quite made the most of his opportunities. There are important aspects of Mr. Webster's life on which his biographer does not dwell. Mr. Lodge analyzes admirably, for example, the bearing in certain directions of the famous Rockingham County (N. H.) Memorial against the war of 1812, as drawn up by Mr. Webster. But the point of that memorial which best illustrates the peculiar attitude both of the Federalists and of their spokesman is that there is not a word of remonstrance offered respecting the one great grievance of the war, — the insult to the American flag implied in the practice of search and impressment. The ignominious national disgrace of allowing any ship in our service to be overhauled and searched by any British midshipman, — he being, in the indignant phrase of Cobbett, at once accuser, witness, judge, and captor, — this is not even mentioned in the Federalist protest against the war. So long as the young republic submitted to this ignominy, — one which, as Lord Collingwood admitted, England would not have tolerated for an hour from any nation on earth, — so long American independence was a sham. While we endured it, we were merely, as the London Times insultingly called us at the time when Washington was captured, "an association." To have failed to perceive this was the

worst mistake of the Federalists ; it was a far greater error than the Hartford Convention ; as Mr. Morse well points out, in another volume of this very series, the bloodiest war was a smaller evil than the submission to such a wrong ; yet Daniel Webster, in the Rockingham Memorial, never mentioned its existence. The defender of the Union, the great advocate of our navy, the vindicator of American nationality against Austria, he stooped in 1812 to treat that for which the nation fought as a mere squabble between Great Britain and her own deserters, while the shame to the American flag caused not a thrill of indignation in his heart. And yet, curiously enough, the Federalists were always convinced that they were utterly free from party spirit, and whenever their pulpit orators preached upon the evils of that sentiment they meant only the wicked Democrats.

The moral of Mr. Webster's life, denied us by Mr. Curtis, is candidly drawn by Mr. Lodge, who has never appeared to better advantage than when resisting the still lingering prejudice of his own circle of friends, and holding aloof from that sentimental reaction of forgiveness which is apt to confuse the whole story of a great man's errors. Mr. Webster's unexpected support of the Fugitive Slave Law, for instance, is a part of the history of the nation, and Mr. Lodge clearly and ably establishes that his change of attitude at that time hurt the national cause, which his general influence had so greatly helped. So far as it had weight, it strengthened the South and weakened the moral sentiment of the North ; if emancipation ultimately succeeded, it was because Webster's final effort had failed. Had his 7th of March speech carried the nation with it, not even the exigencies of war would have brought on emancipation ;

whatever the issue of battle, slavery would have remained untouched ; and that result would have been lost which even the defeated party now admits to have been a blessing in disguise.

In his manly allusion to the private faults and the financial negligences which notoriously clouded the career of Mr. Webster, his present biographer is equally to be commended. The temptation was very great to pass them wholly by ; and on the other hand, if Mr. Lodge had chosen, he might easily have gathered from the lively reminiscences of the French M. de Bacourt several passages much more mortifying than the very mild one which he has cited. It is impossible for one of Mr. Lodge's accurate historic sense to pursue the tactics of such Websterian defenders as Rev. W. C. Wilkinson, and others who simply shut their eyes and ears, and believe nothing. It is almost absurd to find clerical choruses now ready to absolve the great man from all personal misdeeds, merely because he, in the Girard case, "made his plea," as Judge Story said, "altogether an address to the prejudices of the clergy," while a lay biographer like Mr. Lodge, professing no especial squeamishness, is yet obliged to look the truth in the face. Not a professed moralist, he helps morality by briefly recognizing the historic fact. The vices of Paine and Burr have done nobody in this generation any harm. Personal, political, and theological hostility have done their utmost to proclaim them ; they are known to the world at their worst, and possibly beyond their worst. What demoralizes young men is the discovery that the weaknesses which damn the memory of unpopular men become venial foibles in heroes, and gradually so diminish in the report of successive generations that they are at last piously forgotten.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE has recently sprung up a little custom which threatens shortly to become a large nuisance. I refer to those annual calls made on the householder by the letter-carrier, the policeman, and the fireman of the district or precinct in which the householder chances to have domicile. Each of these persons appears on your doorstep at the close of the year with a request that you contribute to his finances: either directly, by setting your name against a certain sum in a subscription book; or indirectly, by purchasing tickets for some ball, fair, or other entertainment which nobody in the world expects you to attend.

The letter-carrier you can deny — if you have the nerve to do it in the face of the tradition that his pay is light and his work heavy. If he is dissatisfied with either or with both, he should lay the matter before the post-office department, and not appeal to private charity. The letter-carrier, I say, can be disposed of; but the man whose vigilance keeps the thieves from your silver-plate, and the man who stands ready to pour water on your roof-tree in case of conflagration, — what are you to do about them? They are adequately paid by the respective departments under which they serve; indeed, you pay the men yourself in taxes that every year grow more onerous; yet when these gentlemen present themselves with their little subscription papers, you do not quite dare not to subscribe. What if the fireman should be lukewarm about putting out your fire some night, or the policeman should discreetly close his off-eye on buglarious operations in connection with your rear basement-window! With a vague, elusive sense of being softly blackmailed, you plank down your five-dollar bill, though you would rather

give it to the Home for Little Wanderers, or to the poor widow round the corner whose son was run over last week. As the fireman and the policeman walk away, you wonder why the Prometheus who lights the city lamps, and the ingenious Hercules who does n't clean the streets, and the smart Phaeton who drives the U. S. Mail cart, — you wonder, I repeat, why all these public functionaries do not drop in on you with their little December assessment. They have precisely the same lien on your pocket-book that the letter-carrier, the policeman, and the fireman have.

When these three first began their levy on the householder there was a certain modesty about it; they made their requests doubtfully, and received the gratuity, if any were bestowed, with courteous thanks. Now the letter-carrier unblushingly hands in his book as a matter of course, and the ball tickets are left at your door by the policeman or the fireman with the information that he will call for the money in the evening — when you are at dinner.

All this is delightful, but it would be more delightful if the heads of the various departments were to forbid their employes collecting funds in this humiliating fashion.

Every person in comfortable circumstances cheerfully recognizes many claims on his purse and sympathy. No one, even if he possess but a moderately soft heart, can live in a great city without being touched at every turn by the misery he sees around him. To relieve this misery so far as he may is a human instinct. There are few deeper pleasures than result from lending a helping hand to some deserving fellow-creature. But one likes to have the privilege of selecting the fellow-creature.

— After a series of drives in one of

the smaller New England cities, I feel inclined to deplore in public the choice of shade trees with which the unvarying citizens have adorned their pleasant streets. Surely, because maples and horse-chestnuts are fast growers, and soon make their sheltering presence felt, it is not worth while to disregard the claims of many other American trees which are easily persuaded to flourish and take kindly to town life. Indeed, many of the more delicate ones are thankful for the care and shelter. But by the time the maples are old and wise enough to put their heads together, they become harmful enemies of their would-be protectors, and keep the sunlight from the lower rooms of the houses, besides making the ground sodden and damp. I am not learned in forestry, but I have been imagining with great delight the beauty of long double lines of birches, with their white bark and glistening leaves; of silver-leaved poplars and mountain ashes gay with their brilliant fruit. There are many varieties of maples with most delightful characteristics, and it would possibly not offend the taste of many persons if, where a street is bordered with a row of Queen Anne houses, a prim procession of poplars was planted to match. Other trees than maples and horse-chestnuts may require more care as to protection and suitable soil, but we ought to be willing to take the trouble for the sake of the pleasure, and the great addition to the beauty of our fast-lengthening streets. Surely where a new highway is laid out the trees ought not to be thought of last, and provision should be made for their successful growth and well-being. We associate certain trees with town life, but that may be more from habit and custom than from any necessity. In foreign countries there are wayfarers' orchards along the great avenues and narrower by-paths of travel; but it is to be feared that if a fruit-tree proved itself commendable it would find itself

at the mercy of the predatory small boy, who impatiently risks life and happiness to eat his apple while it is yet green. Or we can think of some New England farmers, who, with an excess of thrift, would loop in the prize with their nearest unstable line of fence. It may be urged that town trees are depended upon more for shade than for decoration, but there are few that will overarch the streets, at any rate, and there is no reason why we should not try some experiments. Then the Willow Streets and Pine Streets and Chestnut Streets would deserve their names.

—The labor of reading — which, it is true, is of the kind that “physics pain” — might, I am sure, be made lighter by a little attention, on the part of writers, to some of the much-neglected notes and observations of that ancient worthy, Goold Brown, as found in his *Grammar of the English Language*. One of those notes, standing under the rule for adjectives, is on this wise: “When the definitive words, *the one*, *the other*, are used, the former [one] must refer to the second of the antecedent terms, and the latter [other] to the antecedent term which was used first.” (I quote from memory, — the not very recent memory of the school-room, — and I know that my recitation is not, as the children say, “in the words of the book.”) This is certainly a simple rule and a reasonable. When, having mentioned two things, we refer to them without repeating their names, we point with the mental index-finger to that thing lying nearest us, which is *the one* last named, and motion with a broader sweep of gesture to that which lies farther from us, the thing first mentioned, *the other*.

Is the following sentence, taken from an article on Music and Music Lovers, in an old number of the *Atlantic*, correct when judged by this rule? “The connoisseur and the boor enjoy it [wine] in very different ways. The one de-

lights in the wine itself, the other in its effect." If I can speak with authority of the tastes of connoisseur and boor, it is *the one* who delights in the effect of the wine, and *the other* who delights in the wine itself.

Again, this remark of Sterling's, quoted in Miss Fox's *Memories of Old Friends*, is certainly misleading in its use of the "definitive words:" "Wordsworth's calmness of spirit contrasted with Byron's passionate emotion: one, like moonlight on snow; the other, like torchlight in a cavern." I think any careful reader would have to go over that sentence a second time in order to fit the similes in their proper places.

As a crowning example of this faulty use let me give an extract from an early letter of Emerson's, lately published in one of the magazines: "The next books in order upon my table are Hume and

Gibbon's *Miscellanies*. . . . I cannot help admiring the genius and novelty of the one, and the greatness and profound learning of the other. . . . If you read Hume you have to think; and Gibbon wakes you up from slumber, to wish yourself a scholar, and resolve to be one." The closing sentence of the quotation, of course, sets right any misconception as to which author possesses the "genius and novelty," and which the "greatness and profound learning," if the reader should lack the knowledge of their characteristics necessary to settle the doubt without its help. But why, in the name of simplicity and comfort, could not all this doubtfulness of meaning have been avoided by adherence to a plain rule; and why, since that rule exists, should it not be made — to borrow a phrase from John Stuart Mill — "eternally binding"?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. The latest novels of the Franklin Square Library (Harpers), are *A Foolish Virgin* by Ella Weed, *Yolande* by William Black, *The Senior Songman* by the author of *St. Olaves*, and *Aut Caesar Aut Nihil* by the Countess M. Von Bothmer. The last two stories are not without interest in their special way; but, with all respect to the *London Saturday Review*, Mr. Black's *Yolande* is the very poorest thing he has done. Miss Weed's story makes us hesitate about endowing another college for young women. — *A Newport Aquarelle* (Roberts) is manufactured out of the make-belief high life which Newport enjoys. It is a novel which makes one wonder if communism may not offer the world a better chance, after all; but then Newport is not the world, and this very thin aquarelle is not art. — *A Washington Winter* by Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren (Osgood), is a series of sketches of society there strung upon a thread of plot. It has thus the form of a novel, but the lay figures who move through it owe whatever vitality they may possess to the clothes of the real people which they wear. There is a curious mingling of historic names, so that one has a vision of real people and wax figures walking about arm in arm in a show. The book may be a travesty of Washington, but it is

not good fiction, nor has it good manners. — *Times of Battle and of Rest*, by Z. Topelius (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago), is one of the series of Surgeon's stories of the Swedish historical romancer. One needs to get rid of a good deal of contemporary literature before this reads familiarly. — *Vix*, by George E. Waring (Osgood), is a paper edition of a popular horse story.

Religion. *More Words about the Bible*, by James S. Bush (John W. Lovell Company, New York), is a little pamphlet containing five sermons which aim to place the Bible in its relation to theology and life, and to remove it from an isolated superiority. — *Gathered Lambs*, by Rev. Edward Payson Hammond (Funk & Wagnalls, New York), is a volume of talks to children about religion, which has a tendency, we regret to think, to make hypocrites, pharisees, and sentimentalists of them. The Ten Commandments are more needed.

Travel. *The Tourist's Guide-Book to the United States and Canada* (Putnam's) appears to be an English book, of which an edition is published here. It is disfigured by advertisements between the leaves, and apparently written and printed by people to whom America is a foreign country. A guide-book to France would not contain more misspelled words and blunders to the square inch.